

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

ROBERT H.
DAVIS

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BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

By ROBERT H. DAVIS

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

BOB DAVIS AGAIN! IN MANY MOODS

BOB DAVIS RECALLS

OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

BY
ROBERT H. DAVIS



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK : LONDON : MCMXXIX

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO WILLIAM THOMPSON DEWART

I dedicate this book of my
roving because he gave
me a place in
the sun.

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ITALY

I

AN ECHO OF WAR AND THE PRICE OF A SMOKED HERRING

TRIESTE, Italy.

AFTER the Armistice, when Mars brought in his check and the score was paid, Austria found that Trieste was in the Italian column. There was nothing to do but make the most of it. In the readjustments those who suffered keenest were the army officers with their occupation gone. While the peace conferences, the leagues and the statesmen were pulling the teeth of the war dogs, gold braid, gilt epaulets and brass buttons went into the discard to make room for humble civilian attire. In most cases when the baubles went out poverty came in.

Five years after the Armistice there came into an Italian eating house in Trieste a shabby-gentle, prematurely aged man. He wore a frock coat, shiny in spots, light trousers inclined to bag at the knees, faded spats and cotton gloves once tan in tone. His cuffs were frayed, his soles were thinned, his soft hat sagged at the rim and his figured cravat betrayed long use. Nevertheless, he bore himself with distinction and carried his cane as one who is accustomed to the boulevards. Through a monocle worn in the left eye he scanned the place critically.

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Selecting a table apart, he doffed his hat, set his cane against the wall, plucked off his gloves and called for the menu. Carefully, while the waiter stood at attention, the old man inspected the list. Evidently what he sought was not there. He shook his head dubiously, placed the card methodically against the water carafe and made preparations to depart. The proprietor restrained him at the door.

"What does the signor wish?" he asked, with an innkeeper's bow.

"A smoked herring," replied the epicure, combining the Italian language with an Austrian inflection.

"It will give me pleasure to secure one from an adjacent restaurant," responded the Italian. "Be seated. I live only to serve my patrons."

Back to the table walked the customer. Again the elaborate preparation. Again the monocle readjusted over the watery left eye; a napkin protecting the ancient cravat. From somewhere across the street a waiter returned with the smoked herring reposing on a small platter.

Service!

An empty beer glass, a few fish bones, some crumbs of bread. Two lire fifty centimes; fifty centimes for the waiter. Less than twenty cents for the meal. Wending his way between the diners, moving as though none save himself was in the room, carrying his cane like a sword, he emerged stroking his thin, gray mustache, its points at a military angle.

AN ECHO OF WAR

So overwhelming was the effect of this visitation upon the proprietor that he commanded his head waiter to lay in a stock of smoked herring against the future.

“The gentleman will return,” said he, “and we must hold his patronage. Unless faces lie, we have this day served one of the nobility.”

Once a week for three years the old man, growing thinner and paler with each visit but never for an instant surrendering his uncompromising dignity, took his seat at the corner table and called for the menu. After studious consideration and an upward stroke of a blue-veined hand across his mustachios he ordered smoked herring and a glass of beer; nothing more. The proprietor always greeted him with an elaborate bow and in person escorted him to his seat.

During the last year of his patronage the spats vanished along with the gloves, and the cravat became a frayed suggestion. One day, shorn of all but the monocle and cane, his frock coat gathered across his sunken breast, his limbs unsteady and his step faltering, the frail figure sat down to his final herring under the roof of his friendly purveyor. His exit was much in the manner of a grandee concluding an ambassadorial mission. That was the end of him.

I heard the story whispered in Trieste and sought out the restaurant where the *comédie humaine* had been enacted. Yes, the proprietor remembered his customer, whose sudden disappearance he much deplored.

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"He was formerly an officer in the Austrian army," said the Italian. "He had a very small income, which was much reduced through changes in the currency. He lived in one room and was without a servant. The smoked herring served to him once a week was the only meat he could afford. I did my best to make him feel at home, but he never spoke to me concerning his affairs. He was the only customer who ever ate a herring in my place. I have not served one since."

"Yet you carried it on the menu?"

"Yes, but on one copy only, a special menu that I had printed for his use alone; a full card of everything I served, except that among the fish was the one extra line: 'Smoked herring, one lira.' When he called for the menu the waiters understood that he was to be handed the bill printed specially for him. I still have that card. Would you like to see it?"

"Very much indeed," I confessed; "and more than that I would like to have lunch here."

He placed me in the seat so long occupied by the Austrian officer and handed me the menu. "What would you like?" he asked.

"Smoked herring and a glass of beer," I said.

II

THE ROMAN MOTHER AND THE BLACK VELVET DRESS

FRASCATI, Italy.

THIS town, charming, sympathetic and celebrated for its oils and wines which are highly esteemed by tourists, flows also with the milk of human kindness. One episode which I picked up while browsing among the small restaurants of this vineyard capital will serve to illustrate.

I had finished my dinner and was wrestling with a box of Italian vestas and a Tuscan cigar, the object being to light the cigar before all the matches were exhausted. I succeeded and settled down to enjoy my conquest. Presently, through the haze born of the burning tobacco, I discerned a group of people entering the room. A glance convinced me that they were all of one family. Father, mother and six children, among the latter boy triplets, possibly in the fifth year of their existence. There were two older sons of 16 and 12 and a girl of 10. The strong family resemblance was uncanny. All the boys looked like the father and the girl like the mother, a woman of fine features and strong physique. The sire of the group was built like a Ford tractor. He was equipped with a fierce black mustache and bushy eyebrows.

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From behind his pulpit, a box-shaped elevation common to all Italian eating places, the proprietor stepped and began to pass napkins. He shook hands with the old folk and gave each of the kids a friendly pat on the cheeks. Altogether quite a reunion; the adults chatted and the children beamed. A waiter rushed in and tied napkins behind the ears of the triplets, who seemed more or less baffled by the display of tableware. Pending the arrival of spaghetti, which the father had ordered for all hands, the group became practically static.

During the lull I took stock of each: Poor, but self-sustaining. The father wore a cheap suit and a white cotton shirt, touched off with a brave red and yellow necktie. The daughter had mustered up a thin printed silk waist and a ribbon or two. Her hat carried a small feather tucked in the felt at an angle. The eldest boy owned a whole suit and had a part in his hair. The second son and the triplets wore oft-washed khaki, still brown in tone, cut B. V. D. to the knees.

The mother was wearing three tortoise-shell combs in her thick, dark hair, a piece of faded lace about her neck and down to her full bosom, a black velvet bodice full length in the sleeves, and a cheap cloth skirt of striped pattern that fell to her shoe tops. There was something regal about the velvet, which ended at her waist, but from that line the woman faded into poverty. Despite the outward evidences of a life of labor—ex-

THE ROMAN MOTHER

pressed in the large hands and strong torso—traces of beauty still lingered in her face.

A clatter of crockery echoed from the direction of the kitchen. In pranced a waiter bearing eight soup plates heaped with steaming spaghetti. Al Fields never juggled props with the skill of that Italian hash slinger. Half his load always in the air but he never lost a wisp of the pasta. Are you ready? Let her go! How those kids did eat. They behaved like a sextette, snare drummers.

The old folks split a quart of Frascati, the children were helped to a slice of cake and wound up the meal with fruit and cheese. Apparently it was a banquet for them, and from every point of view a knockout. At my side table I lingered, building bonfires under Tuscan cigars and tampering with fictitious coffee, until the family affair at the central table came to an end. The waiter brought the check, collecting his liras and, dividing the honors with the proprietor, bowed the little company out with numerous salaams.

I beckoned the boss of the establishment to my table. "Si, Signor," he replied in answer to my question, "I spicka da English leetle bit. I knowa dosa people. He's maka de cask for da Frascati. Nica man, gooda woman. Have plenty da bambino. Not mucha da mon."

"Where did the woman get the black velvet bodice?" I asked. "What became of the skirt?"

The boniface looked at me steadily for a moment and broke into a broad grin. I strangled his neutrality by ordering another flagon of the na-

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tive wine and invited him to participate. In the end I induced him to sit down and tell me the joke. He was a long time getting under way, but finally let the cat out of the bag.

"He's a gooda story," began the vintner after several false starts. "I tella you everything. Sixa, seven year ago he's coma to Frascati with da wife and one-two-three bambino. Getta da job maka da caska. Mucha granda family. He say to his Signora: 'Whena da nexta bambino come I giva you da granda blacka velvet dress and you looka da magnifico.' Alla right. Mucha trub in Italia; harda time for everybody. Anyhow he say, 'You getta da blacka velvet, Signora.'"

The historian took another swig at his Frascati and laughed inwardly. "Whena da bambino come," he went on—and then stopped, "he isa da triplet."

We touched glasses. "Who can hava da triplet and buya da blacka velvet dress? Too much costa. But he's gooda man and when a da woman getta well, Signor, he bringa homa da blacka velvet bodica and lay him at da feeta of da Signora. Multo granda."

Between fits of laughter and solemnity he told how the family, every year since, had come to his tavern in the springtime and partaken of his humble bill of fare. All the waiters knew the tragic story of the restricted splendor that came to the mother, and all of them admired the husband who had kept his promise to the limit of his earning power.

THE ROMAN MOTHER

“Whena he aska for da bill,” said the proprietor, after draining his glass, “I make da price for sixa people only. I counta da triplet as uno (one). It is nota da Signora’s fault she have three bambino at da same time. What’sa da dif? Some day, mebbby, she getta da whole dress, *Avanti!*”

That last word means “onward!”

III

HOW THE UNDERFED AMERICAN EPICURE LOST HIS GOAT

NAPLES, Italy.

I AM full up on spaghetti, veal and cheese," remarked the gentleman from the United States. "What I want is a large piece of red meat or some ham and eggs cooked in accordance with the recipe acceptable to the Anglo-Saxon palate. In all this fertile country there must be something on the menu we have not yet found. Keep your eyes open for a novelty in the food line. I am starving!"

It sounded like a wail from a lost soul. For three days we had been touring through the country bursting with the fecundity of spring. My companion had worn out the guide and the chauffeur and burned up numerous kilometers seeking something to devour.

As we rolled out of Torre del Greco, where the coral bead industry rages, we caught up with a shepherd driving a herd of goats toward Naples. "Stop the car!" shouted the starveling. "I have got one great idea." The startled chauffeur complied with screaming brakes. "What's the matter with buying a spring kid—which is now in the prime—and having it roasted whole? I don't

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know about you, Davis, but as for myself one-half of the succulent meat will be easy to negotiate."

He piled out of the car and with the customary American recklessness bought an eighty-lire kid for two hundred. The goatherd, after tying the animal by the front and hind feet, placed it in the arms of its new owner, who climbed back into the car and gave the guide instructions to hunt up a slaughter house.

"I am sorry," said the official courier, "but there is a heavy duty on meat brought into Naples from the country. The custom house inspectors will probably confiscate it."

"Well, then, we'll take the kid in alive."

"The duty is even higher under those circumstances. Much difficulty will be met with."

To complicate matters, the square meal began to bleat and act up. Its piteous cries destroyed my appetite for juvenile goat meat. The chauffeur untied the creature's feet and the protest subsided. After considerable petting the kid under cover of the lap robe was induced to lie down in the bottom of the car.

"It's all right," announced the epicure. "You wouldn't know he was there. The customs men will never suspect. Go on into Naples. I'll find a butcher somewhere."

Onward, with the two Italians wondering what would happen next. Every so often the kid would pop out from under the robe and bleat for his folks, only to be thrust back between our legs. As we approached the outer gate of the city the guide

began to look yellow around the gills. My American friend assured him that everything was O. K. "Leave it to me," was his injunction.

Two blocks ahead loomed the kiosk around which the dreaded customs officer lounged expectantly. As we approached he lifted his hand. The car stopped. Into the tonneau he glanced perfunctorily, saw nothing but what appeared to be our lower limbs, and made a sign to proceed. Just as the driver threw in the clutch there was a gigantic upheaval of the lap robe accompanied by a series of squawks from the suckling kid which reared and pitched itself into public prominence.

"I guess that's about enough," said the red-meat eater, with a sickly glance at the customs man and a low muttered curse hurled at what was scheduled to be a sacrifice to human gluttony. "What's the duty?"

The official, giving us the evil eye, produced a book from beneath his voluminous robes and addressed the guide in the manner of an executioner. A tense parley ensued, the guide pouring out a torrent of passionate explanation—all Greek to the delegates from the United States. Presently the customs man began to soften; then he broke into a broad smile and ended by petting the kid into submission. From a threatened eruption the argument became a peace conference, in which the trio of Italians participated. Eventually our guide paid a fat duty into the treasury of the municipality and we were invited—the kid in-

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cluded—to enter the city with all accounts squared.

“We got by at that,” chortled my companion, stroking our fifth passenger affectionately. “Now leave the rest of this little enterprise in my hands. I don’t care what the duty; cheap at any price.” He asked the guide for further particulars.

“I was obliged to lie to him,” replied the diplomat. “‘The kid is for my little son,’ I said. ‘For the bambino, 6 years old. To him I have long promised the kid, as a companion. His mother asked me to bring him the pet. I do so to-day. This is the kid.’”

“What was the duty you had to pay?”

“Two hundred lire. It was high but the official, who is a father like myself, said it was the best he could do. That was the law.”

Plaintively, from the tonneau, the kid began to bleat again; this time softly, like a crying child. I could feel its trembling form against the calves of my legs. Once more the helpless spring-born thrust its mottled head out from under the lap rope and peered about, its eyes shining like shoe buttons. My friend, the potential assassin, met the kid’s gaze steadily for a moment and then threw up his hands.

“You win one live, domesticated kid,” said he, offering his hand to the astonished guide. “I’ll pay the duty and you take the little devil home to your bambino. You said it was yours—and it is yours. The pleasure is all mine. Tell signora

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that the American presents his goat and his compliments to the mother of your son.”

He looked to me for ratification. “Immense!” I exclaimed.

“And now what shall we do?” he asked, his hand still fumbling the fine pelt of the rescued kid.

“What’s the matter with going to some place where we can get a large portion of spaghetti and a milk-fed veal chop?” I suggested.

“Anything you say, boy. Naples has got my goat.”

IV

THREE SHORT WORDS THAT SURVIVED EIGHT CENTURIES

MONTEFIASCONE, Italy.

EST! Est!! Est!!!

There they are, the trio of gladsome cries that have come ringing down through the ages. What do they mean? Who flung them from the vine-clad Umbrian Hills? Ascolta Martino! Why did Ascolta Martino lift up his voice and shout aloud and prance and take on like one possessed?

* * *

In the early part of the twelfth century Enrico V. of Germany set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. With him he took the beloved Cardinal Giovanni Deoc, a devout man who was regarded in his own country as a great authority not alone on Holy Writ but as an expert on malt beverages. When the command came for him to fare southward among the laughing peoples of Italy he summoned his henchman Martino and spake unto him:

“We are going to a strange country of which little is known and from which we may not return. I have learned that malt is not grown in that loathsome land and that the inhabitants drink only the juice of the grape. Hearken, Martino, to my commands. When in the course of

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human events we arrive at the frontier of those unhappy people you are to precede me by twenty-four hours."

"I cannot suffer to be apart from you," quoth the faithful servant, wailing in anguish.

"Silence. The task imposed may be to your liking. Give ear and hearken: You are to halt at each hamlet and partake of the wine that is dispensed at the inns. Be generous in your inspection and quaff with discernment, preserving always that reserve requisite to the exercise of good judgment. Whenever you find a wine agreeable to your palate write upon the façade of the public place the word 'Est!' which, as you are probably aware, is the Latin word for 'Here!' With this to guide me I shall proceed in the company of his Majesty with the high hope of coming upon a potable substitute for the brewed ambrosia of the fatherland. Remain not more than one night in any town lest you become a fixture—and forget to explore the next."

"And should I come upon perfect wine, one that hath the power to raise the dead from the grave; what then?"

"Halt, by all means, until I overtake you. On your way, Martino, with my blessings."

The official sampler extraordinary to the good Cardinal mounted his mule and rode off to do or die. Down through central Italy meandered the trained palate, writing the magic word on many a barroom wall, the Cardinal upon his trail. At last Martino reached the walled city of Monte-

EIGHT-CENTURY WORDS

flascone, thirty leagues from Rome. Tying his mule he entered the first inn and cracked a flagon. One hundred per cent. On the wall he wrote boldly "Est!" The wine rippled through his trained cosmos. He halted at the next open door. Magnificent! Before departing he twice writ "Est! Est!!" where the Cardinal could see. Onward to the third house of the grape juice. Could such things be? With his heart full and his mind made up that he had reached at last the promised land where men are men, Ascolta Martino wrote where all—including the Cardinal Deoc—could see, the three imperishable words: "Est! Est!! Est!!!" and lay down to pleasant dreams. Through the salubrious night he reposed in peace.

On the morrow he made the rounds again to verify his judgment that he was not wasting Latin applause on an undeserving community. Better and better. Parking his mule with the leading hay and grain merchant he returned to the gate of the city, there to await the coming of the Cardinal. The shades of night were falling fast when the good man hove to. Under the Roman arch stood his faithful courier, crying aloud: "Est! Est!! Est!!!"

"Have a care, Martino," warned the new arrival. "I have been led by thee through a bewildering and gorgeous country increasing in splendor as I advance. Is this the fountainhead?"

"Seek not beyond. It is here. Follow me," replied Marty, leading the way, his hand holding

the bridle rein of the holy man's mule. Up the hill they came and sat down as equals. Across the Cardinal's parched tongue flowed the long-sought elixir. "Peace be with you, Martino! Est! Est!! Est!!!" Leaning back against the cool walls of the inn at Montefiascone he closed his eyes and drifted into the invisible.

To make a long drink short, Cardinal Giovanni Deoc then and there ran out on Enrico V. of Germany and with his servant Martino settled down for the balance of his life to quaff the wine which is to this day known as "Est! Est!! Est!!!" The one-two-three exclamation points stand for three cheers.

In the last hours of his happy old age the Cardinal called Martino to his side and drew up a will in which he left his mule, his worldly goods and his cash to the city of blessed memory. A clause in his last testament provided that on each anniversary of his death a cask of his favorite wine be poured upon his grave in the presence of the people and that the ceremony be treated as a festival.

I had the pleasure of entering Montefiascone April 26, the date of the Cardinal's demise, which occurred in the year 1111.

Regarding it as an international courtesy, despite the nation-wide objections in my own country, to the cup which cheers, I made preparations to pay my respects to the deceased, whose remains lie in the Church of San Flaviano, just outside the walls of the city, not far from the spot where Martino shouted the glad news.

EIGHT-CENTURY WORDS

Much to my regret, I learned that the ceremony of the baptismal cask had been done away with as far back as the thirteenth century owing to the shortage of funds. A black marble slab containing a crude effigy of the Cardinal marks his tomb, which is set in the floor of the church. The year of his death is graven over the words "Est! Est!! Est!!!" and beneath the slogan a Latin inscription announces: "Here lies Giovanni Deoc, who drank of the true wine and is now dead."

"If the Signor would like to pour a flask of wine in commemoration upon the tomb," said the old sexton of San Flaviano, "it is agreeable."

I made haste to thank the gentleman for such a privilege and informed him that having come directly from the vintner's shop where the precious fluid was dispensed that the mere act of breathing over the Cardinal's remains was in itself a libation from the heart.

V

THE "HELL DIVER," WHO TOOK A DIP IN THE TREVI FOUNTAIN

ROME.

THE finest drinking water—if one insists upon water—in the whole of Rome gushes from a colossal fountain designed by the Roman architect Nicola Salvi at the end of the Via della Muratte. The central group includes Neptune, the Ocean God of Bracci, with Abundance and Health by Valli, two symbolical statues, at the sides. Plunging horses of the sea held in leash by Tritons leap to the foreground toward a series of cascades across which pours a crystal flood falling into an immense semicircular basin sixty by twenty feet and three in depth. "Whosoever throweth a coin in the waters of the Trevi," runs the legend, "shall one day return to Rome."

Fair enough. I placed an American dime on the bar—I mean in the basin—and sat down on the stone coping to contemplate the future. Down the gradual broad steps came a stranger who bore all the earmarks of my far country. From his vest pocket he drew a coin and with a gesture of abandon covered my bet on the future.

"At that," said he, in dear old King James

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English, "any guy who puts his money in this pool—returns. I was here four years ago and came across with a piece of change. And here I am again."

The floor of the main basin was dotted with nickel, silver and copper coins; not sufficient to affect any of the reparation debts but enough to attract attention.

"Who falls heir to all his kale?" I asked, in the vernacular of the prodigal.

"Stick around a while and you'll see," he replied. "This place is pie for the kids of the neighborhood. The cops fan 'em away every so often but they manage to get theirs one way or another. Here comes a small change fisherman now."

An Italian gamin with a long stick upon the end of which was a piece of flat tin bent inward ran down the steps, scooped up one at a time three lire and an American nickel and fled back into the heart of Rome, there to squander his loot in the Latin quarter.

"Once—only once—I saw this fountain get a good trimming," said the stranger. "I was parked in a near-by hotel in August—hot as Yuma, Arizona—around the corner near the Plaza Pilotta. A bird from the Hawaiian Islands, making a tour of the world, was stopping there. He looked lonesome and we chummed up because I spoke English. All he wanted to talk about was the Pacific Ocean and the swell bathing around Honolulu. I thought it would be a good

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play to bring him to this fountain. Might cool him off to have a peek. It was after midnight and the streets were shy of people.

“The minute he clapped eyes on Old Man Neptune and saw the water splashing over the rocks he heard what you might call the voice of the sea and wanted to make a dive right into the middle of the drink. ‘Lay off, Kid,’ I said, ‘this ain’t the Sandwich Islands. Nothing like that.’ He sure was hipped on the place. After I got him calmed down and explained about throwing the dough into the water he leaned over the rim and began to look for coin. I’ll say to you, bo, there was a-plenty of it smeared over the floor of the pool. Somebody must have overlooked a bet that evening.

“ ‘Listen,’ he says to me, ‘I could make one trip down and bring up all the money in sight. At home I am known as the Honolulu Hell Diver and can stay under for three minutes without air. And I can swim with my eyes open.’ Sounded good to me and not a soul in sight to crab the game. ‘How about your clothes?’ I asked. ‘Have you never seen a Kanaka shed his duds?’ he replies. And with that crack he makes three passes, which leaves him in condition to swim the English Channel.

“Into the water he slips like a seal, takes a long breath and goes down to the spondulicks. I sat here on this rim, where we are sitting now, and watched him glide like a porpoise up and down, reaching out, grabbing the mazuma and stuffing it

THE "HELL DIVER," WHO TOOK A DIP

in his mouth. He certainly was a grand collector. All of a sudden I heard footsteps and right behind me appeared a nifty Italian cop. He could see the Kanaka in the clear water, slipping along doing his stuff. What was coming to the Honolulu Hell Diver when he showed on the surface? Oh, boy!"

"How long was he down?" I asked.

"Well, at a guess," he said gently, and in confidence, "I don't mind telling you that he was there long enough to drown himself three or four times. That cop standing there upset all my powers of calculation. No matter when the Hell Diver showed he was up against it, which I knew and he didn't. The boy was swimming with his eyes open all right, but he wasn't looking for policemen. Anyhow, he made one more lap around the basin, copped another lira or so and then called it a night. He come busting out of the water right here, not three feet from this curb, shook the wet from his eyes and suddenly saw the cop. Without delay the guy from Honolulu spit onto the marble steps no less than ten dollars' worth of other people's money.

"Rome ain't no place to start a rough house, especially when one of the parties is all wet and shy of pants and the other one shy of language. 'If you can get your clothes on as fast as you took 'em off,' I said to the Honolulu Water Witch, 'we will beat it away from here while yon gendarme is collecting himself a fortune in small change.' I have known some volunteer firemen

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in my day who were fast dressers. That Kanaka could have opened a night school for those babies. He was complete in shoes and necktie almost immediately."

"Were you pinched?"

"Nothing like that. The cop rounded up every last sou, placed the stuff in his leather pouch and gave—us—the—air. We didn't ask for a receipt either. Rome got her rake off and the Hell Diver kept his liberty."

VI

A GLIMPSE OF ARNALDO MUSSOLINI, BROTHER OF IL DUCE

MILAN, Italy.

IT was my hope, upon reaching the capital of the Province of Lombardi, that I should be able to interview the brother of the most talked about man in Europe. It was made plain to me by the gentleman involved that I should not. He would receive me like a friend and answer any question I cared to ask—but not for publication. It is Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy, who does all the talking both for the family and for the Government. Arnaldo, now at the helm of *Il Popolo d'Italia*, founded and owned by his celebrated brother, has recourse to the columns of that daily whenever he feels disposed to express himself.

His hour for receiving “distinguished foreigners” is 7 P.M., at which time our folks in the United States of America are satisfied to call it a day and begin the battle with a high white collar. As Signor Arnaldo Mussolini speaks none of my language, I selected for interpreter and escort Commander Vittorio Olivari of the Lloyd Sebaudo Line, who speaks English with the clarity of the Hon. John M. Beck of Pennsylvania.

Signor Arnaldo received us with cordial greet-

ings and a Fascist salute. During the volleys of Italian that ensued I found time to look about the room, into which the occupant had assembled a remarkable collection of paintings, photographs, plaques, bas-reliefs, bronzes and marbles of one particular man—his brother. Decorations, manifestoes and original documents all bearing upon the central figure identified with the remaking of Italy were everywhere.

* * *

There is much of G. K. Chesterton in the editor of *Il Popolo*. He has the same round face, the full forehead, the sparse curly hair and the eyesquint that is kin to continuous laughter. All he needs is the G. K. mustache to complete the resemblance. He wears his pince-nez glasses in the manner of the English critic and when conversing pulses with animation.

I asked to be shown the room from which during the critical days of October, 1922, Mussolini conducted the campaign that brought his army of Fascists into Rome. Commander Olivari interpreted my request with much spirit. Signor Arnaldo rose to the suggestion, made a salute and conducted us down a series of hallways to a small inner office about twelve feet square into which we were ushered with great formality.

Six years of undisturbed dust had accumulated upon the furniture. To all intents and purposes it was a closed room. A single electric bulb supplied the light, none entering from without. At

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first glance it looked like a huge closet into which a flat top desk, several wooden chairs, a clothes cabinet and some filing-boxes had been for a long time stored away. Photographs of Mussolini, framed holographic letters, posters, arms and placards hung from the walls and crowded one another on the mantelpiece. Ensued a reverential silence.

“After the Naples convention, October 24,” began the brother of the Premier, “Il Duce, reviewing en route the plans of his lieutenants, returned to Milan, arriving here October 26. From this room during the night of the 27th and 28th he issued orders to advance. Premier Facta, under pressure exerted by the Fascists, had resigned with his entire cabinet on Friday the 27th. The following day the Fascists were requested by Salandra to participate in the creation of a new Cabinet. Il Duce replied over the telephone which you see on the desk: ‘I refuse to participate in any Cabinet of which I am not the head. The Fascist victory must be complete.’ To urgent requests from his delegates that he appear in Rome he answered over the same telephone: ‘I shall come by aeroplane if necessary, but not until I receive the King’s telegram.’ A few hours later the telegram arrived and the Fascist army with Il Duce at its head marched to Rome. Later, from the Government Palace, Mussolini said to the people: ‘From this day you have not only a Cabinet but a Government.’ ” Signor Arnaldo made a period at this point by shrugging his broad shoulders.

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Before departing from this inner shrine of Italy's new leader I made a concluding appraisal. Framed, behind the desk, is a five-page letter from D'Annunzio, his final blessing, penned a few days prior to Mussolini's march on Rome. Near the now historic telephone receiver rests a bullet-torn helmet pierced in the Fascisti raid upon the publication offices of the *Avanti*, a Socialistic newspaper in Milan, from the editorial board of which Mussolini was expelled in November, 1914. From the wall hangs, listless, though pregnant with suggestion, the scarlet coat that had been torn from the person of a Red, against whom the Fascists first arose in the campaign to save Italy. On the mantelpiece is a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte in the uniform he wore after Moscow. It depicts him seated, the head and shoulders slouched forward, a dull, far-away expression in his tired eyes. Beside the picture of the Little Corporal sits a photograph of Mussolini which bears a startling resemblance to the Emperor of the French.

Down through the labyrinth of hallways I followed Arnaldo Mussolini, who gave with either hand to arriving and departing members of the staff the salute of equality and fraternity. All men are equal in the offices of *Il Popolo d'Italia*, from the elevator boy—up or down.

* * *

Evidently the junior Mussolini—two years younger than the Premier—is not lacking in hu-

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mor. When his eminent brother once asked him why he did not emerge from behind his desk and seek the distinctions to which he was entitled he is said to have replied: "You must not forget that the father of Arnaldo had two sons, whereas the father of Benito had but one—Premier of Italy."

The two mottoes under which *Il Popolo d'Italia* is conducted are: "Whoever has iron has bread—Blanqui," and "Revolution is an ideal supported by bayonets—Napoleon." These I may quote without betraying any confidence.

VII

MARIO GIAMPAOLI, THE FASCIST ORATOR OF THE LOMBARDI

MILAN, Italy.

AND when you see the Giampaoli and hear him speak; when you come to know that the flame of him burns into the Italian heart; when you understand that from his soul and across his lips comes the creed of remade Italy, then you will know why the Fascisti speaks into the ear of the people; then you will comprehend Mario Giampaoli—secretary of the Federation of the Fascista, Province of the Lombardi.”

That, in one sentence, was the way my fellow passenger on the express train out of Genoa summed up his esteem for the leader of 200,000 of Mussolini's followers in Milan.

“When and where can I meet the Giampaoli?” I asked.

“You will go to the Corso Hotel and there you will find Attilio Zaccheo, the proprietor. You will present yourself and say that you have come to see the room where Il Duce and his trusted lieutenants met secretly when the black shirts were rising against the oppressors.” My communicant began to speak rapidly. “He will tell you the story of the dark days when Benito Musso-

lini . . . alone—with a Winchester rifle concealed under his greatcoat—walked the streets of Milan at night recruiting his ranks . . . how the Fascists already in the black shirts slept upon the floor in the lobby of the Corso . . . of the plans for the great resistance . . . and the victory.”

“And Giampaoli . . . ?”

“There if anywhere. He moves about Milan day and night,” continued the idol worshiper. “He comes, he goes. At the Corso, first of the Fascist hotels, the chance that you meet him is excellent. When he enters you will know. Great is Giampaoli!”

* * *

With the Fascist salute the loquacious traveler, who was bound for Venice, waved me farewell as I stepped off the train. I registered at the old headquarters of Il Duce and asked for the proprietor. Later in the afternoon he could be seen.

At 6 o'clock I was having tea with Signor Zacheo, a most hospitable Boniface, who was filled with stirring recollections of the eventful departed days. He had shown me the secret council room behind a glass and wood partition still containing the original furniture and an inner shrine which had been turned into a bar and coffee saloon. Ten years ago a single salute meant life or death and a whisper spoken into the wrong ear was a passport to oblivion. To-day Milan is referred to as “the brains of Italy.”

Suddenly through the revolving front door a

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young man of military bearing entered and came swiftly down the corridor, bowing and saluting along the way. As he advanced there was a pronounced commotion in the lobby. Zaccheo arose, threw up his hand and shouted one word, which he divided into three parts, "Giam-pa-oli!" Simultaneously the newcomer flashed the palm of his right hand aloft and forward, at the same time discharging short, sharp salutations at those who gathered about him. Small in stature, though physically sturdier, he reminded me of his Honor, the present Mayor of New York; electric in his recognitions and suave in his manner. He wore a soft felt hat, jauntily creased, a black shirt and flowing tie and a dark suit that fitted his erect figure snugly. His hair was a deep chestnut color and waved back from a high white forehead. His eyebrows, of darker tone, shielded a pair of flashing eyes that swept the entire vestibule with a single glance. His bearing, while imperious, was free from hateur. At a movement from Zaccheo I stood up to receive an introduction. Giampaoli forced me back into my chair and took a seat opposite, his arms on the tea table. For five minutes he talked in Italian, addressing his auditors one at a time, repeatedly apologizing to me for his lack of English.

The quality of his voice was extremely musical and his articulation so perfectly under control that he seemed to be firing pistol shots without ever missing his mark. From a deliberate beginning, divided by vocal punctuation, he increased

the tempo without appreciable effort until a veritable flood of harmony came pouring from his lips. Over the handful of listeners he cast a profound spell. He himself became obsessed of the rhetorical outburst that appeared to leap from every fiber in his body. Never have I heard the human voice strike so many octaves in the scale of impassioned speech. It was like a succession of pistol shots.

Indeed, this stripling, now in his thirty-first year, a participant at 15 in the upheaval that brought about the Socialistic convention at Reggio Emilia, where Mussolini was flung into the firmament of European stars; a volunteer in the world war at 17; a Fascist who was being listened to by the leaders at 21, and finally the selection of Il Duce to take over the direction of the Federation of the Lombardi at 26—is surely to be reckoned with in world affairs, at least in his own country.

He has the power to move the people. When he essays to address the populace there is no hall in Milan large enough to hold the audience that flocks to hear him. He has the gift of flowing, unbroken speech, a fervor that is infectious, a youth that knows not exhaustion. The quality that makes him invincible is his marvelous balance. Giampaoli never loses his head in a crisis. He is a bolt of lightning always under control. His person has become a sacred thing in Milan, where a self-appointed guard of 200,000 Fascists are his sworn protectors. Woe be to whomsoever would

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lift an unfriendly hand to Mario Giampaoli,
orator of the people!

* * *

During the whole of the forensic display which I witnessed at the Corso Hotel Giampaoli remained seated directly opposite me. After concluding he reached across the table, selected a lump of sugar and munched it with the relish of a schoolboy. Wholly unaffected and with a final apology for his unfamiliarity with my language—and mine with his—he flung the quick Fascisti farewell sign and departed, the eyes of his adherents following him with doglike affection.

VIII

HOW A SCHOOLBOY IDENTIFIED JUDAS IN "THE LAST SUPPER"

MILAN, Italy.

A DECADE prior to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, Leonardo da Vinci, many-sided genius from Tuscany, arrived in Milan. Impatient to display his gifts he addressed a letter to Ludovico Il Moro, the reigning Prince. Da Vinci in this epistle boasts of being "expert as constructor of instruments of war, engineer of fortifications, architect, hydraulic engineer, sculptor in marble, bronze and clay, inventor—and painter, in comparison with any other, whoever he may be." He was then in his thirtieth year.

So completely did the Tuscan youth win the favor of the Prince that he was commissioned to make the equestrian monument of Francesco Sforza. He triumphed in all the branches of creative art and construction cited by him in his first letter to his patron.

At the height of Da Vinci's popularity Ludovico selected him to paint in the refectory of Santa Maria della Grazie, the picture now known throughout the civilized world as "The Last Supper," without doubt the most universally admired

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creation of the human intellect. For more than four centuries this masterpiece has come under the scrutiny of the accepted authorities, with the amazing result that there is still an argument as to whether it is painted in oil or distemper. The art critics concur only in the conclusion that it is not painted in fresco.

Da Vinci began the work in 1495 and completed it in 1496. During the four hundred and thirty-two years that have since elapsed, time has been levying a slow tax upon the mysterious beauty of "The Last Supper." Visari as early as 1566 sounded the alarm and copies were attempted. In 1642 Scanelli considered that the composition was already destroyed. With a view to restoration, daring hands were laid upon it in the seventeenth century, but the picture continued to fade and suffer. In 1796 Bonaparte, overwhelmed by its sublimity, gave orders that the refectory of "Le Grazie" should not be occupied. In 1799, despite his orders, the convent was used as a barracks for the French troops. It was then that the soldiers climbed through the windows and, to more clearly see the inspired picture, placed a ladder against the wall upon which it was painted. The scars are still visible.

In the year 1819 there was talk of removing the work intact, but caution killed the suggestion. In 1921 Silvestri, the restorer, revived the color with cautious dusting. The vicissitudes of "The Last Supper" continue unabated. The picture is not expected to survive the present century. The

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Saviour and the twelve Apostles are but pale shadows of the original conceptions and the material grandeur of the past is vanishing into a sublime specter.

To Santa Maria della Grazie, Da Vinci's picture has brought countless pilgrims. Most of them are tourists. To say how many would be pure conjecture. Many of the Milanese know that the picture is in Milan, but few of them take the trouble to go to see it. As a matter of fact, one must be persistent in order to find a cabman who knows the way to the little church that it adorns.

Those who visit the spot where "The Last Supper" is to be seen will be struck by the simplicity of the room containing it. One end wall of the structure is occupied by Montovano's "Crucifixion," the other by Da Vinci's classic. Otherwise the refectory is bare of paintings and almost of decorations. A massive marble bust of Leonardo placed at a distance of fifty feet faces the "eternal invalid" of his brush.

Among the visitors I found there was a family of three—father, mother and son, a boy of perhaps 15. The old folks were much impressed by the fact that the picture had been in that one spot for more than four centuries. The boy, standing apart and evidently enthralled by the composition, asked me if the Apostles were the same as those of the New Testament. He then wanted to know which one was Judas Iscariot.

Not so easy as the first question.

"Suppose you and I see if we can pick Judas

out," I suggested, sparring for time. "On the wall there is a key picture naming the Apostles in the order of their seating."

Da Vinci's idea was to depict in his work the moment when Christ, seated in the center of the table, pronounced the accusation: "One of you shall betray me." The effect of that speech reacting upon each of the Apostles, as shown in their expressions and physical agitation, is what gives the picture movement.

I watched the boy's expression as he studied each figure. From right to left, from left to right—pausing perceptibly longer at the face of the Saviour. I wondered in which countenance, all of them anatomically perfect, he would find Judas—the arch betrayer.

He made up his mind rather suddenly: "I know!" he exclaimed. "I mean I've got one picked out for Judas."

"Well, which is it?" I asked.

"Number four." He caught himself. "No, number five; the fourth Apostle is partly hidden behind him. Judas is the one with the dark beard. Am I right?"

"It's possible," I answered quickly, in response to his appealing glance. "How did you come to select number five?"

"Well," he said slowly, as though in analysis of his own reasoning, "all the other Apostles are either leaning toward the Saviour or pointing to him just as though they were trying to say something friendly. But Judas acts as if he was

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afraid. You know what I mean; like he wanted to be somewhere else. . . . To get away from there. . . . Kind of backing off."

We stepped over to the key picture: 1, Bartholomew; 2, James; 3, Peter; 4, Andrew; 5, Judas. Right!" The boy blushed, went slightly pale and then recovering himself turned back to a silent contemplation of the whole group.

Not even Leonardo himself could have looked lightly upon the reasoning through which a mere schoolboy living in the twentieth century selected from twelve figures the one who had betrayed the Master.

IX

THE BRASS WEDDING RING THAT BECAME A GOLDEN TREASURE

GENOA, Italy.

ON the shore of this blue and sparkling harbor Christopher Columbus, the initial Italian visitor to America, first saw the light. During the four hundred-odd years that have elapsed the prows of countless ships have followed the wake of the *Santa Maria* to the new land; a few kings have fallen, empires have been rebuilt, nations partitioned and countries reformed; dynasties have perished and little peoples merged in the crucible of time. To some extent civilization has advanced and the lot of mankind has been improved. The groups have been altered, the mass reconstructed, but the individual still remains a slave to the five senses: an expression of self-determination in greater or less degree.

Heartbeat and respiration, love and hate, pride and prejudice, hope and fear are unchanged and will go on through all time. It is all brought back to me as I sit in the public square facing the marble monument to the adventurous Cristoforo, upon the pedestal of which the Genoese fling fresh flowers daily. In my scandalous Italian I make known to the waiter my simple wants. We argue;

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he wins; I take what he brings. From an adjoining table a couple, obviously Italians—addressing me in perfect English—come to the rescue. They prove to be husband and wife.

“We, too, are from America,” said the man. “Thirty years I reside there. Signora, twenty years. Can we help you?”

I accept the tender and am entertained with a running fire of information. The husband was a Milanese, the wife was born in Genoa thirty-eight years before, in a house still occupied by her mother.

“This is our first visit back to Italy,” said the husband. “I wish my wife to see her birthplace again. We were married in Utica, New York, 1909. Our children were born there.”

“Four,” interpolated the wife, naïvely, with a tender glance at the father. “Three boys and a girl. The first born is now seventeen. He will graduate from the Utica High School this year and then take up civil engineering.”

“Why did you not bring them with you?”

“Oh, they are Americans,” said the father. “Some day, if they wish to come, we may let them. My daughter has a voice. If it improves we may send her to Milano for a course.”

“She had better marry and remain where she is,” announced the mother, as though the matter was settled.

“Perhaps. Whatever you wish.” And it was settled.

“You have prospered in America?” I asked.

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The husband ordered a round of Chinzano and took up his story in the manner of one writing an autobiography. "Not at first. I came over in 1900 but had a good deal of trouble making a living. As soon as I became acquainted with the language I got along better. Cabinet making, inlay and furniture finish. I made a little money out of an invention to improve extension tables, but my partner robbed me and I lost what I had saved. You remember the hard times of 1907? Well, it was worse for me because I got the flu and was sick for nearly a year. I wanted to come back to Italy but I thought it better to try my luck once again. An American backed me in the furniture business again and I got along pretty well. Not that I saved much money, but I didn't run behind. The next year Marie—that's my wife—came to Utica from Genoa. We fell in love. She got a position at a hotel in charge of the linen. From me she learned English and we planned to get married. Nothing but ill luck seemed to follow us. Just at the moment when all seemed well one or the other of us had reverses. She lost her job or I lost my profits. You can see how it was. Then what? Well, we decided to get married anyhow and by an early wedding at least save the house rent for one.

"The day was set and the honeymoon plans were complete. I had rented two rooms, which I fixed up with some second-hand furniture from my stock. We went together and got the license. On the way to the church I suddenly remembered

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that I had forgotten to get a wedding ring. That wouldn't do, so I took Marie to the vestry, where she waited for me while I went after some kind of a ring for her lovely hand. Again, what was I to do? Only one thing—hasten. You could not possibly guess what happened. Well, I went into Woolworth's store and bought a wedding ring for ten cents. Back to the church I hurried and we were married. When I got home with my beautiful bride I told her that the band on her finger was only plated brass."

He sipped at his Chinzano and looked across the table at the mother of his children. "You may tell all," she said, patting his arm gently.

"I promised to find a gold band the next day and engrave her name upon it. 'No,' she said, 'with this ring you made me your wife; this ring I will wear through life. I will have no other.' It is still on her finger. Show it to him, Marie."

She extended her still shapely hand and displayed the symbol that meant so much to her. "He had it triple-plated and it looks like solid gold. It is gold," said she tenderly. "Whenever a child was born to us we celebrated by replating the ring, and on each birthday we replate it again. From the hour my husband placed it on my finger we have had nothing but good fortune."

* * *

In consequence of which I conclude that in order to realize the full benefits of prosperity one must begin by being poor.

X

THE INFLUENCE OF SENTIMENT ON ITALIAN IMAGINATION

FLORENCE, Italy.

WHAT among all of the art treasures, relics and shrines assembled in this center of beauty most appeals to you?" I asked Lieutenant Carlo del Prato of the Italian Navy.

"If you refer to architecture, painting, sculpture and those creations that express the genius of man," he replied, "I can name several; nor would authorities be in disagreement with me. But if you ask me to point out those things that in my opinion are the most significant, that is another matter."

Into a fiacre we climbed and drove through the narrow, shop-lined streets of Florence, coming at last to the intersection of Via Giuseppe Giusti and Via Gino Capponi. Pointing with his walking stick toward a small marble tablet set well above the street into the wall of a severe four-storied building del Prato began to translate:

" 'In this house lived the painter without a fault—Andrea Vannucci, Florentine—called del Sarto (his father was a tailor), who, returning from France, built this house, 1530. He died full of honor and domestic sorrow.' "

ON ITALIAN IMAGINATION

The Lieutenant paused that this brief though tragic record might make its full impression upon me. "You will observe," said he, "that this artist was without a fault. Michelangelo, in Rome, had previously warned Raphael that there was a young artist in Florence who would 'make him sweat.' The prophecy came true, and del Sarto attained immortality. But he died, unattended, of fever, his wife remaining away from his bedside, fearing that he was the 'victim of the dreaded plague' that swept Florence in 1531. It was not the plague but the faithless woman who hastened his untimely end, though she could not dim his fame. That tablet on the wall is his glorification and her damnation. You have seen what her influence was upon del Sarto. I will now show you the effect of his influence upon the artistic sensibilities of the Tuscan mind."

The fiacre driver discarded his butt, cracked his whip and took us by a circuitous route through the city to Via San Salvi, outside the old walls that guarded Florence up to the eighteenth century. As we progressed the palatial structures that dominate the Florentine landscape began to thin out and give way to a simpler and poorer type of architecture. "When Charles V of Germany," went on my conductor, "invaded Tuscany in 1529-30, numerous villas and a few cloisters representing the Renaissance stood outside the fortifications. Michelangelo, directing the fortification of Florence, ordered that these buildings be destroyed before they could be occupied by the

besiegers. Thousands of laborers were assigned to the work of devastation. Swiftly the vantage points were leveled until but one building remained. Here it is on the right: the Cloister di San Salvi."

Approaching a high, wrought-iron gate set into solid concrete, he pressed a button. "This structure is the sole surviving specimen of the architecture of that period outside the walls of the city. That its preservation was little more than miraculous I am sure you will agree."

Slowly the heavy iron portal swung back on its ancient hinges, revealing a frail, black-eyed woman who looked not unlike Eleonora Duse. She had the same wistful expression that marked the great tragedienne. Into a high vaulted vestibule we followed her. Around the base, resting on the floor, were many plaster busts and life-size statues of earlier centuries. In the center of the room rested a reproduction of a tomb. On the right-hand side of the wall was an elongated basin—once a water supply, now dry—above which was a bas-relief of beautifully chiseled cupids partly demolished.

"This shows where the laborers stopped the work of destruction," said my escort. "Why they ceased shall now be revealed to you. This edifice was the monastery of the Frati Vallambrosiani, the outer chamber of which we now occupy. The basin was for laving purposes. The adjoining room, which you are about to enter, was the dining hall." (He spoke to the shade of Eleonora

Duse, who came silently forward to open the great door that led into the next chamber.)

Hatless and reverently we entered. There on the further wall, forty feet away, was Andrea del Sarto's version of the "Last Supper," a massive painting in which all the figures were life-size. Painted but a few years after the da Vinci masterpiece in Milan, it is to-day in a perfect state of preservation.

"When the wreckers came upon this picture," went on del Prato, in a low voice, "they cast down their tools and stood spellbound in admiration. 'Better the preservation of the work of del Sarto than the safety of the city!' they cried. 'We will not destroy this divine picture. None shall command us to do violence here. Send for Michelangelo the Maestro that we may take council with him.'"

"The master was summoned and came immediately. Of their action he approved and gave voice to the belief that so great a love for art as the laborers had evinced would serve only good ends and that the de' Medici would commend what they had done and see in the act a sure indication of the love for beauty that alone actuated the Italian heart. The chamber was closed and the men were withdrawn into the city. The invaders, headed by the Prince of Orange, respected the wishes of the Florentines and the Cloister di San Salvi was preserved. The siege lasted ten months, concluding with the conquering of the Florentines. In 1531 Alessandro de' Medici arrived in Florence,

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was proclaimed Duke in 1532 and the republic came to an end.

“Through that terrible ordeal came the del Sarto ‘Cenacolo,’ preserved miraculously because of the Tuscan love for beauty. To me the tablet on the outer wall at Via Gino Capponi and the ‘Last Supper’ on the inner wall at San Salvi are the two most interesting records in the history of Italian art, revealing as they do the mortification of the flesh and the triumph of the spirit.”

XI

A PLEA FOR PATIENCE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PAST

FLORENCE, Italy.

HERE in the Museum of Antiquity, surrounded by the stone and bronze relics of the Etruscans, whose civilization dawned at least 1000 years B.C., and whose language is still a mystery, I listened to a hard-headed business man preach to an impetuous youth a sermon on perseverance.

* * *

"These people," commented the younger generation, who was obviously fed up on the ancients, "must have had a good deal of time to spare. The whole community seems to have been engaged in making pots, urns and vases, from which I fail to get what you might call reactions of interest. What is the big idea and when do we pass on to the next crock? Look at this vase in the glass case; three thousand years old. Nice lines, soldiers, sailors and civilians swinging around the rosy; all in wonderful preservation; an A1 object of virtue. Priceless, I suppose; but in Zanesville, Ohio, they turn out copies for a ten-spot, just as good as the originals. What is the difference between them? Tell me."

“I will if you have the patience to listen,” replied the lover of beauty, “and will analyze the relation this red and black creation bears to the whole history of human progress. Your comment that it is in an excellent state of preservation supplies a text. I don’t want to tax your mathematical capabilities, but it is only fair to tell you that when this vase, which is about four feet in height and three at its maximum diameter, was found in Chiusi, Tuscany, it was in 419 pieces. Just a total wreck! In these days of quantity production any object in a similar condition would be thrown into the dust heap and forgotten. But for some reason or other—I don’t presume to know why—destiny had other plans for this particular piece of junk. For three thousand or more years it lay in the discard. In 1844 along came a patient man by the name of François, whom you would catalogue as a ‘nut.’ He studied the remains and decided to reassemble the pieces regardless of the time and resolution that might be required. Eighteen months of hard and exacting labor; that’s all. What do you think of the result?”

“A pippin of a job!” replied the scoffer in astonishment.

“Finally,” went on the elder man, “it was set up in this museum and given the place of honor, where it received the homage of the world’s leading antiquarians and archæologists. It is a perfect specimen of Greek art, designed by Ergotinos, the potter, and painted by Clitias. This urn was the center of attention here in Florence

for fifty-six years. Among the attendants of the institution was a man who appears to have held to some of your opinions. He made up his mind that this Greek vase wouldn't do at all. Its symmetrical beauty worked on his nerves. In broad terms, it simply got his goat. Besides, he didn't like the management of the museum. Therefore, on September 9, 1900, the unmitigated ass, in a fit of distemper, seized a chair and smashed the treasure into six hundred and thirty-eight pieces."

"M-u-r-r-der!" exclaimed the youth.

"Not quite. The fragments were gathered up tenderly and after two years of the utmost patience on the part of two antiquarians the vase was completely restored just as you see it now. If you have the time to walk around it slowly and count the black figures on the red clay background you will find that there are two hundred and thirty separate drawings and many decorations touched here and there with white and violet. It presents a pictorial history of the siege of Troy into which are woven all of the Greek heroes. For draftsmanship there is nothing finer in the world. The origin of the masterpiece is traced back to the sixth century B.C. Long stretch, isn't it? Queer how these trivial things work out through the years."

By this time the young man had begun to show real interest. "What amazes me," he observed, "is that in the two bust-ups nothing appears to have been lost. So far as I can see it is whole

again, with not a fragment missing. How do you account for that?"

"My boy," went on the hard-headed business man, placing his hand confidently on the shoulder of his convert, "you have probably heard the old axiom that matter is indestructible. That is true in a sense, and it also applies to beauty. When the vase was shattered by the wild man in 1900 there were several eyewitnesses to the assault. Pieces of the relic flew all over the room. A few months after the reassembling began the curators announced in the museum bulletin that a fragment—described in detail—was missing, and asked for its return. There was no response for over a year, although it was obvious that some person present when the outrage occurred had managed to capture a souvenir. An insert was fashioned to serve as a substitute for the lost part. But, as I remarked before, both matter and beauty are indestructible, all of which was proved by the sudden reappearance of the missing detail. Through some mysterious agency it was returned to the museum and found lying in a conspicuous spot—no doubt a contribution to the conscience fund. Evidently the world-famed François Vase, which you now observe to be whole as the day it was completed in the dim past, was not intended by fate to be partitioned."

"Seems that way, doesn't it?" replied the young man. "I have come to the conclusion that yours is the right idea and that no one should come here who hasn't the patience to look about

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him. The trouble is to find a conductor who is tolerant of impetuosity in others. By the way, what I really came here to see is the bronze statue of Minerva, through whose lips the early Etruscans received the audible oracles. What do you know about her?"

"Simply this," answered the business man. "The head of the bronze Minerva is hollow, so is the curl which hangs down the back of the goddess. Whatever wisdom was spoken through her metal lips to the Etruscan people came entirely from the outside. The oracle stuff was a fake. This François Vase is an indisputable fact. Just remember that. We will now go and give Minerva the once over just for luck. And don't laugh when I show you the hollow curl in her hair, through which the voice was conveyed to her mouth. Lots of people still believe that Minerva knew what she was talking about."

"Oh, well," replied the youth, "even us mortals get off on the wrong foot occasionally."

XII

A CITY OF BEAUTY THAT WAS LONG A CENTER OF UNREST

FLORENCE, Italy.

NOT any other municipality in the world can vie in splendor with Florence, the former capital of Italy. Born in the Etruscan crucible, she has come down through centuries of clash and carnage that sprinkled the past with red mist. Sacked by the barbarians, reconstructed in turn by Charlemagne, the Berengarians, the German Emperors, the Popes, the Republic of Florence burst into artistic full bloom in the eleventh century. Behind her high walls during the Middle Ages, while her literature, architecture, sculpture and painting were attaining the pinnacle of perfection that became the wonder of the Renaissance, the Guelphs, the Ghibellines, the Blacks and the Whites struggled for mastery. Through her gates the fierce wars against Pisa, Arezzo and Siena were launched. From within the strife and intrigue went on unceasing.

Out of this caldron emerged the finest intellects of medieval times: Dante, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Donatella, Botticelli, Del Sarto, Cellini, Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Boccaccio, Della Robbia, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo X, Clement VIII, Machia-

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velli and others whose works were destined to influence the centuries to come. Because of those men universal art and literature were advanced and civilization enriched. The wonder is that Florence survived its continual vicissitudes and produced so many giants in attainment.

In this now peaceful city it is difficult to visualize the tragic past. Under its historic bridges flows the quiet Arno—once in a blue moon rampant. Florence proper lies in a valley that is dotted with towers, churches and architectural wonders: the dome of Brunelleschi, the Campanile of Giotto and the tower of Arnolfo, three monuments that are characteristic of the City of Dante, dominating the landscape. All of the adjoining hills are dotted with villas and palaces set in gardens and built to stand indefinitely. Annually one hundred thousand pilgrims come here to inspect the treasures grouped in this sublime valley which is bathed nine months of the year in sunshine.

“A hundred guide books have been written around this historic spot; myriad eyes have gazed upon every stone in its construction; endless lectures concerning its grandeur have been delivered throughout Christendom; and yet,” said a learned Florentine, beside whom I stood in the Piazza della Signoria, overwhelmed by its visible sublimities, “not one person in ten thousand knows that despite the turmoil which has swept for centuries through this vale of loveliness, the Mayor of Florence from the year 1527 to 1530

was none other than the Saviour of the world."

Such a statement justifies astonishment. I showed plainly, through silence, a great depth of ignorance.

"Come," said the Florentine, "we will cross to the Palazzio Vecchio and you shall see over the portal of the palace, now the City Hall of Florence, carved in marble, the sign of our Lord and Master."

Without expressing any opinions whatever I followed him across the stone-paved square, past the bronze tablet which records that in 1498 Savonarola, with two of his disciples, was burned to death, and up to the doorway, which is flanked by Michelangelo's David and Bandinello's Hercules.

"You will find it there in a circle," said my friend, pointing upward toward the center of the arch about forty feet from the floor level. "I often wonder how many of the multitude that has come to Florence have observed it. Its history is well established but not generally known. After the siege of Rome and the imprisonment of Clement in the Castle of St. Angelo the Florentines, weary of the administration of the Medici, drove the family out of the city for the third time. The Gonfalonier Niccolo Capponi, casting about for an honest ruler to serve the people, who were sick of corrupt dictators, made a public announcement that in order to establish an incorruptible government he would dedicate the Republic of Florence to Our Lord. To all intents and purposes the Saviour became the Mayor of Florence and His

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doctrines of justice and order went into effect. The symbol you see above the entrance to the City Hall was placed there to commemorate His administration, which was purely inspirational, Capponi performing the official acts necessary to the conduct of affairs.

“The idealistic program was brought to an end by the successful siege of Charles V and his allies. Alessandro returned and the Florentine Republic became null and void. The first act of Alessandro upon being proclaimed Duke was to destroy the great bell of the Signoria, which had so often proclaimed the independence of the people. The sign of the Lord and Master, however, still remains.”

There it was in a four-foot circle, surrounded by rays symbolizing sunlight, its characters beautifully chiseled: “I. H. S.”

“How do you account for the fact that this has escaped the eyes of the tourist?” I asked. “And why do not the guides make some reference to it?”

“Italy, and particularly Florence, is filled with material concerning which the traveling public knows little or nothing. It is an easy matter to point out a great many interesting relics that in the mass of detail are lost sight of, none, however, more interesting than this one scene in the procession of dramas that have been enacted for many centuries upon the Florentine stage.

“The return to power of Alessandro de' Medici was prefaced by sanguinary deeds in which a thousand inhabitants were put to death and many

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more imprisoned. Those aspects of history roll glibly from the tongues of the guides and seem to appeal to all classes. I have met but few people who know that the sign above the door of the palace commemorates the spiritual reign in Florence of a duly constituted authority who fifteen centuries before had given unto the whole world the Golden Rule."

The sign of the Saviour, set in the wall of Vecchio for nearly four hundred years, awaits posterity.

XIII

A MAGICAL PASSPORT THAT IS CURRENT IN ALL COUNTRIES

BOULOGNE, France.

RARELY does an Englishman become excited and forget to function. But when he does, there's a reason.

This particular Briton, after accompanying his wife down to Boulogne, where he placed her upon the boat for Folkestone, England, was returning to Paris. In order to expedite the movement of travelers between the coast and the capital of France passports are visaed on the train. Tourists equipped with the proper papers have no difficulty whatever. Those who are not equipped have nothing but difficulty. Though the French customs officials along the northern frontier are the personification of courtesy, speak several languages and specialize in the soft word, when their suspicion is aroused international complications ensue as a matter of course.

But returning to the Englishman. He shared my compartment on the boat train, his nose deep in a copy of the *Manchester Guardian*, while I, reading a back number of *The Sun*, was being borne, as in the *Arabian Nights*, back to Manhattan—and all points west.

"Tickets, please; and passports."

The conductor, accompanied by a customs officer, had entered—professionally.

I complied with both requests and returned to the perusal of Hi Phillips, who has the power to entertain me in any climate. The Englishman quite suddenly lost his composure.

"Unfortunately," said he after finding his tongue, "my wife and I hold a joint passport, which is now in her possession, somewhere between Boulogne and Folkestone on the English Channel. Through an oversight I neglected to—"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "That is indeed unhappy. I have no choice in the matter. Without a passport you cannot enter France."

"But, my dear sir, it is a perfectly simple mistake. We came down from Paris this forenoon. I can give you my address, the name of my bankers and establish the fact of my temporary residence in Paris."

It seemed to me about time to introduce the old American custom of butting in. "Pardon, monsieur," I began, "this gentleman was on the train when we left Paris this morning." And such was the fact.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said the Englishman with a certain reserve, but not without gratitude.

"Which does not account in any way," said the official, "for the absence of the passport."

"What am I to do?" asked the Briton.

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"You will be obliged to return to England and secure your papers," replied the entire uniform. "We will put you in the hands of a deputy who will escort you to the coast."

"But I say," answered the Englishman, bristling, "can't something be done about this?" And then with what seemed to be nothing short of inspiration the subject of King George the Fifth uttered a sentence in very highly demonstrative French.

"Ah, monsieur!" cried the republican, exploding in an exclamation that even to my unpracticed ears appeared to be pregnant with cordiality. In the meantime, quashed by the declination of the customs to accept my identification of the Englishman, I shrank into retirement and examined the fleeting landscape. For several minutes the interchange of confidences went on and concluded with the withdrawal of the Frenchman, only to return later with another and more gloriously garbed dignitary.

Once again, and still in French, the thrilling details, whatever they consisted of, were rehearsed. Obviously a peace conference was growing out of the affair. All things considered, I had been set entirely to one side, where I remained until finally both officials turned to me with smiling faces and expressed appreciation for my solicitude. "The matter is now satisfactory to the Government," said the Generalissimo, and retired with his associate, bowing.

With a smile upon his lips my Englishman

picked up the *Guardian* and resumed the perusal of its columns. Presently he spoke: "By Jove, that was a most amazing performance! And quite satisfactory, I might add."

"Am I asking too much?—"

"Not at all, my good sir. You see it was this way: I was so wrought up when I shipped my wife to Folkestone that I neglected to recover our joint passport. Really, you know, the customs officer was quite within his prerogatives in requesting that I return to England. I saw no way out of the dilemma until it occurred to me that the actual cause of my confusion might serve as an extenuating circumstance. So I told him the truth, to wit: That my sister was expecting a new arrival—the first born."

"Was that what brought about the startling change?" I inquired.

"Rather! Why, the bouncer demanded to know why I hadn't imparted that fact in the beginning. He admitted very frankly that in France all men go quite mad and lose their heads at the announcement that something is impending in the nursery. Insisted upon bringing in the Inspector to hear the good news. I feel decidedly set up over it."

I shook hands with uncle.

"By the bye," he asked as we were pulling into the station, "how did you identify me as a person who came down from Paris this A.M.?"

"By your well-fitting canvas spats," I answered.

XIV

A PEN PICTURE OF PIUS XI, "PRISONER OF THE VATICAN"

ROME, Italy.

ACCORDING to the official Catholic Directory of Continental United States, 1928, the total number of adherents to that faith is 19,689,049, an increase of 205,753 over the total listed in 1927. The archdiocese of New York, the largest in America, leads with a Roman Catholic population of 1,273,291 (1928).

Of these nearly twenty million people the percentage that has visited Rome and seen Pius XI is necessarily infinitesimal. By preference his Holiness remains from the date of his election to the end of his lifetime in the Kingdom of the Church, which is restricted to the Vatican, after which his mortal remains repose in St. Peter's.

On the first Tuesday following the exhausting ceremonies of Holy Week I saw the Pope under peculiarly advantageous circumstances. Setting aside, for lack of space, those elaborate details preliminary to the actual presentation, I shall deal with what aims to be a description of the person and a review of the characteristics of Pius XI. The audience, arranged by and held in the presence of Right Rev. Monsignor J. Breslin,

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Vice-Rector of the American College, Rome, took place in a room twenty by thirty, one side of which contained an alabaster crucifix, one-half life size, between massive, ornate vases. The walls were hung in deep red brocade bearing ecclesiastical symbols. The single note of a bell announced the coming of his Holiness.

Silently, followed by an attendant, he entered the room, treading the thick carpet with a rhythmic, deliberate stride. In every particular Pius XI is robust and vital. The shoulders are broad, the chest full, the arms round and splendidly developed. The wrist and hand belong to one familiar with toil: the fingers short, straight and full of power. His peasant origin is expressed in every movement of his body. His is the complexion of the Anglo-Saxon rather than of the Latin. Standing, he assumes an erect position that is almost military, the head poised on a sturdy, short neck. A light cream-colored cashmere robe, simple in the extreme, covers his person but does not in any way conceal the muscular frame beneath. I would guess his height at five feet six and his weight at 170 pounds.

Walking, he leans slightly forward, as does the mountain climber. In the earlier years of his priesthood the Alps was his parish. He still displays the characteristics of a middle-aged man endowed with splendid health. He is in possession of all his teeth, which are regular and firm.

The head of Pius XI is magnificent and massive, the whole formation balanced architecturally

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in its three dimensions. The forehead is broad and high, the eyes far apart, the jaw strong and firm. While the skull appears at first glance to be quite round, due in all probability to the shallow papal biretta, the side view discloses a great breadth between the frontal bone and the occipital.

In a furrow of the left cheek, just above the corner of the mouth, which is generous and well formed, with a tendency to droop, reposes a mole similar to the one identified with Abraham Lincoln. Otherwise the face is smooth, firm, of fine texture and without a blemish. Only at the conclusion of a benediction does his mouth become flexible. Normally the lips in the utterance of his Latin phrases are almost without movement. The voice is sonorous but low. His right hand extended, palm down, moves slowly in concentric circles as though he were sowing seed upon the earth. Always the lips murmur, always the hand moves, always the figure goes forward silently upon the thick carpet, offering the ring—this time a pale sardonyx—worn upon the third finger of the right hand. In the palms and upon the wrists of the faithful cluster the objects that are to receive the papal blessing.

In the eyes alone is there any sign of advancing years. On the broad ridge of the wide, full-nostriled Roman nose rest rimless spectacles of high-powered lenses. Through them one may discern gray orbs that have lost their luster, dim pupils that have looked out upon the world for

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seventy-one years; eyes that have read much and seen much and are not yet through with searching. His manner of peering through the thick crystals suggests that he is looking for a familiar face; that among those who come to the Vatican he expects to find an old friend. In this he is frequently rewarded. Not the least of his triumphs was when he recently came upon a soldier whom he had met on a hospital cot during the war. He not only recognized the kneeling man but called his name and the number of his regiment.

I watched his Holiness as he passed into an adjoining audience chamber, beyond which were seven other larger rooms containing several hundred visiting Catholics. Through the doorway I caught a final glimpse of his square shoulders. Above the collar of the cream-colored cape I could see beneath the biretta a rim of hair still dark, fringed with silver and flecked with ashes over the ears, which are large and lie close to the head. The gray touches are the only indication that time has made demands upon Pius XI, born on May 31, 1857, and elected Pope on February 6, 1922, in the sixty-fifth year of his life.

An average of 3,000 people a day are received by the Pope at the Vatican. Aside from this attendance there are numerous private audiences. Though every possible detail is arranged in advance and much of the ceremony is spiritual rather than physical, the marvel is that his Holiness shows no outward sign of fatigue. Once a year, for a period of about ten days, he goes into

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retreat and is inaccessible. Apart from the daily receptions he conserves his energy, moving in an atmosphere entirely consonant with his inclinations. When the day is ended he proceeds alone to his chamber and retires unattended.

Pius XI, born Achille Ratti, took his first important step toward Rome when he became the librarian of the Ambrosiana in Milan. He was later named as Nuncio to Poland; afterward became Archbishop of Milan, was next appointed librarian of the Vatican by Pius X, upon whose death he was elected Pope.

FRANCE

XV

THE GENTLE SOUL WHO FED THE BIRDS IN THE TUILERIES

VERSAILLES, France.

IT is curious that I am obliged to come to this golden capital of the French kings to find out what became of the old man who for so many years fed the birds in the Garden of the Tuileries in Paris. As far back as the World's Fair he was one of the conspicuous figures of that beautiful park that gives the Louvre such a noble environment.

He was the living harbinger of spring, the avant-coureur of the feathered creatures who came down from the north on the warm wings of spring. He was the herald of the returning sunshine, the king who threw largess to the birds. They knew and loved him. To them he was Louis the Magnificent, speaking the language of his subjects, holding court to all classes, communicating through a calendar of song and reigning from a park bench.

When the autumn came, and the verdant landscape was transmuted into rusty tones, and the leaves fell into the cold winds, the bird ruler said his farewells, waiting always for the few stragglers who passed the palace gates on the way

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south. The fledglings, born in the kingdom of the free, fluttered around the throne, twittered a chorus of adieus and flew away with the old folks. Yes, they would return in May and spend the summer at the Tuileries.

The sparrows, the linnets, the wrens, the chickadees and the phœbes knew when the time came where to find his Majesty.

They were loyal retainers and would not forget their obligations to the State.

Year after year the season in Paris opened with a full attendance and the court in the garden continued with all its gayety and continuous banqueting. Myriad mortals crowded the daily ceremonies. Children from every land marveled at the understanding that existed between the ruler and the ruled. It was a dominion without discord, a country without intrigue.

Pretenders set up dukedoms in the Garden of the Tuileries, but there was only one Louis to the birds. He was the true sovereign; he alone could understand his people. Long live the King!

But there came a spring when the feathered hosts arriving from the north found the throne vacant. What had become of the Emperor? How could the vanguard of singers know that he was ill; that a cataract had fallen over one of his eyes and that a doctor had been summoned.

"You must go away," said the physician. "A complete change is required."

"Who will feed my birds?" asked the King. "What will become of them?"

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"I cannot say," answered the specialist. "Another must take your place."

"Another! None other can take my place. I alone understand them. Must I go?"

* * *

Louis the Magnificent was banished by the doctor's orders to Versailles. There under medical observation, old age creeping upon him, sick at heart and pining for the past grandeur of the Tuileries, he lived and longed in sadness. Out of his windows he caught an occasional glimpse of green trees and distant parks. The cataract moved slowly downward and the fog thickened. The other eye grew dim and the light was failing. Was he to go the way of all flesh and not again hear the voices of his subjects? Was he to retire into the silences of four walls and die unsung? Better brave the sunlight again and establish another monarchy.

So the King, filling his pockets with crumbs, made his way to a neighboring park and ascended a throne under cool spreading trees. Fatigued by the journey he sat in contemplation for a time and then addressed a call to all bird life within the sound of his voice. From the lofty foliage a wren answered and fluttered downward, chirping and chattering. Around his head she flew and finally settled on the dais. The King held out his hand in which lay a delectable feast. The wren hopped up on his thumb and spoke to him. He answered:

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“Is that you, Jenny? . . . When did you leave the Tuileries? . . . I knew your voice . . . help yourself, Jenny . . . up on my shoulder, Jenny . . . are you alone?”

Out of the woods a linnet came and perched upon his knee.

“Hello. Here’s the Dauphin . . . whither are you bound? . . . I’ve got something for you, too. . . . Going south, I suppose. . . . When you see the others will you tell them . . . ?”

More birds, emboldened by the wren and the linnet, came to the feast. The air was filled with a chorus of bird talk. Things were said that only the King understood. Jenny and the Dauphin told the Versailles birds what had happened: that Louis the Magnificent had come down from Paris; that they had found him at last. The story spread through the park and caused wonderment. And people passing by marveled at the old man who sat on the bench whispering to some excited birds twittering madly, hopping about, ruffling their feathers and feeding from his open hand.

For a week or two at odd intervals he reappeared, talked to Jenny and the Dauphin, gave them some messages for delivery to old friends in the Tuileries, and said farewell.

He did not reappear. Not long after the reunion at Versailles Louis the Magnificent, beloved ruler of the birds, answered a summons from the King of Kings. His celestial choir had been heard on earth.

XVI

“THE RAT TRAP DE LUXE” OF THE CRIMINAL WORLD

ALONG THE SEINE, Paris.

ON the left bank of the river—that is to say, the Quai de la Tournell—one may stroll for a mile or more among second-hand booksellers. Any old lady or gentleman who wants to embark in the enterprise of disseminating reading matter can here open shop by hiring one of the wooden boxes set along the top of the stone wall. A few score dusty volumes, a dozen or so engravings and prints, a placard or two—and the business is in full blast. In pleasant weather the merchants prop up the lids and wait for customers. When rain falls they drop the lids and call it a day. The very wormiest of bookworms sooner or later show up in this historic mart. Tomes in all languages are sold here, vagabonds from the libraries of the world appear and disappear overnight. Make your own price and take 'em away.

* * *

Down the line, reading titles—mostly foreign—I wandered for an hour or more, arriving finally at a stall dedicated to criminology. All the evil that men—and women—do was arrayed tastefully. “Le Maniac de Monaco” met my eye.

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Would that I could read French! A lean hand reached past me and plucked the pamphlet from the garbage. “Pardon, monsieur,” said the collector. I made a gesture that combined both ignorance and indifference and explained in English that I was shy on Française. “That is too bad,” he replied in United States. “Everything concerning Monaco is interesting. It is a favored spot to which all the world is drawn, a rendezvous for the élite of two continents, an anchorage for the yachtsmen of Europe, the playground of royalty, a gathering place for beauty, the capital of chance—and a rat trap.”

This sudden anti-climax startled me into an expression of astonishment. Having come down to the Seine for a quiet stroll among the books I was unprepared to meet a disciple of Lombroso.

* * *

“You are perhaps not aware,” continued the stranger, “that the principality of Monaco is in a sense the safety valve of Europe. I will analyze this statement: Consider, if you will, the supreme desire of the criminal classes.”

“With whom I have little familiarity. But now that you speak of the matter, what is this supreme desire?” I asked, thirsting for information.

“To live in an atmosphere breathed by the élite,” he answered blandly. “To be seen among the aristocracy, to play at the same table with beautiful women, to dine in the midst of luxury, to have a holiday that lasts all night in a glitter

of jewels, a garden of perfume, and a gutter of morals. That is what the criminal, the vicious, the offender against the law longs for. And it is inevitable that he will gravitate to the one spot where all these pleasures can be found. Of course, I refer to the better type of criminal."

"How many grades have you?"

"I should say three: The scum, that is, the pickpockets and petty offenders; the red-handed, killers and cracksmen, and the highly developed and intellectually alert scoundrels who possess all the arts and graces of the aristocracy. These are the most dangerous, and the most difficult to apprehend."

"Am I to understand that Monaco is the goal of these gentry?"

"Of the latter class, yes. Despite their intelligence many of them have not the wit to stay away from the rat trap. The longing for light and life and color and beauty lures them to their doom. In Monaco everything is set for them."

"Who springs the trap?" I asked, beginning to feel some concern for the poor crooks.

* * *

Placing a finger alongside of his nose he gazed steadily skyward for a moment and answered sotto voce: "You have asked. I will answer. The Republic of France! Observe the simplicity of the operation: A sharper turns up, strips a few innocent victims, performs some acts of blackmail, does a confidence trick and attracts the at-

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tention of the international police. The time for taking the gentleman is not yet ripe or the evidence in hand may be insufficient. The suspected man is placed under the eye of detectives and permitted to move about at will. Ultimately, hungering for the bright lights of the Monaco whirlpool, he collects a wardrobe, takes a genteel alias and starts for Monaco, there to slake his thirst for luxury. Whatever regard for self-preservation he may have displayed heretofore, his caution departs once he reaches the haunt of his heart's desire. The hour he crosses the thin peninsula that divides Monaco from France his record is placed in the hands of the Monaco police. For a few days and nights he is allowed full sway. Voilà! Whatever cunning he may possess leaves him . . . he makes a false step . . . he drops his guard . . . blunders. “Pardon, monsieur,” says a stranger in full evening dress, revealing a badge of authority, “your society is no longer desired. Be so kind as to leave the principality immediately.” Under the law Monaco is not obliged to specify charges. The Prince is supreme. Who-soever defies him departs.

There is no appeal. From the glamour of Monte Carlo the undesirable is escorted back to the narrow peninsula, the only exit from Monaco. There he is met by the French police and taken. An undesirable in Monaco is an undesirable in France. The system is perfect. If the evidence is sufficient he goes to jail; if not he is invited to leave.”

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"Where does the liberated rat take up his future residence?" I inquired.

"That is not the affair of France. He has his choice as to which border he shall cross. But he must get out and stay out. The world is wide. In my whole collection of books dealing with the criminal classes there is not a single work that covers the Monaco activities. Doesn't it appeal to you?"

"It appears to be an excellent method for scattering your 'intellectually alert' criminals broadcast," I admitted. "Also it discloses the facility with which a rat can supply the cheese for his own capture."

* * *

The bookworm, after purchasing for 12 francs "The Maniac de Monaco," returned to the rummage sale in further pursuit of his hobby.

XVII

A GREAT CORRESPONDENT WHO HAD "THE GIFT OF SILENCE"

PARIS, France.

THOSE who are interested in the profession to which I owe my existence perhaps will wonder why I crossed the Atlantic in search of shop talk. Be pleased to consider that Park Row extends around the world, through all countries, and that it came into vogue with the first crude notes hacked upon stone in the dim shadows of medieval sanctums. Out of that gloom came a shaft of light in the radiance of which stands an army of recruits whose pens have served mankind to better purpose than all the unsheathed swords.

It has long been my desire to meet some one who could give me first-hand information concerning that most distinguished of all European correspondent, De Blowitz of the London *Times*. He was supreme above the emperors, the kings, the potentates, ambassadors, chancellors, lawmakers, pretenders to glory, treasurers, plenipotentiaries bowed to De Blowitz. He had prescience and discretion, courage and powers of decision. No suave modern Machiavelli made a tool of him. All the secrets of politicians and governments were brought to his ears. His massive dome be-

came a vast whispering gallery through which echoed the mutterings of half a hemisphere.

I made my desire known to a leading Parisian journalist. "I can present you," said he, "to a man upon whose shoulders the mantle of De Blowitz fell; an American, William Morton Fullerton, one of the brilliant authorities on world politics, at present attached to the editorial staff of *Le Figaro*. For fourteen years—during a most dramatic period of European history—he was assistant to De Blowitz. No living man knows the great correspondent so well as Fullerton or can tell you more about him."

Within the hour I was listening to true biography from one who possessed in a marked degree the talent for brevity.

"His name was Stephane Oppert," said Mr. Fullerton, "of Czechoslovak and Jewish stock. He added Blowitz, the town in which he was born, and became known thereafter as 'De Blowitz of the *Times*.' In him was developed enormously that instinct which you define professionally as 'news sense.' Flair we call it here. All of the Continental languages were at his tongue's tip, while his genius for weighing public or private utterances of statesmen and diplomats made him an indispensable link between the *Times* and his countless sources of information. His great strength lay in the fact that he preserved inviolate any confidence that, in accordance with his standards, was imposed actually or ethically. When he put his pen to paper it was with the

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conviction that he had 'the honor to present' the facts which he had looked squarely in the face, weighed and considered ready for publication. Because of his phenomenal memory he was able to reproduce word for word any speech or conversation that he had heard days before. No secrets were withheld from De Blowitz. Church and State were one to him. He knew what men thought or what they were likely to think. But above all things—and in this you have his real greatness—he had the gift of silence and never blundered through haste.

"I was present at an interview which took place between Pope Leo XIII and De Blowitz in the Vatican in 1892 when France was considering the new spirit of tolerance and charity that the republican State intended to apply, a policy opposed by the Conservative party. It was on that occasion that Leo, referring to the rough-riding Royalists and the Conservative parties, said: *'The Church of Christ is attached to only one corpse, to that which is attached to the Cross.'* A stupendous utterance, among the finest that history preserves. De Blowitz, for good and sufficient reasons, refrained from quoting that observation, and not until 1893, when I incorporated it in my book 'Patriotism and Science,' did it see the light of day.

"I will give you another illustration of his discernment, one that will appeal to your American associates, disclosing, as it does, his unerring judgment of the value of effect. When the young

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Czar of Russia visited Versailles, in the autumn of 1896, to celebrate the Russian alliance, he was led through the famous Galerie des Glacés, where the German princes had proclaimed the birth of an empire won by the partial dismemberment of France. To me De Blowitz assigned the task of writing the story for the *Times*. I took for my text, high over our heads, at the base of the central painting of the ceiling, the legend, '*Le Roi Gouverne par Lui-même.*' (The King Governs for Himself), wrote a descriptive column and gave the number of people gathered in the gardens. The next day I received this telegram from De Blowitz. Observe his American viewpoint."

The fragment of blue paper, dated thirty-two years ago, contained high praise for the manner in which Fullerton had handled the story, and concluded with these words:

... the very little—little regret which I had in reading it is that the number of people was given and reduced to 40,000. In such circumstances it is always better to be vague.

DE BLOWITZ.

Fullerton had put one over on me.

"De Blowitz of the *Times* would have made a good city editor," was my comment.

"All of that," replied his successor. "And equally at home in any department of modern journalism. During the whole of the fourteen years I served with him there was never a day that I did not witness some astounding demonstra-

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tion of his quick interpretation of that subtle and mysterious thing called news."

"Can you describe him?" I asked.

"Easily. He looked precisely like a wheelbarrow turned upside down, resting upon the handles, and tilted against the wall. Rotund, short and massive. He wore side whiskers, an enormous flowing bow tie, a fur-trimmed overcoat in season, top hat, gayly designed footgear and carried a cane. He had the eyes of a dreamer. But the head which sat upon that caricature of a body contained the finest set of brains in Europe."

XVIII

LESSON IN WORLD HISTORY FROM THE STEPS OF A CHURCH

PARIS, France.

ONE of the most beautiful structures in the French capital is the Church of the Madeleine, situated at the northern end of the Rue Royale. It was begun in 1806 by Napoleon, who—then at the height of his power—intended it to be a “temple of glory.” While it is recognized as the most fashionable church in Paris, and the scene of many international marriages, all sorts and conditions of people enter its portals with the same reverence that the faithful visit Mecca.

A wanderer about Paris is pretty likely to come suddenly upon the Madeleine from any one of several directions. The impulse to enter invariably follows. The procession of visitors is endless. Tourists file in, file out, walk down the broad stone stairway and pass along to the next place of interest.

Why hurry away?

Pause with me on the portico from which one looks down the Rue Royale. Listen in, if you will, on a conversation I had with a philosophical old man who stood beside me under the high arch and pointed out mile posts in the history of the world.

FROM THE STEPS OF A CHURCH

“Here before us lies the story of all time,” said he, “built in monuments that mark the beginning and the end; indelible evidences set here seemingly by accident. Let me point them out in their true relation and you will never forget the part they have played and will play. Not in all the world is there such another array of man-made evidence. We hurry through life without sufficient pause for reflection. We see with our eyes, but we do not use our minds. There is too much hurry and not enough thought. May I ask you to describe the object that is discernible half way down the avenue? I mean the first obstruction.”

“From this point,” I answered, “it looks like an obelisk rising between two fountains, situated, I assume, in the center of the Place de la Concorde. I am prepared, however, to see more through your eyes.”

“You are quite right,” said he, thrusting his cane aloft. “An obelisk, which was recovered from the ruins of Thebes in upper Egypt; and two fountains. The former is a relic from the pagan past. It is covered with hieroglyphics that record events with which the present generation has little or no concern. It is a monument to mystery and a product of the Dark Ages. All that it meant to the people who designed it will never be known. Egypt is still an enigma. It is the gravestone of silence, one of the oldest in existence. That it has come at last to rest in the midst of high civilization is remarkable indeed. Now put your mind on the fountain which plays south

of the obelisk. It occupies the very spot where Louis XVI was guillotined January 21, 1793. Marie Antoinette met the same fate with countless others drawn into the meshes of the red revolution which baptized France in blood. All of this in the eighteenth century. On the right side near the Place is a historic poster covered with glass—the first announcement of the mobilization in July, 1914. War!

“If you will look onward, across the Concorde, you will see Point de la Concorde, a bridge partly constructed from stones taken from the Bastille after it had been wrecked by the infuriated people of suffering France. Beyond is the Chamber of Deputies, which represents the State and the Law. That building has been the scene of great events and great progress. Out of it have come order and direction and free speech and justice. All of these monuments are within our vision from the steps of the Madeleine. One need but look to understand. Paganism, revolution, law, Christianity. It is all here.”

“You present the picture with great clarity,” I answered, “and translate Paris into chronological world history. You should write a guide book and give the world the benefit of your entertaining reflections. What more do you see from this pulpit?”

“Look beyond, across the Seine,” said he, his eyes upon the horizon. “Against the sky rises the Invalides. Under its golden dome is a sarcophagus carved from a solid block of red Finland

FROM THE STEPS OF A CHURCH

granite in which lie the mortal remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. Around the uncovered crypt is a covered gallery containing twelve colossal figures representing the victories of the most ambitious man of all time. Here we have an individual whose life was spent hungering for conquest and power. He is but one incident in the reckoning, though in the march of circumstances he played a great part. As time goes on the interest in Napoleon increases. Death has not dimmed his glory and he remains to-day the greatest single figure in the long list of conquerors. So you see that you and I have before us an uninterrupted view of the past and the present, united in a single glance. From the steps of the Madeleine, the edifice of Christianity and the hope of the world, we review the whole of life, its turmoil, its achievements and come at last to the grave. What wondrous records of the past survive between the church of Bonaparte and his tomb!"

XIX

THE ENGINEER WHO COMPLETED DE LESSEPS' DREAM

53 AVENUE D' IENA, PARIS, France.

AT a broad, flat-top table, covered with books and telephones, the warm spring sunlight filtering through high windows and gilding his white hair, sits a Frenchman to whom America owes a great debt. Beside him, so adjusted that a touch of one's finger would send it revolving, stands a massive globe of the world. On the isthmus that once united North and South America is a red line defining the Panama Canal.

"And you believe," I asked in the course of our conversation, "that destiny intended you should be the instrument through whom the Atlantic and the Pacific would be united?"

His blue eyes twinkled and a soft pink glow mantled his cheeks. "I can only relate to you," he replied with a strong French accent, "the chronological record of my life over a period of nearly sixty years. Observe the dates: In 1869, November 18, eight months prior to the Franco-Prussian War, the Suez Canal was opened. A young cadet from the Ecole Polytechnique visiting the home of my mother deplored the fact that because of his youth he had been unable to play a

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part in the great undertaking. 'Do not be distressed,' said my mother, 'Suez is done but Panama remains untouched. Do *it!*' Her remark made a profound impression upon me and I decided *in petto* that I had to make myself the Panama Canal. Soon thereafter I read in a French newspaper that American workingmen received as high as thirty or forty francs a day. The subject of canals was in the air. I finished my preparatory course at the Lycée Condorcet, formerly Bonaparte, and was graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique and the Ponts et Chaussées to become an engineer officer of the French Government. At school, because of my interest in your country, I was nicknamed 'the American.'

"In my twenty-sixth year Ferdinand de Lesseps appointed me to the position of chief engineer of the French Panama Canal Company. I served in that capacity in 1885 and 1886, wholly convinced of what that waterway would mean to the commerce and future history of the world. But there were serious delays, tremendous difficulties and conflicts with nature, which required new solutions to make a feasible thing out of an impossibility. I worked out the solutions indispensable for that transmutation. The De Lesseps Company, under its gigantic burden, sank in financial embarrassment in 1888 after I had traced in 1887 the direct and open way to the goal, a way completely freed from technical obstacles.

"I worked without success during ten years to carry out my scheme. In 1899 the proposed Nica-

ragua route suddenly began to show life, but in my opinion Panama was the only route between the seas which enjoyed the natural privileges satisfying the needs of the world. To this subject I turned with energy and took every opportunity to call the American opinion to the fact that Nicaragua was the breeding ground of volcanoes and no place to build the canal. After a warfare that lasted two years, the Senate in June, 1902, had to decide between Nicaragua and Panama. President Zelaya cabled Washington that Nicaragua had had no seismic disturbance of any importance recently. The minister plenipotentiary of Nicaragua transmitted the cablegram saying there had been no volcanoes in activity since the discovery of the Isthmus by the Spaniards. However, the emblem of the Nicaragua Republic on its postage stamps, one of which I had located, showed the mountain of Momotombo belching a volume of smoke; not only that, but in the foreground was a picture of the very docks that had a few days before been destroyed by an earthquake following an eruption. I secured ninety copies of this stamp and mailed one to each of the United States Senators who in great majority were friendly to the Nicaragua proposal and inimicable to Panama.

“Three days later the Senate passed the Spooner bill, which gave preference to the Panama route, provided the French company could give title and a proper treaty could be had with Colombia. Colombia made a treaty to that

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effect but its Congress rejected it in August, 1903. On the third of November following the State of Panama detached itself from the Colombian Republic. I had honor, in conjunction with Dr. Amador, to bring about that momentous event and to be the determining cause of the formation of the new Panama Republic.

“In October, 1903, in my first conversation with Amador, who became later Panama's first President, I succeeded in persuading him that \$100,000 would be enough for the first treasury of the new State. This loan was furnished from the private resources of your humble servant.”

I made a military salute, but refrained from interruption.

“As soon as the Independence of Panama was proclaimed,” continued Col. Bunau-Varilla, “the Junta de Gobierno appointed me Panaman Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington, an office that I held long enough first to make between the hours of 6 A.M. and 10 P.M., November 16, the instrument now known as the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, signed without alteration in Washington, D. C., two days later by Secretary Hay, and myself, on November 18, on the day of the thirty-fourth anniversary of the opening of the Suez Canal and second to sustain the long fight which raged in the Senate till the 23rd of February, 1904, and which ended by the ratification of the treaty without changing a word.

“Ten years later, August 3, the day Germany began her offensive inaugurating of the World

War, I was one of the guests on the steamer *Cristobal*, the first big ship to pass through the Panama Canal. From James Gordon Bennett I received a cable message announcing that my son and son-in-law had gone to the front. I had always been convinced that war with Germany would follow the opening of the Panama Canal just as in 1870, it followed the opening of the Suez Canal. It took place the same day.

“What a setting for the realization of the dream that possessed the great De Lesseps, a man of vision, a prophet. From the final scene of the great triumph over Nature, a triumph for which I had fought for on the technical and diplomatic fields for thirty years I hastened to the front to serve my country. At the Battle of Verdun my right leg was brushed off above the knee.” Referring to that calamity Stéphane Lauzanne wrote: “It has left intact your brains and your heart.”

The soldier-engineer, now in his seventieth year, arose from the table, stumped across the room and pointed to a frame containing a small silk American flag under which rested a red and black gutta-percha penholder containing a bronze stub nib. “There is the pen with which Secretary Hay and I signed the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, by which America received the perpetual concession of the Panama Canal.

“In 1925, within the walls of this very room, I had the pleasure of informing Charles, son of Ferdinand de Lesseps, that Washington had re-

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ported tonnage through the Panama Canal exceeding by about one million tons the tonnage that passed in that year through the Suez. The following day Charles De Lesseps breathed his last," having thus received the glorious justification of his father's and of his own magnificent activity.

"The *Sun*, through the pen of Edward P. Mitchell, was the one American newspaper that supported the Panama as against the Nicaragua route and one may say in contradiction with almost all other papers of America. He was the only one editor who helped me to turn the tide. Vision was his portion."

"I took Panama!" said Roosevelt in a California speech, but later, to William Morton Fullerton of the Paris *Figaro*, he added the phrase, ". . . because Bunau-Varilla brought it to me on a silver platter."

XX

A PLUNGE, AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, INTO THE PARIS MARKET

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

EVERY pound of fresh meats, fruits and vegetables consumed by the people of Paris is brought in from the country between the hours of 2 and 5 A.M. By 6 o'clock it is distributed throughout the city," said the impressive statistical zealot who was aiming to entertain me.

"From a central market?" I asked.

"My dear sir, in the gray of the breaking day all Paris is a market, each section of the city being served from fixed points where the producers display their provender, close their accounts and, like the Arab, silently steal away. By the time Paris proper is awake the last vestige of traffic in perishable food has vanished and the farmers are homeward bound. And so it is six days a week. If the ebb and flow of marketmen ceased for a fortnight Paris would perish."

"Peter Piper picked a peck of perishable pickles in Paris," I said to myself.

"You should get up to-morrow morning," continued my informant, "and see what goes on in one of these centers. The movement is at its height about 4 o'clock. The memory of the spec-

tacle will remain with you for a long time.”

“How do I locate same?”

“Jump into a taxicab, say ‘Les Halles!’ and in ten minutes you will be in the midst of tremendous activity and surrounded by people the like of whom you have never before encountered in any walk of life. By all means see the market at the break of dawn.”

In the half light of the following A.M., when the clocks of Paris were chiming 3:30, a solitary wayfarer hailed a passing taxicab on the Boulevard St. Germain and was borne northward. The throb and rumble that echo through Paris at other hours had gone into diminuendo. Save for the staccato of a few taxis and the clank of steel-shod hoofs upon the cobbled pavements of the city a strange silence pervaded. Within a short time the quiet gave way to increased resonance, to the honking of horns, the cracking of whips, the high notes of human voices.

Almost immediately the outskirts of Les Halles appeared. Over, under and between piles of crates, boxes, racks and baskets hurried an army of fruit and vegetable hucksters, while merchantmen with meat and poultry lashed to groaning vehicles cried for gangway. From curb to curb the writhing tradesmen were packed tightly, except for narrow passageways kept open with campaigns of defiance. Pyramids of strawberries, cords of asparagus, towers of boxed tomatoes, crates of glistening cherries and trays of apri-

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cots occupied the sidewalks and for ten feet in the air commandeered the shuttered windows of the shops.

Sturdy youth, soil stained; wide-hipped country lasses, sun burned; Amazonian housewives, strident and insistent, traded and argued with a multitude of buyers. Laughter mingled with protest, cajolery with sarcasm, apology with insult. The scene possessed color, movement and construction. Monuments of edibles melted into exchange and trays of fruits were shuffled and dealt like a pack of cards. Shocks and collisions, butts and jabs were frequent. Threatened reprisals died abornin' and still the business went forward.

All of this I saw from the frontier. Beyond, from block to block, concentrating at an open square, surged the fluid mass. The babble increased with the trading. Out of the mêlée came those who had concluded their bargaining. From the side lines, struggling for exit, elbowed the small fry, dodging like jack rabbits into open spaces, leaping always onward to liberty or death.

Who was I, the innocent bystander, to remain outside the pale? " 'The time has come,' the lobster said," etc. Into the thick of it, seeking experience, lusting for first-hand information, I plunged, all unheeding—where angels fear to tread. Simultaneously a klaxon horn blaring like Gabriel's trumpet shocked my ears. The mob surged backward as a clanking truck piled fifteen feet high with carrots and cauliflower slewed around a corner and came snorting down upon me.

THE PARIS MARKET AT DAWN

I backed into a leaning tower of string beans and romaine lettuce crowned with a penhouse of spring onions. The vegetable obelisk crashed downward as though stricken by a Big Bertha. A barrage of French blasphemy echoed through Les Halles as I slithered along the moist pavement and went slam bang into a stall of artichokes.

The Latin tongue lends itself to a variety of subtle meanings, all of which I interpreted to be for my especial benefit and condemnation. After receiving what I considered an earful the impulse to keep going took strong hold upon me. A Basque party, whose stock of green peas got in my way, let fly a kick which I evaded miraculously by slipping up on a ripe apricot.

While the going was still good I dived down a narrow avenue of watercress and brought up in an alley of new potatoes through which I threaded my way to a parsnip and horseradish crib.

Here I took stock of my remaining self and charged up the loss of a six-dollar Borsalino hat which I had secured while in Italy. Hard by was a café in which I found refuge and stowed a cup of coffee strong enough to bear up a flatiron. By 5 o'clock the congestion was broken and I captured a taxi. On the way out the chauffeur, in a playful mood, pinched the ankle of a buxom farmer girl who was standing high on a box of radishes. Without any delay whatever a male rustic poked the offender twice upon the nose and pulled him off his seat.

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During the eruption that ensued I stepped out of the taxicab, hatless but satisfied, and walked back to Paris.

“Enough is too much,” as the French say.

XXI

HOW MARSHAL FOCH RETURNED TO PARIS AFTER THE ARMISTICE

SENLIS, France.

EARLY in the summer of 1928 Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, invited me to join him on a trip through Belgium. Over a highway as smooth as Ormond Beach we rolled between a double row of trees out of Paris, at the rate of seventy kilometers an hour.

I made some comment about the excellence of the motor roads in France and intimated that he was demonstrating the prize roadbed.

"Not any better than the average," he replied. "They are all pretty much alike. Where are we, anyhow?" Reaching into the siderack he brought forth a route folder, which he spread across his knees. "Let me see . . . going north . . . thirty kilometers. Well, that's curious. I was last on this road ten years ago, November, 1918, just after the signing of the armistice. It was in terrible condition then. About twelve kilometers ahead lies Senlis, headquarters of Marshal Foch. We will pass right through the village. It is uncanny that I should be again upon this road for the first time since then. The whole world was ringing with the advent of peace, while at the

same time my own career was actually beginning."

Davidson's manner was that of a man who had suddenly turned backward and was reviewing the past subconsciously. "Unless I have lost my bearings the house where I got my real start," he continued, while studying the map carefully, "will be on our left. A high stone wall forms an extension from a two-storied house which is partly covered with ivy and stained with lichens. It is the largest of several structures fairly close together."

"Just what occurred in this historic spot?" I asked the sculptor.

"I'll tell you presently," he replied, edging forward on the seat and peering out of the windows like a small boy. "Wait until I get my bearings. There is quite a difference between the countryside then and now. Wait a minute. Here it is—ivy and all." The car came to a dead stop. "Now you can have the particulars. In October, 1918, I left America for France. My desire was to model clay studies of the commanding officers of the armies of the Allies. The name of Foch was on every tongue. Naturally, I wanted to model him first. Suddenly, with the signing of the armistice, everything came to a head. Paris went wild. I foresaw great difficulty, when quite unexpectedly I was summoned to Senlis to model the head of the Commander-in-Chief. So unexpected was the call that in order to keep the engagement I was obliged to borrow the clay from

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another sculptor. Under escort I left Paris in an army truck at 6 A.M. Such was the condition of the roads that it took us three hours to reach this spot, which to-day we negotiated in forty minutes. Frozen to the bone and scared to boot I was ushered by General Weygand, Chief of Staff, into the presence of the then most talked about soldier in the world.

“Contrary to my expectation, I found him to be a small man, devoid of the military grandeur that one would expect after reviewing his stupendous triumphs in war. There was, however, something magnificent about his face; a supreme intelligence, a repose, if you choose, that was a guaranty of his confidence in the mathematics of his art. I was made to feel at home immediately. It was his first experience at posing. He admitted to me that since the signing of the armistice he had made three attempts to reach Paris, but found it impossible to do so without attracting what he called ‘undue attention.’ He had no fear of war, but the overtures of friendship were too much for him.

“From 9 to 12 I modeled roughly the head and shoulders and brought out the characteristic features. There was something remarkably fine about his deep, reflective eyes. I had to go under his brows to study them. ‘Do you like good food?’ he asked along about noon. I ceased modeling immediately, laid aside a fistful of clay and replied in the affirmative. ‘That is too bad,’ was the response. ‘We don’t live very well here.’ Never-

theless, we made out a fairly good luncheon and I went back to my work. The Marshal was as pliable as clay itself and very patient. At 5 o'clock I made the finishing touches, getting into the eyes the expression that had all day eluded me. Nearly eight hours—a long sitting!—was a tedious stretch. I was fagged."

"How did Foch like the portrait?" I asked.

Jo Davidson sank back into the upholstery of his car and answered with just a suggestion of professional pride: "He picked up one of my tools and in a firm hand wrote on the lapel of his coat the signature: 'J. Foch,' the initial standing for Joseph. That, Mr. Davis, is what he thought of the clay portrait. He has not posed for one since, and if you will go to the Invalides you will see the original signed by the Marshal in his own handwriting. After that bust I modeled thirty officers and diplomats within a few months. Peace for the world and recognition for your humble servant arrived simultaneously.

"At 6 P.M., with the moist clay bust, I started back to Paris in the Marshal's private car. The work was no longer on the knees of the gods but on the knees of Jo Davidson. On a November night seventy-five pounds of wet mud makes a cold lap robe. I had the satisfaction, however, of returning from Senlis to the capital of France with the clay of a hero who was too modest to brave his countrymen in the flesh."

"With high hopes and lofty thoughts in your mind," I ventured.

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“And, if the truth were known,” said Jo, “the recollections of cold winter days in New York when, as a boy, twenty-five years before I sold the *Sun* on the corner of Duane Street and Broadway. Now *we* will go to lunch.”

XXII

THE CRASH OF RUSSIAN GLORY IN A FRENCH COURT OF LAW

NICE, France.

WIATCHEYLAS DE KLUPFELL, former Captain of the Russian Imperial Guard, son of Admiral de Klupfell, commander of the Russian Black Sea fleet, charged with the murder of Madame Vernet, a gifted French woman of good family, was found guilty before the Court of Assizes and sentenced to eight years penal servitude.

The trial lasted two days, one for the taking of testimony and one for summing up. I was present in the Palace of Justice, May 14, when the jury brought in its verdict and the Procureur-General pronounced the penalty. Not in all my thirty years' experience in American courtrooms has it been my lot to observe such a lamentable wreck of pomps and vanities. There was none of the forensic display to which I was accustomed, no dramatic declarations from the lips of experts, no sensational appeal from the findings.

Here is the plot of the play:

Shortly after the World War De Klupfell was enrolled, against his will, by the Bolsheviki and

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separated from all his imperial associations. He escaped by swimming the river Dnieper; tramped and labored through Turkey, Italy and France, finding occupation as a porter, dishwasher and gardener. Although a skilled violinist he preferred the menial service through which he was enabled to hide his ignominy. Here in Nice he found work among the flower beds of a sanitarium patronized by private patients. Among them was Madame Vernet, a divorcée, herself a violinist. Music was the cosmic chord through which they spoke to each other. Together they disappeared—swallowed up in the Continental panorama—and were for a time happy. So much for the prologue.

A fortnight ago Madame Vernet, stabbed to the heart, was found dead in her apartment. The next day Wiatcheylas de Klupfell walked into the police station and gave himself up.

“I can no longer stand the torture of liberty, with my loved one dead,” said he. “I am guilty. Why did I take her life? Because, in my degradation and misery, when I sought to destroy myself she restrained me; she would not suffer me to end it. Voilà! In my rage . . . in my madness at opposition I—killed her. Take me. It is the end.”

The trial was swift and thorough. What was there to be said for the prisoner? Had he any character witnesses? Yes! Let them be heard. They were sworn in . . . all Russians . . . all poor . . . all courteous, dignified and quite at ease in the presence of authority.

General Svetchine of the imperial Russian army, an officer of the Legion of Honor, now a minor clerk in a small French bank at Nice, took the witness stand. Yes, he knew the prisoner, Captain de Klupfell, who had formerly served under him. Certainly, it was quite the thing for a member of the Legion of Honor to come to the aid of a gentleman of high distinction and previous good character. A duty, in fact.

And the next character witness, Victor Bogalowski, formerly an imperial magistrate in Petrograd. What could he say for the prisoner? That he knew Admiral de Klupfell, the father of the accused; that the family honor was above reproach. The ex-magistrate stepped down from the witness box and returned to his small photographing establishment in the poorer quarter of Nice. The Procureur bowed as Bogalowski left the stand.

A mechanic from a local automobile garage came forward and was sworn. He revealed evidences of his profession. What is the name? "Anatole Nassovitch, formerly general of brigade in the Russian army." He had known Wiatcheylas de Klupfell for many years; saw him frequently when he was Captain of the Russian Imperial Guard. Could not account for the rash act that had brought the prisoner to disgrace. "He is of noble lineage," ventured the mechanic.

The Procureur-General, who is also the prosecutor for the State, heard the three character witnesses with concern and patience. De Klupfell

CRASH OF RUSSIAN GLORY

during the testimony bearing upon the excellence of his reputation sat with bowed head. All of these men, accustomed in days gone by to robes of office, uniforms and honorifics, had crossed palms with the distinguished father of the accused. And now in this emergency, exiles like the prisoner, they had come forward to perform the service of noblesse oblige.

That was all.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” the Procureur-General was addressing the peers. “I most respectfully call to your attention the fact that the prisoner, while admitting his guilt and asking no clemency from the State, appears to have been under the influence of a temporary though terrible derangement. As to his culpability there can be no doubt, but in reaching a verdict you may take into consideration the circumstances of his unhappy career and the disturbing effect of his repeated adversities. Also you may be guided by the testimony of his countrymen who have voluntarily come forward in defense of his previous good character.”

The jury, after short deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty—with a plea for mercy. A voice commanding the prisoner to stand up and receive the sentence of the court was the only sound that broke upon the stillness.

From a small group of Russians standing in the dim shadows stepped a venerable woman clothed in black. Without faltering she moved toward the accused and enfolded him in a tender embrace.

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“Eight years at hard labor,” was the court’s decree.

Captain Wiatcheylas de Klupfell had swayed forward into the arms of his aunt, the only living relative of his father, the late Admiral of the Black Sea fleet. For that tragic moment the somber figure had come out of her long retirement in the sanctuary of Nice to whisper a few broken sentences of hope and encouragement into the ears of her blasted kinsman.

Two atoms, for a brief tearful farewell, united out of the chaos that had shattered a dynasty and wrecked an empire.

XXIII

A TRUE STORY THAT UNFOLDS LIKE O. HENRY FICTION

FRENCH RIVIERA.

NORTHWARD by motor and always within sight of the blue Mediterranean hustled an American couple along the Riviera. Under the influence of a balmy spring the countryside spread its carpet of lush green flecked with wild flowers.

"When we come," said the husband, "to a shady spot beside a running brook I will park the old bus on the roadside and break into the lunch basket. Yes?"

"I am famished," said the wife. "Drive slowly. A few hundred yards ahead I see what looks like an ideal place."

The lunch hound stepped on the gas and licked his lips. Into a fragrant patch of white clover blossoms he steered the car and came to a halt. A small brook, crystal clear, splashing from a grove of parasol pines sang its song of welcome.

"This is the hour, and that is the spot," said he, lifting his wife down and escorting her to a seat on a flat stone in the cool shade. With that alacrity which is handmaiden to hunger the repast was spread and the drinkables opened. A feast by the sea . . . the opalescent Mediterranean . . .

a good cigar . . . an insinuating lassitude. Husband, head pillowed on his folded coat, drifted into dreamland. A ray of sunlight filtering through the trees awakened him. "How long have I been snoozing?"

"Oh—half an hour."

"Who are those two boys by the stone wall?"

"Peasants, I suppose."

"You should have awakened me."

"Why? You snored so contentedly that I hadn't the heart—"

"Well, let's get along." He scrambled to his feet, stretched himself unctuously and climbed back into his coat.

"There is considerable food left," said the wife. "Why not invite those boys to come and help themselves?"

"Sure. Good idea." He speared a lonely preserved fig and beckoned the two railbirds to step forward. They responded with frequent salutations. Hospitality is alike the world over; and the sign language of "Help yourself" is never misinterpreted. With French fervor the guests fell to.

The husband, at his wife's suggestion, passed out a pack of cigarettes and the fire of an automatic lighter. "I'll give these boys a flash of high life."

"Get the camera," said she, "and take a snapshot of them. It will be a nice souvenir."

"What's the use of wasting films on these kids? Hop in and let's brush along. Besides, the camera isn't loaded."

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"Do it for my sake, please."

"Anything for you, dear."

"And I'll send each of them a copy. I'm sure they would like to have one. You prepare the kodak and I will get their names and addresses."

The boys scrawled their Monsieur John Hancocks on the back of an envelope, posed for their photographs smilingly, and waved their hosts adieu amid a fanfare of blessings.

High noon of a perfect day!

"Can't you see them when the pictures arrive?" said the wife. "All their lives they will remember the two Americans who came along in 1928. They appeared on the road a few minutes after you dozed off. I asked them to wait until you awakened, intending, of course, to offer whatever remained of the lunch. Don't you think that was a good idea?"

"Excellent. And how they enjoyed it. But you are always doing something like that. I'll have the films developed at Nice and rush the photographs back to them. You're a good girl."

Twenty kilometers further on husband began to squirm around and slap his pockets.

"What's the trouble?"

"I've lost my wallet," he answered blanching. "What do you suppose I did with it?" He stopped the car and went through his clothes rapidly.

"Where did you have it last?"

"Back at the lunch retreat. Saw it when I folded the coat up for a pillow. When I put the

coat on again the wad must have fallen out. Exit six thousand francs. Two hundred and forty bucks. Good—bye—forever!”

“Let’s return immediately. The purse may be lying in the clover.”

“Not a chance. Our—*your guests*—went over that picnic ground with a fine-tooth comb and not even the reparations board will ever get a sou of the boodle back. That was a bright idea of yours to stop those boys and invite them to lunch.”

“We can easily locate them. I have their names and you have their pictures. They didn’t look dishonest. Let’s go back.”

“Faugh! Names and pictures. That doesn’t signify. You can’t prove anything. Even though they were descendants of Marquis de Lafayette it isn’t in the cards to get that money back. It only goes to show that mixing with strangers is a mistake. But if you think we should return I’ll do so. As for me, I have kissed those six thousand francs ad—ieu.”

Back to the sylvan dell at the rate of eighty kilometers an hour rolled a sullen husband and a distracted wife. All conversation had practically ceased. France had lost its beauty; the Mediterranean suddenly became a colorless slough.

“There the grove is,” said the wife, finding her tongue as they dropped into a depression. The man at the wheel kicked a fresh spray of petrol through the carburetor as the car dived like a swallow to its goal. The face of the woman suddenly became wreathed in smiles, but the man at

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the steering gear assumed an expression of petrified solemnity.

Like twin sentinels, on the flat rock sat two French peasant boys smoking American cigarettes. Between them lay a fat wallet containing six thousand francs.

“Ah! Monsieur! Madame! Retournes!” With that exclamation they came forward and placed the lost wad in the hands of its rightful owner.

* * *

Wherefore I digress to observe that there are occasions when a woman is entitled to the last word.

XXIV

STATISTICS CONCERNING THE SOCIETY OF THE BLIND POCKETS

JETÉE PROMENADE, Nice.

8:30 P.M.—Like a monster jewel set on the edge of the cobalt sea the Casino de la Jetée, gleaming with a thousand lights, hangs in midair. The theater, the concert hall and the restaurant are alive with kaleidoscopic color. At the gambling tables, where boule will soon be in full blast, a handful of croupiers are indulging in professional gossip awaiting the hour when the perverse red ball will begin to spin its uncertain course around the glistening bowl.

Into the tiger's mouth I wander, primed with a deficit of francs and a surplus of queries. "Parle Anglais?" I inquire, addressing all hands. The Chef de Service, a sharp-eyed hawk in evening plumage hovering over a case of metal and celluloid chips, answered, "Oui, monsieur."

"How long must one serve in order to become an expert croupier?" I ask, inserting a ten franc note into the kitty. Abroad talk is cheap.

"From six to eighteen months," was the response. "We have training tables for the beginners so that they are brought face to face with the same conditions that occur in actual play.

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Mental arithmetic, making change, paying the winners, raking in the losses, calculating the value of the different colored markers, tossing the chips accurately, observing each separate play and co-ordinating with the wheel constitute the course. If a croupier allows himself to be affected by outside influences he breaks. Every gesture of the players must register on his eye and in his brain. There must be no delay, no uncertainty, no errors. Winners and losers alike have their rights."

"How many plays an hour are made at a boule table?"

"From 150 to 200. The more players, the less plays. The profits of the house are based upon the swiftness of the croupiers. Seconds mean money. When the play is high and the tables are full the revenues increase in proportion. But if the movement is impeded at one table the effect is felt throughout the whole room."

"Are the croupiers ever rattled by temperamental players?"

"We never look at the faces of the players. We watch only their hands noting the sums placed on each number or group of numbers. Our interest is in the money and the markers, not in the individuals. So much is won or lost on each play. When the ball comes to rest the whole mathematical result for or against the house is reduced to francs to be collected or disbursed immediately."

"If, let us say, nine players place different sums on No. 7 and that number wins, do you pay out the sum total of those winnings in one lump or

pay each player the separate sum won by each player?"

"Individual bets are paid to all winners. We rake off the losses in lump sums, but the winners must be settled with separately. The croupier who makes mistakes is no longer a croupier. Instinctively the right thing must be done and at once. One must pay out with both hands and in perfect rhythm. We will give you a demonstration of speed in payment." He turned to a croupier and asked him to pay out 361 francs over five numbers on the layout in sums ranging from 11 to 24 francs.

With what amounted to ambidexterity the man addressed made a lightning-like pass across the case of coins. Instantly, as though by magic, the air became alive with glinting discs. They rained upon the green baize in piles of fives, sevens, tens; here and there a single or a pair, with white, blue and red celluloid chips coming to rest with a precision that seemed almost human. The Chef de Service nodded his approval. Swish! Like a serpent's tongue the rake flashed across the layout and like a flock of homing pigeons the loose change came to roost under the croupier's hand. With another deft manipulation of flexible, unerring fingers the different denominations were reassembled in the case. Fast work. Quick thinking.

A boule table in full blast will handle two hundred thousand francs a night, 10 per cent of which is expected to remain with the house. Some steady losers estimate the profits at 20 per cent.

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The wages of a croupier average eighty francs a night, which means a little more than \$3 American money. The kitty, swelled by grateful players celebrating a run of good luck, is split up monthly among the croupiers. What it yields is a secret.

Like tennis players, boxers, pianists and golfers, the up-to-date croupier must take his morning exercise pitching coin, calculating distance, paying out and raking in the cash and the celluloid equivalents. Inebriety, irregular hours, evil associations are taboo. One black ball, one scandal and the croupier ceases crouping.

“When a player starts an argument?” I asked.

“The customer is always right. That is the rule of every gambling table in Europe. There must be no loud voices, no discordant demonstration. If a player is prone to make trouble and is beyond reason and prefers to be ill mannered—well, the police in plain clothes tap him gently upon the shoulder and say—‘Good night.’ But the game is not delayed. Crooks? All known. ‘Out, monsieur!’ Very simple; no commotion; no explanation. Just ‘Good evening.’ ”

“Are the croupiers under bond?”

Amid a ripple of laughter that went around the table the wizard on the left answered that question. “You will observe that our evening clothes seem to be of the latest design and pattern. Coat, vest, trousers with the regulation number of pockets, flaps on the outside coat pockets. *Sacré bleu! They are all blind pockets!* What have the surety companies to do with us? It is all settled in ad-

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vance. We bring nothing to the game and we take nothing out. Very simple.”

The expiring squawk of a soubrette echoed from the concert hall. Between the heavy curtains broke a stream of players and flowed around the tables. Every croupier came to attention and set himself for action; each in his own sphere just as good a man as Walter Hagen, Bill Tilden or Babe Ruth.

There are only two rules: Keep your eye on the ball and your hands out of your pockets.

I won thirty or forty mental bets—and then stopped thinking.

XXV

"LE POIVROT," WHOSE BIOGRAPHY WAS WRIT IN ONE LINE

ANTIBES, France.

IT is the habit of many misguided young people to settle down along the Mediterranean and take up the serious occupation of revealing to a disinterested world that the mere desire to achieve is a far cry from accomplishment. Here there are many palettes upon which endless tubes of oil colors have been squeezed and many canvases that have been ruined and ream after ream of paper utterly destroyed, without adding anything to art or literature. The Italian and the French Riviera is strewn with embryo genius floundering on wet wings in the asylums of the unfit.

The village of Antibes, which occupies most of the blue cape that juts into the quiet sea twelve miles west of Nice, is particularly overstocked with satellites who set out to be meteors and fell, alas! into dust. Those who have failed utterly and seek solace within speaking distance of others whose gifts entitle them to homage gravitate to this haven, from which seemingly few have the courage or the means to retreat. The gates of Antibes open inward. Those who escape must fly out.

One afternoon I sat in a café and watched the passing show. Hope sat beside failure, hungry souls strolled hand in hand with the satiated, success sneered at the lack of it, youth scoffed at age, the outlanders stared at the inlanders. The waiters, with flaunting napkins, wig-wagged their private opinions one to the other.

From behind an earthen pot in which a banana palm waved a welcome, appeared a wraith; hollow-eyed, long-haired and furtive. Artist, writer, sculptor, poet? I wondered in which category. Evidently mistaking my inquisitiveness for friendship, he came at once to my table, drew up a chair and extended a pallid hand—which I accepted. The warmth of its pressure belied the physical appearance of its owner.

I was uncertain as to whether I should open fire with a word (the only word I know) of apologetic French or resort to refined English with something like "I don't get you, Kid," or "Where have *you* been all this time?"

He blocked me with three initials: "U. S. A.?"

"That's a good guess," I answered. "How did you work it out?"

"Don't make me laugh. I may look like a foreigner, but you do not. My clothes were made here. Yours, *over there*." He flung his thin hand westward across the sea, holding the palm open as if in salutation. I caught a flash of homesickness in his eyes.

"Are you studying in Antibes?" I asked, with as much interest as I could inject into my voice.

His reply was a lifting of the eyebrows. “Do I look like a genius?”

“Well, the flowing necktie—and the haircut.”

“I’m not surprised at that,” he admitted. I motioned to a passing waiter. We both ordered black coffee. “I haven’t had a drop of alcohol for six months—and don’t intend ever to touch it again; which, by the way, is at the bottom of this intrusion. There are occasions when a man must talk to one of his own countrymen. This is one of them. Do you mind?”

I made a signal of complete acquiescence. The Continent had put a certain vitality into his speech. He talked easily: “When I was about 12 years of age I began to draw; at 15 I was modeling in clay, and at 18 I developed a lively interest in the piano. My mother, a widow with a small income, got the idea that I was a genius. I was sent abroad for development. Good Lord, what a mistake! Paris, Barbizon, Berlin, Nice, Antibes. Three years; three—artistic, bewildering years. My genius took the form of progressive intemperance. Such was the rake’s progress that here in this atmosphere of experimental ambition I won for myself the sobriquet of ‘Le Poivrot.’ ”

He leaned across the table and began to tap the back of my hand with an index finger. “In plain English, ‘The Bar Fly.’ That was about eight months ago. Over the first two years of my student life I wrote home regularly; letters of encouragement and promise. Then I began to lapse and finally ceased writing altogether. The remit-

tance from home continued for a time and then stopped altogether. I broke, turned coward and went into hiding. It was hell. Every step was downward. I became 'Le Poivrot.' One day in a fit of remorse I wrote to my mother a letter announcing that I had completed my artistic studies and would soon return. I posted that magnificent white lie, took a solemn pledge to come clean and set about reorganizing my life. Sobriety and hard work—in more or less menial occupations, I might add—enabled me to turn my limited abilities to account. After several weeks I got an answer to my letter. The last page tells the story. Read it."

The letterhead bore the address of a United States post office in Maryland. I scanned the final page:

... has been ill for some time and is still quite feeble. When your letter came I delivered it in person, which explains why I am answering for her. She is happy that you have succeeded in your chosen field and sends her love with a message for you to hurry home. The store which paid your mother a good rent for the last ten years was burned down early in the spring. Very small insurance. Money is scarce here. About when can she expect you? We are all glad you made good as a genius.

M. R. HUFFAKER, Postmaster.

I returned the epistle with the conviction that something important had occurred in the south of France.

“LE POIVROT”

“And what you have just read,” he said, with a note of confidence, “explains why ‘The Bar Fly’ is winging his way back to the old homestead. I will probably wind up by opening a piano agency. I hope you haven’t been bored by this confession of a near genius who wasted several years and the family fortune flirting with the artistic life.”

By this time “Le Poivrot” is back among the simple country folk of Maryland, His Maryland.

XXVI

THE "PIED PIPER" ENTERTAINS AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR

MEDITERRANEAN EXPRESS, France.

EVERY individual one meets has something interesting to impart," I observed to a traveler who had vamped me into a conversation. "Given an opportunity, nine men out of ten will say something worth listening to."

"I very much doubt that," said he, looking out of the window. "Eventually something is bound to be said, but as a rule the majority of strangers are bores." He picked up a copy of a daily paper lying on the seat opposite and began to scan the columns. "I see that the international conference of professors interested in the subject of destroying rats is to hold a reception in Paris at the Hôtel de Ville and then proceed to Havre for demonstrations as to the most effective method for the destruction of the pests. That's interesting. I happen to know something about rats."

"Indeed. Never took much stock in rats myself. What about them?"

"In the first place," he began, tossing the paper to one side and going into high, "there has never been in the history of the world an invasion that was not followed by a pestilence of rats. They

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seem to move in the wake of victorious armies. In the early days there were many varieties of rats throughout Europe, but in comparison with the modern rats they were small in stature. In thinly populated sections, on islands and in mountain regions one may still find traces of them. Ancient carvings and crude drawings disclose the rat to be an inconsequential factor. Not until Attila, 'The Scourge of God,' in the fifth century brought with him his own rats from eastern Europe did this more or less domestic vermin awaken interest. On the heels of the devastating Hun these imported rats, through the acquisition of rich supplies and an agreeable environment, bred a race of rodents more terrible, if such a thing were possible, than the destroyer who led them into the new lands. Attila's rats reigned for four hundred years or more, that is to say, until the Northmen from Norway and Denmark brought the brown rat as an adjunct of invasion. What happened? The northern rats crossed with the Hun rats and produced a giant rat, ravenous and combative. These rats got so bad and reproduced so rapidly that in the eleventh century western Europe turned in self-defense to the breeding of cats. But the rats had the start and held their own for more than two hundred years. Ultimately, although it seems incredible, a cat and rat truce was formed, and to this day there are rats in western Europe that no cat cares to tackle.

"There are cases where rats have started invasions on their own account. In the year 1760,

the exact date has slipped my memory, the city of Jaik, Siberia, was suddenly overrun, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with a new variety of rats. They appeared in great numbers and devastated the warehouses. Within fifty years they had spread over the whole of Europe and the conquest was complete. This was the Siberian or Muscovite rat, now in its perfection throughout the sewers of Paris. These creatures attain a maximum weight of four pounds and are carnivorous. They breed disease and are a menace to the public health. The rat conference at Havre will have considerable to say about them.

"Invasion by sea has spread rats all over the world. Cortez introduced them into Mexico. The Portuguese spread rats all through Borneo, New Guinea, Celebes, Java and up the Malay Peninsula. China sent delegations of rats throughout the whole region of the Pacific, to the coast of California, along the Central American ports and around the Horn. They breed in any climate and reach perfection in centers of civilization. Europe and the Eastern Hemisphere, because of the congestion, suffer most. It is the law in many ports that ships tied up at docks shall carry upon their hawse lines four-foot metal shields to prevent the rats coming ashore. These regulations are defied, however, by the rats, who smuggle themselves past the customs in packing cases. I regard the rat as a most intelligent and persistent animal. Born colonizers."

"And you believe that the anti-rat savants will

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meet with difficulty in bringing about a rat shortage?" I asked.

"Absolutely. More than that, I am confident that the World War has brought about a redistribution of rodents and that another and perhaps a more ferocious type will soon make its appearance in the capitals of the world. Inoculation with a view to decimation by disease may accomplish much good, but the rat has a genius for immunity against the ravages designed to bring about his elimination. The experiment is worth watching."

The Pied Piper threw out his clutch and came to a full stop. Evidently he had no idea how thoroughly he had proved my observation that the average man has something of interest to impart.

Conscious of the fact that that something is usually the hobby of the man who does most of the talking, I spoke up for my own account. "You remind me of a story I once heard, in which a rat was the hero," I said before he could get his second wind. "The scene took place in the cell of a convict who was serving a life sentence. The only companionship he was permitted to enjoy was that of a rat who shared his misery. One day a prison guard asked the jailbird if he loved his roommate. 'I sure do,' said the prisoner. 'Why?' asked the guard. 'Because,' replied the poor convict, 'this here particular rat has twice bit the warden.'"

However, what the gentleman told me about Attila was absolute news to me.

XXVII

THOSE WHO FAIL TO "BREAK THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO"

MONACO.

ANY lady or gent who can rustle up forty francs —thirty for admission to the Casino and ten, which is the minimum wager one is allowed to squander—can buck the tiger on a purely speculative basis at Monte Carlo's capital of calamity.

Stung by repeated losses in our own defunct Louisiana lottery, to say nothing of shocking short-card experiences "out where the West begins," I took a dash at Monaco in the hope that the sour past could be sweetened. It is not to be denied that the rattle of the little ivory ball, which hops nimbly over the inverted brass pie plate spun by trained fingers, is music to the ears of the gambler.

There are those who will tell you that the series of glittering, high-vaulted salons at Monte Carlo, into which mankind may pitch the last sou and from which the reckless escape broken and depressed, is an evil hive that drags youth down from the upward flight; that once in its torturing claws the end is near.

The synonym for Monte Carlo is chance. Those who come here bring a hunch that they can trim

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the Prince at his own game. They feel no embarrassment about sitting down to the green table in the hope that their luck will come and that his will depart. This conviction is so general and so free from abatement that the principality has become one of the richest in Europe. It is the Mecca for those who believe that "a fool must now and then be right by chance." Its subjects are suckers.

I was among about 3,000 who between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. last April sauntered into the Casino where seventeen tables were in full blast. There is room at each layout for thirty persons—to sit uncomfortably—and toss brass and ivory chips into the game. Fifty per cent of the players are female, and most of them around the threescore mark. Either that or they were prematurely aged. No finer collection of poker faces exists anywhere. An old timer, who had long been an addict to the speculative pastime, informed me that many of them were widows who preferred the heavy synthetic perfumes of the Casino at Monte Carlo to the sunlit verandas of the Riviera. Jazz and society have no place in their lives. Beside the green baize they crouch, fingering the clicking chips, checking up systems, figuring on scratch pads the mathematical equations and expanding their elbows against encroaching neighbors. Here one may study every phase of human expression. Flushed players, icy players, nervous players. Greed, repressed hysteria, disdain, antagonism, distaste, lassitude, satiety; even sym-

pathy and tenderness play a part in the program of mixed emotions.

The croupiers, beyond a desire to rake in the losses and pay the winnings as quickly as possible, show no interest whatever. Four hours at a stretch is about all they can stand. They have the expression of penguins sitting on icebergs. One of the Dolly Sisters dropped into the Casino in March and woke up the croupiers by taking a fortune away from a roulette table. The sixteen other layouts played in better luck, so that the Prince of Monaco was not disturbed by loss of sleep. Any rumor coming out of Monte Carlo that some courageous plunger has broken the bank is pure bunk. To crack that institution, which is incorporated under the high-sounding name of "The Monte Carlo Bathing Establishment"—where nobody bathes except in perspiration—one must clean all the tables. And that has not yet been accomplished.

The minimum bet at most of the tables is ten francs, rising to 100 francs at others. The maximum, except at special games—where the vested interests are permitted to run amuck—is 12,000 francs. Between the high and the low many well-intentioned sports have crashed upon the reefs of adversity and been assisted out of town by friends and relatives.

Specialists claim that gambling acts as a drug upon those addicted to the passion; that either winning or losing, the subject experiences a certain satisfaction. That being the case, I will be

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interested to know what influence it will have upon my creditors to learn that the Prince of Monaco and his royal family, fifteen minutes after receiving my coat and hat in the hall, took my shirt in the Casino. And that is as far as I wish to go with unsolicited knockout drops administered by alien hands.

I hunted up the interpreter and called his attention to the fact that in the month of March 300 citizens of the United States became millionaires through calling the turn in Wall Street. "And \$1,000,000 of our money," said I slowly, "is 19,000,000 lire of yours. Multiply that by 300 and slip the news to the Prince. Tell him I'll be back in that dear America about June."

To my way of thinking, Monte Carlo is nothing more nor less than an exalted crap game in which the dice are round instead of square. A bunch of stable boys in Lexington, Ky., get the same sort of reaction rolling the bones and shooting a seven on the first throw that the hollow-eyed Monte Carlo pikers get at the little peninsula that extends into the blue sea from the French coast where I was taken into camp.

On the hill across from the Casino the Prince has built and stocked what is probably the finest marine museum and aquarium in the world. In the science of oceanography he is a progressive. There is not, however, in all his marvelous collection a single specimen of the "poor fish" that have been swimming around in his Casino for the last hundred years. His neglect of the matter

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may be due to the fact that there is no possibility of the species becoming extinct.

After midnight, out of the gilded kingdom I came, my craving for the drug of disaster thoroughly satiated. With me were others who had given way to the insinuating hunger. The moon was low on the western horizon, its pale, departing light silvering the Mediterranean. In seven hours, more or less, it would be riding over North Dakota shedding its benignant rays upon the patrons of Deadwood Dick's faro game, from which the winners, along with the losers, would be emerging in high or low spirits, singing on or off the key.

And that goes for the next night and the next, all over the globe.

XXVIII

A GOURMET'S RECIPE FOR MAKING THIS BOOK INTERESTING

MARSEILLES, France.

THE trouble with your stuff, Bob," said my friend Fred Walker, "is that you practically ignore the fine art of cooking. In Volume II of your travels you wrote a fine piece about how to cook chicken à la coconut, a recipe you came upon in Honolulu. Since that time nothing along similar lines has appeared. Gastronomy appeals to all classes. If it is your desire to make an impression get busy and give us a new dish now and then."

"What does your discriminating palate yearn for? Suggest something."

"Why not drop in at Marseilles on your next trip abroad and inspect the bouillabaisse of that port. Thackeray wrote a poem concerning this dish, but he got his inspiration in Paris. It was good poetry, but I defy anybody to get the proper ingredients out of Thackeray's rimes. What we want are bald facts told in simple words so that we can step into the kitchen and do the needful. Give it to us à la Marseilles. And don't come back without it."

"Listen is obey," I replied in the Turkish form

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of retort. "You shall have the bouillabaisse of the Mediterranean, if life lasts."

And so it comes to pass that in the city of sailors I find myself seeking out the secrets of the kitchen and delving among the archives of a cookery that will save this volume from total collapse. From restaurant to restaurant I wandered in search of the supreme recipe. It requires fortitude to fare forth on such a mission and a valiant stomach to test a national dish.

At last, with the internal batteries running low and the gear shift clanking, I slid into a waterfront establishment across which was emblazoned the single word: "Bouillabaisse." To the smiling proprietor I announced my mission, impressing upon him the fact that I had come to my last stand.

He kissed his hand to the blue sky, escorted me to a table and made a Steve Brodie dive into the inner shrine. Almost immediately he returned with a platter upon which reposed a gleaming assortment of fresh fish surrounded by a bodyguard of nervous live lobsters.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, "this is the fruit of the sea! For you I will fabricate the perfect bouillabaisse à la Marseilles, of a flavor that wings its way to heaven. N'est-ce-pas?"

"Certainement." And that concluded my part of the dialogue.

Followed a lull of half an hour, during which I looked over the stock market in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, losing and recovering my

A GOURMET'S RECIPE

appetite at the ups and downs of certain American securities. Just at the moment when I discovered that a melon cut in Electric Bond and Share enabled me to get four slices, in walks the god of the kitchen bearing two copper saucepans.

The aroma that assailed my nostrils did the rest. Here at last was the perfume of cosmos, the zephyr that ascends warm and delicate from culinary perfection, drifts through the nasal passages to the inner consciousness and rouses the appetite to unnamed triumphs. Perhaps Mr. Walker was right. Perhaps through imparting the news of this discovery to a waiting world I could redeem myself. Over the aromatic treasure I pronounced a benediction and let myself go.

The proprietor (his heart having for the moment ceased to beat) stood in static attention. With a single glance I repaid him and restored his pulse. He informed me afterward that never during his whole lifetime had he beheld so beatific an expression of gustatory rapture upon the human countenance as was revealed upon mine.

For the delectation of Mr. Walker and others of his epicurean tendencies I am enabled herewith to offer in full the recipe for that exquisite compilation, substituting for the Mediterranean fish those that are obtainable in American waters:

BOUILLABAISSE À LA MARSEILLAISE

Quantity for five portions: Three pounds of fish; striped bass, sea bass, fillet of lemon sole, perch, eels,

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lobsters, crawfish, pint of mussels. Cut the big fish in portions and leave the small fish whole.

Place in a saucepan one-quarter pound of onions and two ounces of chopped white part of leeks; two tomatoes peeled and pounded and passed through colander; two cloves of pounded garlic, a few sprays of crushed parsley; a full dram of saffron; half a pint of strained olive oil; one bay leaf; a sprig of marum; a pinch of the heads of fennel, and the firm-fleshed fish, the mussels on top.

Moisten with sufficient water to keep the fish just covered; season with a quarter of an ounce of salt and a good pinch of pepper to each pint of moistening water. Bring it to a boil and cook quickly for fifteen minutes.

The soft fish, like the lemon sole and perch, should be added to the bouillabaisse when it has already been boiling for seven or eight minutes.

Pour the broth of the bouillabaisse on slices of dry toast bread laid in deep soup plates. Pile up the fish on another dish and surround them with the portions of lobster or crawfish.

Note—The best bread for the slices is French bread. At the last moment bind the bouillabaisse with an ounce of butter into which has been worked a tablespoonful of flour. If white wine is accessible a teacupful boiled in will improve the flavor.

Those of my readers who wish to experiment with this recipe and feel that the indorsement of an expert is requisite can reach me through my publishers by written invitation. I reserve the right, however, to reject any and all concoctions that fail to come within the specifications of the Marseillaise conference.

BRITISH ISLES

XXIX

INFLUENCE OF TIME ON LIFE AND MANNERS OF LONDON

LONDON.

LONDON or die.” That was the slogan of the crew that sailed the craft in which Joseph Conrad found the theme for “Youth,” his finest short story. It was not exactly a matter of life or death for me to cross the Atlantic and come to the British capital, but I had a yearning to visit the city that lies on both sides of the Thames. That ambition was gratified in the first year of the present century—twenty-nine years ago, to be exact. At that time London was a city without clang or clamor. Horse-drawn vehicles filled the thoroughfares, but there was no thunderous suggestion of disturbing echoes. By day a rhythmic reverberation arose from the streets; a constant volume of leisurely traffic pouring with no haste whatever through a thousand avenues. It seemed as though all the world rambled down the Strand in a living flood.

At sundown London became one vast murmur, rising, falling, settling into diminuendo toward midnight. Between 1 and 2 in the morning came a momentary hush, a faraway intimation of silence as of some great exhaustion. And then as

London reawakened the throbbing measure began again. Unquiet but soothing, mobile, alive, throbbing through all eternity; sleepless forever.

The side streets were placid pools into which one might drift and find composure. There were corners into which respite could be taken; eating places where waiters, skilled in service and trained in sympathetic understanding, spread a clean napkin and catered to one in quiet. Tradesmen viewed a customer as a welcome visitor and courtesy was a fine art. London in those days was a solace at all hours. A London club was an oasis in a Sahara; a temple in which every room was a sanctuary. The pilgrim who paused for rest dreamed of returning. I for one would come again. Barrie, Shaw, Chesterton, Frederick, Kipling, Jacobs, Oppenheim, Hope, Doyle, Merrick, Weyman, Haggard were then all young men writing for the love of it.

Hansom cabs were chariots, the Hippodrome was a sensation, with "Michael Strogoff" playing to packed "bleachers"; Irving was in his prime, Pinero, James, Gilbert and Sullivan were turning 'em away. A thrippence or a sixpence would buy a prime drink; a shilling would secure a cut of roast beef, a slice of mutton or a whole sole from the sea. Every cop in London was an encyclopedia, and butlers knew how to buttle. Hyde Park and Kensington consumed an afternoon, while a trip to the country was a day's journey. Queen Victoria was then alive in the sixty-second year

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of her reign and her Prince of Wales was 58. The world was in comparative peace.

Fourteen years later I returned to the capital of the United Kingdom. Horseflesh had practically vanished from the streets, gasoline vapors mingled with the fogs from the Channel. The cabbies had become chauffeurs and the bus drivers, who knew London from one end to the other, once the joy of the sightseeing stranger, had stepped down from their migratory throne to make way for strong-armed successors, who controlled three speeds of grinding mechanism. Horns, clarions, jangling bells and sirens announced the coming of the Juggernauts. The procession of hot vehicles was wrapped in a thin blue vapor that arose from the exploding petrol. London's thoroughfares, that for centuries had been sufficient for all human requirements, were becoming crowded; the shopping districts along Piccadilly, Regent and Bond streets, Strand, Fleet, Ludgate and other avenues gave signs of distress. Leisurely London was no more.

George V had ascended the throne and was in the fourth year of his sovereignty. Rumors of war were in the air. The army, the navy, the secret service, Scotland Yard and the diplomats were meshed in a campaign of nervous anxiety. Aldershot was on the *qui vive*; flying machines were braiding the mists over the British Isles, the arsenals were producing under cover. London had become one prodigious whispering gallery of evil portents. From every quarter of the globe

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emissaries were pouring into Whitehall; conferences were being held behind closed doors. Roberts, Kitchener, Beatty, Asquith, Balfour, George and their aids were in consultation with His Majesty. The two houses of Parliament took account of the prophecies. The press put out warnings. In August of that year the Hohenzollern threw a scrap of paper into the discard and the German hosts swept down on Belgium. Havoc came by land and sea and air. London writhed in four years of agony. All civilization was drawn into the vortex that totaled over 8,000,000 killed and 21,000,000 wounded.

In August of the year 1928 A.D., fourteen years after the declaration of war, I undertake the third visit to London. Little or nothing of the old life and manners has survived. That placidity which dominated in the past is no longer its distinguishing characteristic. Whatever of reserve may be lurking in the background among the disciples of the solid old school of British unobtrusiveness has vanished. Like all world metropolises, London has fallen under the jazz tempo, pitched in a minor key. The cinemas are jammed, the radio slam-bangs everywhere, the night clubs throw off an aroma of synthetic perfume, the stage competes for publicity, the flappers consume a million fags a day, the cabarets are filled with lounge lizards and the price of pleasure is soaring by the hour. The Derby and Ascot weeks throw London into a furor; tennis and greyhound racing have taken the British by the ears. To

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cap the climax and accelerate the pace, twelve American millionaires, accompanied by their families, chauffeurs and secretaries, arrived in one day at a London hotel and spilled a dozen fortunes into the whirlpool.

In the midst of life Loewenstein, the Belgian Cræsus, while en route to London, via his palatial flying machine, dropped off into space over the English Channel and shook the financial centers of Europe. The destruction is complete.

“London or die!” Why not both?

XXX

CURIOUS MISCONCEPTION ABROAD CONCERNING O. HENRY

LONDON.

ONE of the penalties of fame is to be misunderstood. This fact was brought home to me during a conversation with a group of British authors with whom I talked concerning the life of the beloved and now world-famous O. Henry.

"We are much interested in him," said a novelist whose books are widely read in America. "The biographies do not give sufficient detail as to his methods of writing. What were his inspirations? Where did he acquire his tremendous knowledge of the characters about whom he wrote? There seems to be no end to his powers of interpretation. Prolific to an amazing degree, though he was a comparatively young man at the time of his death. How do you account for him?"

"He wrote with ease," I replied, "drew most of his characters from real life and possessed in equal parts the gifts of imagination and observation. He was master of the technic that gave his stories distinction. He was a journeyman author with a genius for narrative style and an uncanny prescience for plot."

"I have been told," interposed a successful

CONCERNING O. HENRY

short-story writer, "that necessity is what drove him on."

"Possibly in the beginning, before the editors began to bid for his product," I replied. "But later, after prosperity came to him, his output increased. Necessity is nothing new to an author."

"Is it true that when O. Henry wanted money he would write a few pages of introduction and a little dialogue, agreeing for a small advance to complete the story within a week?"

"I bought a great many of his manuscripts during the lean years of his life and do not recall such a performance."

"How, then, did he get his advance?"

"Simply asked for it in a bold speech, or in his flowing handwriting. O. Henry was never at a loss for phrases calculated to subtract money from an editor. I have among my specimen appeals a letter in which he wrote: 'Dear Mr. Man: I am in need of some cash and have selected you to produce the same,' and another which makes the simple announcement that 'The bearer of this note will be glad to return with evidence calculated to strengthen my belief in the brotherhood of man. The boy can be trusted with a check, cash or postage stamps.' He once sent me a check drawn on my own bank for \$50. 'This handsome steel engraving,' he wrote in the accompanying note, 'contains everything except a signature. Can you write?' "

"Astounding!" said the Briton. "I had come

to believe that the peculiar form of his short stories was due to the fact that he wrote the first few pages just to negotiate a payment, and that after securing the money he sat down and added a finish that would fit the preliminary pages. You know a great many of his finest tales open with a scene or a situation that seems to be quite elusive. Suddenly a complete transmutation takes place and the reader is brought gasping to a conclusion that has all the proportions of an explosion. Or if not that, a comic situation merges into a sentimental last line and the reader is overwhelmed, so to speak. Really, he is quite a magician. Now one sees it and now one don't—and by Jove! here it is. Most startling, I should say."

"And always lucid and clean cut?"

"Raw-ther. Like a cameo."

"Was he once in prison?" asked an elderly, apologetic man.

"Yes, for an offense committed by another," I replied. "A Damon and Pythias situation."

"Ah! Then he was not himself affiliated with the lower classes except while actually in confinement?"

"Precisely."

"And how did he come by that delightful pseudonym 'O. Henry'? Perfect for purposes of literature."

"It has recently been established that the keeper of the night watch in the Cleveland institution where the author was confined was named Orrin Henry. That has since come to be regarded

as the source of Sydney Porter's nom de plume."

"Then the O. did not stand for Oliver. But, after all, O. Henry is a ripping name for an author. One might almost come to the belief that it had much to do with fixing him in the public mind. There is something in the roundness of the name."

"Nevertheless," I ventured, "the name amounted to nothing until Sydney Porter gave it distinction."

"I'm inclined to think that Mr. Davis is right," spoke up an Englishman who belonged to that large aggregation of Britons who are strong for fair play. "If you want an illustration I would suggest that you project your thoughts down to the park that opens off Fleet Street and ramble around until you come to a flat gravestone that lies back of the Temple Church. Take the time to read the inscription that is carved in the slab beneath which lies one of England's greatest men."

"Really, old chap, I don't quite get you," said one of the group. "As a matter of fact, I have never been in the spot to which you refer. Would you mind particularizing?"

"The grave to which I refer," continued the author who had come over to my side of the controversy, "contains two lines. I will quote them in full: 'Born, November Tenth, Seventeen Twenty-eight; Died, April Eleventh, Seventeen Seventy-four. Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.' What a splendid name! How admirably it fits him!

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Nothing could be more musical upon the human tongue.”

“Well, what is the point?” asked the contestant.

“Nothing except the query: How could he have survived the name of O. Goldsmith? That ‘O’ belonged to Henry.”

“Tosh!” was the response.

And the meeting broke up.

XXXI

THE QUEEREST HAUNTED HOUSE STORY HE EVER HEARD

BRIGHTON, England.

MANY times I have been asked to write a supernatural story. I have refrained because invariably I reach the inconclusive conviction that I am holding a bag into which nothing enters and out of which nothing comes.

Be that as it may, I am perfectly willing to repeat a haunted house tale that I heard from an English army officer. He was an extremely intelligent person, dignified in manner and speech, a big game hunter, a soldier for half of his lifetime, and altogether a sterling type of individual, one accustomed to looking on life in a logical way. In any event, he was wholly devoid of superstitious hysteria and willing that I might draw my own conclusions, having arrived at none himself.

* * *

“After the close of the war,” he began, “from which I emerged without a scratch, my wife and I found in the south of England an extremely attractive house that formerly had been an inn. To the main structure, which was unpretentious, had been added two or three extra rooms built out

into a garden riotous with flowers. There was an outside stone chimney over which masses of ivy clustered and extended along the eaves. Light, air and ventilation were plentiful throughout the structure and a little stairway went from the main floor to the bedroom additions upstairs. It lay at the junction of two crossroads. We fell in love with the place and opened negotiations to purchase. Got it at a bargain and moved in intending to make it our home.

"On the very day I took title to the property my luck began to change for the worse. Investments went wrong, plans we had made were upset, money matters became involved, the servants failed us, the homelike atmosphere vanished and within a few weeks we were so utterly miserable and unhappy that my wife became ill and we found ourselves inclined to move elsewhere as soon as a satisfactory place could be found."

"Were there any disagreeable, uncanny demonstrations?" I asked.

"None whatever. We heard no noises, observed no mysterious manifestations and felt the presence of nothing suggesting a haunted house. The place was full of sunlight and beauty, with no dark corners, no somber architecture. Nevertheless we experienced a depression in that house that cannot possibly be described. It was like a mental yoke, and there was no way we could shake it off. Eventually my wife, one of the best-balanced women I know, informed me that she was perturbed but could give no reason."

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“Were the nights disturbing?”

“No more than the days: Once my wife told me that on several occasions, while on the staircase between the inn and the newly built portion, she had felt a strange uneasiness. I suggested that a visit to some friends might relieve her, and expressed a willingness to remain behind in the newly acquired house and await developments. In the meantime our bad luck continued without any indication of a turn for the better. We exhausted every means to fathom the growing mystery, and came to the conclusion that the difficulty was specifically with ourselves and not with the house.

“My wife went on her visit. We agreed between ourselves that nothing was to be said about the mental discomforts we had experienced in our new home, feeling that perhaps the whole matter would adjust itself. The afternoon my wife departed the whole garden was in bloom. The place never looked lovelier. The sky was clear, the servants in good humor.”

“Had they experienced the discomforts and the depression felt by you and your wife?”

“Not the slightest. None of the servants ever had. And that’s a queer phase of the history. At supper I recalled that neither of us had ever given utterance to the strange conviction that something was wrong. I made up my mind to live it down and not to be driven away. I spent the remainder of the evening in the drawing-room reading some magazines. About 10 o’clock I

approached the staircase, which was brilliantly lighted, and was on my way to my bedroom.

“On the first landing, which gave off into an extra room, I found myself suddenly possessed of a nameless and terrible fear, a terror so complete that it paralyzed my very movements. A dread and a horror of some impending tragedy had taken complete hold of me. All my life I had been face to face with danger, on the battlefield, hunting big game, in air raids, artillery fire and on several frontiers. Death to me was regarded as inevitable, to be met courageously. I am not a coward. But that night on that brilliantly lighted staircase, with no visible cause for alarm, no sign of danger, I felt that unless I could reach that landing and put the door between me and the presence that threatened I would go mad. With a superhuman effort I got myself together, jumped for the doorknob and with a scream of abject terror slammed the barrier that seemed to shut out the nameless dread. Trembling, shut in, with the door locked, I passed the remainder of the night assembling my shattered nerves. There was no sound other than the thumping of my heart.

“In the morning I packed my grips, paid the servants a month’s salary, let them out and notified the agent that the place was on the market fully furnished and at any price. I left it immediately and never entered it again. No, there is no solution. I learned afterward that of the three previous tenants the first had gone up to London

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and committed suicide; the second took his life at some nearby watering place; the third became involved in family difficulties, lost his fortune and disappeared. From all accounts there had never been a death on the premises, nor was there ever a sinister event coupled with the place. Not in all England is there a more beautiful spot, a more inviting home site in which to settle down and be at peace. But whoever walks upon that stairway will sooner or later know what it means to have his blood run cold from a chilled heart. The day I departed my luck returned. Neither my wife nor I have since encountered any similar manifestations. As I said before, there is no explanation that I can offer.”

* * *

Now that I have fogged the horizon, and being without a solution of my own, this haunted house mystery becomes the reader's own problem.

XXXII

HUMOR, THRIFT AND SENTIMENTALITY OF THE "DOUR SCOTCH"

GLASGOW, Scotland.

THIS chapter is an attempt to offer the *amende honorable* to a misunderstood people. All my life I had been led to believe that the gentry of the kilts specialized in sadness and that a great depression pervaded the highlands and the lowlands. The jokesmiths of all nations have turned their batteries on Scotland and the outside world has come to the conviction that for every note of laughter that rings through the glens there is an echo of regret. The Scot is presented in the rôle of a martyr cursed with inherited rapacity to which he invariably surrenders. His lot—at least in print—is not a happy one. When he fares forth from his own land and crosses other borders he is supposed to bring a dour countenance and a drooping mouth. Cynics and satirists have made heavy demands upon his patience. He has stood much and with no attempt at retaliation. The best he gets is the worst of it.

Northward from England via the London, Midland and Scottish Railway I came into Scotland at Carlisle. With the exception of three passengers, the car I occupied was all Scotch. I never

met people more cheerful. They have learned to throw off the united joshing of the rank outsiders and spend most of their time kidding one another. So exhilarating was the badinage that I appealed to a fellow passenger for an explanation of the self-imposed ragging.

"It's all richt," he answered, "seein' that we're aul freends and can have a wee bit o' confidence thegither, I'll jist say wha' nabody has heard outside the kirkyard." This response was made in the broad dialect of his native land, but with a twinkle in his eye he immediately dropped into plain English and stated the case in my own tongue: "We—that is the Scotch—are the only race that has never issued a national protest against being made light of. Our inherent thrift has been misconstrued to the extent that it is now regarded as parsimony. Dr. Johnson started the ball rolling by his definition of the farthing: 'A coin used by the Scotch for the bestowal of large legacies.' That gentleman also said that 'the Scotch have a sense of humor because it is a gift.'"

"Graham Moffatt, whom you will remember as the author of 'Buntz Pulls the Strings,' which was produced in your country, told two stories that piled up the evidence in a delightfully shocking manner. One was about a Highlander who was fished from a river and declared dead. 'Are you sure he's deid?' asked a relative. 'He's deid all richt. They got him oot, and went through his pockets, but he didna' move.' The other was of two Scots competing for a half crown as to

which could remain the longer under water. They are still searching for the bodies."

"Are there any new Scotch stories?" I asked.

"Very few. Old tales are revised and brought up to date, but the basic patents still hold. One of the cruelest that has come to my attention recently is of the Scot who paid a Hebrew a half crown debt in small change. The next morning the Hebrew died of lead poisoning. No less direct is the tale of the Scot who had his daughter's wedding ceremony take place in the back yard so that 'the chickens can get the rice.' The best story that illustrates the Scotch nature is double-barreled and has two kicks. A Lowlander bent on suicide asked a chemist to name the deadliest drug and quote the price. The chemist named two: strychnine and arsenic. 'Which is the cheaper?' asked the Scot. 'Both the same, thrip-pence a portion. What do you want it for?' queried the clerk. 'Tuppence,' was the response. The Scotch never tell stories on anybody but themselves. Imagine a Scot wrestling with the Yiddish, the Swedish, the Italian or the negro dialect. Listen and laugh. It can't be done.

"But they rise to supreme heights when they launch into sentiment. I'll give you an illustration. Shortly after the war a lad from Aberdeen who had made a strike in Australia came home to take his mother back with him to the Antipodes. All the way south the gude woman paced like a caged animal up and down the glass corridor of the train, looking at the fleeting landscape. She

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declined all invitations to sit down and compose herself, until at last her son asked for an explanation. 'Laddie,' she said, her voice trembling, 'ye dinna ken the agony o' leavin' Scotland. Let me fill me auld eyes wi' enough o' me native land to last me till I dee. It's not in me heart to say farewell to this bonnie country out o' one window.' She returned to Aberdeen the next year and is still there. Does that mean anything to you, my friend?"

"Much," I answered. "Right at this moment I would like to be on the way to the American St. Andrew's Golf Club, hard by Mount Hope, in the heavily cushioned back seat of Owen Davis's flivver." Which apparently meant little or nothing to him.

"Remember," he went on, "that up in the North Highlands along the Scottish coast there are countless peat fires which have been burning two hundred years or more; fires lighted by the ancestors of those who have kept them alive through the long night; fires that have been glowing from generation to generation and will continue to warm the homes in the barrens until the world grows cold. Bad luck to the Scot who lets the embers blacken. Two great sayings came from those bleak frontiers: 'It's no loss what a friend gets,' and 'Haste ye back.'"

Weel, it's na bad place at that.

XXXIII

IT IS A LONG WAY FROM THE MALAY PENINSULA TO SCOTLAND

ABERDEEN.

EARLY in December of the year 1925, accompanied by Sam Blythe, I took passage on the British ship *Kopah* at the harbor of Belawan, Deli, Sumatra, and sailed for Penang, which is located on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula.

A few moments before the *Kopah* pulled out a Ford car came rattling out of the jungle and brought up on the wharf with her brakes screaming. From the pile of junk a tall Scotchman, heavy laden with two Gladstone bags and a duffle sack, clawed his way up the dock. A pair of Batak wharfingers came to the rescue and the perspiring traveler was hurled, bag and baggage, across the gangplank. The *Kopah* backed into midstream through the tropical scenery and out into the Straits.

"That was some getaway," said Sam, scanning the young Scot, who stood at the rail and wiped his brow. "I never saw anybody more ambitious to go somewhere."

As we were but seven passengers aboard the good ship cordial relations were established at the first mess table. The Scot, possessing wide

information concerning that part of the world, proved to be an engaging acquaintance. He spoke all of the jargons of the equatorial regions and was a mine of information. When the time came to turn in for the night he announced that sleep was the farthest thing from his desire. What he wanted was some one to talk to—and it might as well be me. Toward midnight the subject turned upon the size, ferocity and peculiarities of the Sumatra python. He knew more about snakes than the discoverer of delirium tremens. But I must say that he was a marvelously interesting man. Ten years as the resident manager of a rubber plantation had brought him into close contact with the wonders and mysteries of the Sumatra jungles. Sam, much entertained, stayed awake until 1 o'clock and then slipped away to his berth.

“Don't you ever sleep?” I asked the Scotchman.

“Ay! I'm a good sleeper. But just at present I am traveling under the electric influence of an approaching marriage. The bride-to-be left Glasgow twenty-one days ago and is due to arrive at Penang day after to-morrow. The dear lassie came all the way down the West Coast around the African cape, and up the Indian Ocean to the Peninsula. After the wedding she will return with me to the Siantar estate in Sumatra and share my lot with the natives. That's what's the matter with me.”

Hastening to Sam's stateroom, I informed him

of the true condition of affairs. "If that's the case," said Mr. Blythe, who is nothing if not companionable, "we'll have to keep the boy company." Clad in pajamas and soft leather slippers, Sam returned to the fray and between us we got the Scot talked out about 4 A.M. And then to bed.

The following morning we dropped anchor in the harbor of Penang and went ashore in a lighter. Realizing that the then bachelor was in need of companionship, we registered with him at the E. & O. Hotel so that when the crisis came we could stand by. Cable advices announcing that the Glasgow boat would dock the next day awaited him. We found ourselves sharing his exuberance and in the end accepted his cordial invitation to meet the bride-to-be and join the party in the capacity of best men, doubling at the wedding breakfast as pals of the groom.

Coincidentally, the Glasgow lassie, who was fair to look upon, had formed a friendship with an American couple who sailed from Glasgow. They had performed for her the same service that Sam and I had performed for her intended. Three Scotch residents of Penang joined the conclave and on the following day we filed into the Anglican Church and witnessed the wedding of Thomas J. Ure and his lovely lassie. Both bride and bridegroom hailed from Aberdeen, Scotland, and were children together. After the Mendelssohn a Japanese photographer took a twelve by fourteen group photograph, in which Mr. Blythe and

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myself, dressed in immaculate starched duck raiment, were disclosed flanking the party on left and right, respectively.

"Gentlemen," said the bridegroom when we bade the couple good-by on the boat that was to take them back to Sumatra, "you have done us both a signal service. If either of you, during his travels, ever finds himself in Aberdeen, Scotland, will you be so kind as to call at 326 Clifton Road and tell my father, the Rev. John Ure, and my sister, that you were present in Penang, on the Peninsula, when I married the finest girl ever born in Scotland?"

"Thamas," we answered as one man, "between us we will do that little thing for you." Bride and bridegroom sailed for the plantation in Sumatra with our blessing.

* * *

The following letter, which I wrote to Sam Blythe, contains all that is necessary to complete the sequel:

ABERDEEN, Scotland, Aug. 7, 1928.

DEAR SAM—Harking back to December, 1925, you will recall the wedding of Tom Ure in Penang; the joint promise we made to carry the news in person to his father and his sister if either of us ever wandered into Aberdeen. Destiny seems to have selected me to keep our agreement. I arrived here this morning and called Ure's esteemed parent on the telephone. "Mr. Davis speaking. I was present at the marriage of your son Thomas in Penang, in December, 1925," I said. "May

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I have the pleasure of calling upon you?" There was a moment of silence and then a flood of broad, cordial Scotch. The wire couldn't carry it all. Out of it I segregated an invitation to lunch and a command to "hasten."

As I entered the front gate, Ure's dad—a hale and hearty man—stepped from an ivy-covered doorway and came forward with both hands extended. "Ay, mon, I recognized ye from the picture. Welcome! Welcome! So ye saw Thamas married. A-weel. A-weel."

The sister, a tall, dark-haired girl resembling Tom, suddenly appeared in the hallway. In her hand was the group photograph of the wedding—I mean that picture in which we look like a couple of seagulls.

However, and despite that Penang and Aberdeen are seventeen, more or less, thousand miles apart, "We," to use Colonel Lindbergh's plural word, flew to Scotland with some good news for some very good people. I told them just how the ceremony was put across and exactly what it meant to "us." Sam, the trip was worth it.

Being as how Ure's father is a meenister o' the Gaws-pel I am thinkit that "we" may be mentioned i' the kirk.

Flying back soon. More anon.

BOB.

. . . Aberdeen and Penang are not so far apart—now!

XXXIV

THE LONGEST DAY OF THE YEAR— AND THEN SOME

ABERDEEN.

THOSE who are constantly clamoring for a place in the sun can find it here. Lew Dockstader used to get a long laugh on his line "I spent three weeks in Philadelphia last night." Well, I spent all summer in Aberdeen on June 21. Follow my diary:

4:15 A.M.—After lying awake since 3 o'clock observing the swift coming of dawn across the slate roofs of the "Granite City" I receive a smack in the eye from the rising sun, which pours into the window from the direction of the North Sea. The thin white and pink clouds that streak the horizon form no barrier to the brilliancy. Further slumber is out of the question. I could do with a cup of coffee. "It's fair airly, mon," says the waiter responding at 4:30. He came through, nevertheless. Beneath my window on a granite pedestal stands a bronze statue of Bobbie Burns. In his left hand he holds a daisy, in memory to the one he plowed under and to which he dedicated an enduring poem. I finish the Java, draw the curtains and go back to the lamb's down. The

exhilarating air of Scotland defies drowsing. Nothing doing.

7:30 A.M.—Back to the windows. Bobbie is still there. A braw lad whistling the national airs meanders along the embankment. Aberdeen is stirring. The sun has burned the fleece away. Razor, bath and into some golf togs. Proper weather for whacking the pill. Now for a kippered herring and a dash to the links. By the time I had finished breakfast Aberdeen was in full blast. Four hours after sunup the city had come to life with amazing suddenness. Now for the greensward. I caught a bus heading for the country and was dropped at the nearest golf course. Welcome, stranger! I paid the ground fee of one shilling and by 11 o'clock was fifteen down to a Scot, who had no regard whatever for the sacred rights of visiting firemen. He played as though we were south of the Mason and Dixon line: he a Hatfield and I a McCoy. What that bird did to muh. "Only three holes for me?" I queried. "Ay!" he answered, "that's a' verra weel, but your quotation's wrang. Knock it doon to twa. Ye hae forgot the haft hole."

12 M.—The sun still low in the east. We sat in on a four-course lunch, washed down with a pint of bitter. By 1 o'clock we were on the way to another course, which he declared to be too easy for "worruds." Here he gave me a stroke for a hole and took my scalp for a handful of subsidiary coin. I never met a man who was so delighted to play with me. We came off the soft turf at 3:30.

At 4 he had me cornered behind a semicircle of afternoon tea. When a Scot gets to work on a pile of scones, sandwiches and cookies it is a sight for the starving poor. That one consumed five pounds of light pastry and drank a quart of strong Ceylon. "I canna bide a' afternoon wi'out me vittuls," said he. I made an All-American attempt to stay with him but broke on a reef of buttered bread. Them Scotch are certainly hardy people. I pushed away from the chow bunker while he was still juggling tarts.

4:30 P.M.—By which time the day was just beginning. Nonetheless I had about all the golf I could handle and suggested that we take steps to get back to the city. He assured me that from 5 o'clock on the better class of Aberdonians came out for the afternoon's play and that it would be a pity to be caught moping anywhere in the city limits. He advised me to take a breathing spell, smoke a pipe and get myself in shape to play at least nine holes on a specially fine course across the River Dee. "I'll maybe be able to do ye a gude turn," he said, "wi' the mashie, so't when ye get hame ye can hold yer heid high." I expressed confidence in his genius as an instructor, but asked for time to consider the proposition. "All richt, me lad," he replied with alacrity. "Ha' ye got an idea what we can do in the enterveel?" So I invited him to dinner. That's what I did.

6:30 P.M.—My Scotch friend went through with that meal from soup to nuts, flushing each viand

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through a beaker of ale. Just to humiliate me he laid in a cargo of strawberries over which he floated a pint of cream as thick as New Orleans molasses. As I sat there admiring his digestion he looked up from his dessert and remarked that with a little haste we could get out to a "bonnie spot" south of Aberdeen and get in another eighteen holes before sundown. In sheer desperation I took him up: We teed off on the first hole at 7:45. The cool of the afternoon, the velvet-like texture of the sod, the sheer audacity of the transaction buoyed me up for the first nine. But from there on, handicapped by two breakfasts, two luncheons and one lifesize dinner, I walked the green hills of Scotland like an intoxicated automaton. The Scot came in singing. My score: Six down and five to go.

10:05 P.M.—Old Sol is just touching the hills in the yellow and jade west. I am offering a full set of first-class golf clubs, a pair of lead shoes and one whole suit of homespun knickerbockers to anybody who will take the outfit away and spirit me back into Aberdeen. After seventeen hours and fifty minutes of sunshine I have had sufficiency. Let the darkness fall. And I won't want supper, either.

12 Midnight—Twilight is just setting in and Aberdeen is beginning to slow down again. The night life will soon reach the low tide. By 3 o'clock, that is to say, just before the crack o' dawn, sleepers will begin to toss throughout the north of Scotland. Bobbie Burns, still contem-

—AND THEN SOME

plating the bronze daisy, stands beneath my window. What would he have to say about setting the clock forward one hour—him the grand sleeper that he was?

12:15 A.M.—Twenty busy hours, without pause and only five meals. Gude nicht, Bobbie. I think I'll call it a day.

XXXV

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICA'S FRONTIER —RETOLD IN SCOTLAND

PITLOCHRY, Perthshire.

HERE in the land of Mary Queen of Scots, less than four miles from the historic battle ground of Killiecrankie, where Graham of Claverhouse came skirling down from the Highlands in 1689 and took the measure of the Lowlanders under MacKay, I heard from the lips of a Western pioneer woman this stirring tale of our own Indian country. Like all stories that are told in the presence of three generations gathered around a fireplace, rain slanting against the windowpanes, and high winds souging through the trees, it made a profound impression; not only upon the kinfolk of the narrator but upon me. I bequeath it herewith as a brand new chapter in the history of the United States.

“My father,” began the grandmother, stroking a new-born babe in a nearby cradle, “was James Ashley, appointed Territorial Governor of Montana by President Grant after the Civil War. He took his family, consisting of mother, three brothers and myself, out to Helena. Reconstruction, especially in the Far West, was fraught with difficulties and involved many sacrifices. In

1870 father was summoned to Washington. Shortly after his departure my eldest brother became quite ill. Such medical attention as he required could not be had in Helena. There was nothing for mother to do but pack up and get back East with her children. On twenty-four hours' notice she left instructions concerning her effects and was on the point of leaving when a telegram was handed her. It contained the announcement that the military authorities at Helena had been instructed to prevent her departure. 'By what authority?' she asked. 'Washington has received advices that an Indian uprising is threatened along the region of the Missouri River,' said the officer. 'The army has no jurisdiction over me or my children,' replied mother. 'My husband is employed by the Government and is subject to its commands. But I am not. The life of my son is at stake and I shall proceed East immediately.' With that announcement we five left Helena for a point on the river where mother had understood that a boat could be had to take us down to Fort Benton.

"Under a convoy of trappers we set out by stagecoach and after three days reached the banks of the Missouri, at a point that proved to be above navigation. Instead of a boat with the usual conveniences we found nothing but a flat raft made of logs, around the edges of which was a rim of six-inch planking intended to keep the water from coming aboard. Although but four years old at the time I remember the details perfectly.

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A group of frontiersmen who were preparing to embark attempted to dissuade mother from making that trip with her four children, one of them quite ill. But she was not to be deterred and went immediately on board leading her family. When our fellow passengers realized that a helpless woman with four youngsters was actually among them they were beset with chivalry. They made a barrier with their pack bags on one end of the raft and piled up all their buffalo robes on the log flooring so that we would have a warm place to sleep and have privacy. Every man on board was armed; knives, pistols and rifles. Such a bodyguard never before came down to Fort Benton with a frail woman and four children. The journey consumed three days. At night the raft was moored to the shore, upon which the men built huge bonfires as a protection against the Indians. On the second night we were able to see from the raft, beyond the glow of the bonfires, the painted faces of the red men who had gathered on a high bank above us. Fortunately they made no attack, and disappeared at daybreak.

“Arriving at Fort Benton, we took passage on a small sidewheeler and went on down to civilization, where mother secured proper medical attention for my brother, whose life was saved. The river folk declared that the trip was a fool-hardy proceeding, though mother felt up to the day of her death that it was the right thing to do. Father was very proud of her. So were we all.”

During the whole of the narrative the pioneer

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woman kept her eye on the cradle of the third generation. Surely the West implants in the heart of women something that remains forever young. Great nations spring from great mothers.

"In 1912," she went on with quiet dignity, "my elder brother received a letter from a Westerner who was compiling a history of the early days along the Missouri. 'I was one of the raft party that escorted your mother down the river to Fort Benton in 1870,' he wrote. 'She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The morning we walked across that gangplank with her four children we wondered what would happen next. There wasn't a traveler on that raft who hadn't killed his man, and we would gladly have killed more to make her comfortable. We didn't learn until the second day out that she was the wife of the good Governor Ashley of Montana.'"

* * *

The woman who told me this story in Scotland has seen much progress in America since that eventful trip in 1870. She was a passenger on the palatial *Crown Prince*, the first transatlantic ship to receive Marconigrams all the way across the ocean between New York and the Continent. She has ridden in an airplane and a submarine, heard the radio and talked across the Atlantic by telephone. To-day she is the mother of enough children, grandchildren and collateral children to sink the frail raft that carried her down the wild Missouri River in 1870.

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And, in conclusion, she is the wife of the beloved Peter Cooper's grandson, the same being the scientist and engineer, Edward R. Hewitt, who perfected the Mack truck.

XXXVI

THE REIGN OF THE FAST WHIPPET IN THE BRITISH ISLES

ARMADALE, Scotland.

WHEN the sporting contingent of a whole nation goes stark raving crazy over the spectacle of a score of greyhounds chasing a mechanical jackrabbit, driven by electrical energy, around a half-mile oval track it is reasonable that the outsiders should dip into the genesis of the pastime. Our own America had a short session with the dogs in Florida, but the joyless element invoked the law and put the pastime down. Without bookmakers hound racing is a joke.

Here in Armadale the fast whippet dog has always been to the coal miner what the racehorse is to the British swell. Women and children are second to the half hound, whose diet is prime steak. He gets the best of everything. A family man who owns a whippet considers a dog license on a par with a birth certificate.

It is not an uncommon sight in the cool of the evening to see a horny-handed coal miner escorting along the main street a slip of a dog carefully blanketed and wearing chamois pads on its precious feet. Armadale is Vanity Fair when a whippet following the leash comes dancing like thistle-

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down along the thoroughfare. Good judges of dog flesh take their hats off to the owner; bloods from the coal pits gather and speculate on the points of the racer; plungers make mental books and prepare for the next flight of the fawn-colored streak. Mothers with baby carriages give way to the hound and all juveniles practically cease breathing.

Whippet racing has long been in vogue among the coal miners. It was they who brought the breed to its present high state of perfection. Not until recently has it come to be regarded as a top-side sport for the élite. Its sudden popularity dates from the time when three or four years ago a promoter with a wise head brought down to Hurlingham just outside of London, a carefully selected string of whippets—with their coal-dusted owners. It was a new sensation to the sporting gentry of England. The leaping shadows in pursuit of the mechanical hare, the rapidity of the betting, the antics of the men from Armadale, the thrill of the straining finish, did the trick. Whippet racing took London by storm. The coal miners went mad sympathetically.

The noble thoroughbred was pitted in a speed contest against the coal miner's hound. Muntaz Mahal, a racehorse, did a specified distance at the rate of thirty-nine miles an hour against the whippet's thirty-six. The dog came into his own. Courses were erected everywhere and whippets went up in price. They jumped from five pounds to ten, twenty, thirty—a hundred. One sold in

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London for four thousand pounds. Parks, stadiums, racetracks and open lots, long idle, were drafted into the whippet game. Capitalists crawled out from under their hoards and supplied the sinews for development.

The investment throughout the empire will go into the millions of pounds. An outgrowth—equally exciting, it is claimed by those who know—is the sport of turning loose a pack of terriers on the trail of a mechanical rat. The courses are shorter, but the commotion that ensues makes up for the brevity of the chase. So far as the greyhounds, the whippets and the terriers are concerned, “they’re off” throughout all England, and the coal miners are in on the ground floor.

I spent a most exciting evening at an Armadale straightaway track, where many of the fastest dogs in Scotland get their training. A whippet man from this region is a person of parts and speaketh by the card. They be oracles, and no man may gainsay them. Armadale owners at the signal to go pitch their whippets down the course by the scruff of the neck and a tail hold. The dogs hit the turf at thirty miles an hour without missing the stride. The goal is a fluttering kerchief. All the pounds, shillings and pence in town change hands at every meet. Occasionally a bookmaker welshes and fans are treated to the spectacle of a wild man breaking all records across the moor.

From a school-teacher on my right I picked up a good story about a miner who owned a fast whippet that he had been training on selected beef-

steak—"meat," said the pedagogue, "that should have gone to the man's family. The wife was ill but made no complaint. Shortly before the race the woman came to a point where fresh beef broth was necessary to sustain her vitality. The miner saw the handwriting on the wall. He felt that the winning of the race would replenish his funds, but he couldn't feed the woman and the whippet beefsteak at the same time. He took counsel with his son, a boy of 12, and agreed that if the worst came to the worst the woman should have the meat and the whippet would be withdrawn at the last moment.

"But, laddie," said the father, "I canna bring mesel' to tak' the meat fra' the whuppet. Ye will ha' to do that." The critical time arrived and the boy took the precious morsel to his mother. What did the woman do but decline? The father, torn between love of the dog and duty to the woman, had disappeared. By command of his heroic mother the son fed the whippet the last piece of meat and groomed the hope of the family for the supreme test. When the race was called the youngster himself pitched the animal down the course and saw the finish, with his father's entry two lengths in the lead. Steak for the whole family. That whippet sold the next day for a hundred and ten pounds—a high price indeed. From the strain of the race the dog never recovered and was finally returned by the purchaser to the Armadale miner.

Even a soft coal cloud has a silver lining.

XXXVII

THE UNCANNY INTELLIGENCE OF SCOTCH SHEEP DOGS

HIGHLANDS, Scotland.

WHOSOEVER visits Perthshire and does not trudge over its high heather-carpeted mountain moors cannot really claim to have been in Scotland. There are beauty and sublimity in every quarter of the country, and landscape that defies description, and rivers that flow through a fairyland of loveliness coming at last crystal clear into the sea. There are strong men and beautiful women and tartans and kilts and castles and monuments everywhere. But there is nothing more marvelous on that glorious green island than the collie sheep dogs. They have the brains of human beings with none of our vices. From the first year of their lives to the end—seldom more than five years—they serve one master and a hundred folds. The reward is a place to sleep, a diet of dog biscuit and a kind word from the shepherd. Rain or shine, the sheep dog is on guard.

Up Blair Athel way into Kinloch Rannoch country, which is about the center of Scotland, I made inquiries concerning the black and white collie.

"Come wi' me," said a shepherd to whom I had gone for information, "'an' I will gi' ye a sample o' sheep dog inteelligence wi'out worruds."

I followed him through the heather and the gorse until we reached an open meadow which broke upon a stretch of upland moor that bent over a small plateau against the skyline. He stopped at the edge of the open field and whistled sharply two long, shrill notes. From a cottage, half hidden in a nearby grove, a black collie with a fringe of white around the neck and shoulders came bounding across the turf. Twenty yards from his master the dog stopped and stood to attention, his eyes questioning the shepherd.

On the slope of the hill grazed a flock of black-faced sheep, scattered in pairs, trios and larger groups, covering perhaps fifty acres. I was requested to select, anywhere within a radius of five hundred yards, three sheep that were grazing together. I selected three that were browsing among some gray granite rocks. At a casual glance they might easily have been mistaken for part of the landscape.

Without uttering a spoken word, the shepherd, resorting entirely to gestures, sent the collie up the hill through a dozen other groups of feeding sheep and had the dog work the sheep down on the meadow within twenty feet of where we stood. During the operation the collie frequently turned to his master for instruction, but made no single mistake. Not another sheep on the hillside was in the least disturbed. While I was marveling at

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the dog's wonderful exhibition the shepherd motioned him to take the sheep back to the plateau.

“We ha' ane dog to tak' the sheep out and ane to bring them hame,” said he, “but, mon, ye wouldna' be deesappointed to ken a collie thot can do both.”

He then sent the dog with the three sheep back to the exact spot where he collected them. As a further test of the dog's intelligence the shepherd had him cut out a single sheep—of my selection—which he drove down to the cottage. There the collie opened the gate to a small corral, worked the sheep in and closed the gate after it.

Not once during the whole test did the shepherd speak to the dog, nor did the sheep appear to have any opposition to the collie's urging it along to a definite end. There is something positively uncanny about the relationship between a shepherd and his dog; a harmony of thought that seems to be automatic, the dog never escaping from the control of the shepherd's intent. A collie in action possesses all the appeal of a human being awaiting instruction from a superior intelligence; and the response is instantaneous. A well-trained sheep dog can interpret the signs of his master at a distance of three miles. It is unusual for a shepherd to send his dog out on the hills to bring in sheep that are picked up with a field glass. So keen is the vision of the collie that he can be directed to any point of the compass and come to an exact spot anywhere over a radius of several miles.

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In the sheep-dog tests which take place throughout the sheep country in the fall the time allowed to perform such a maneuver as I have described is fifteen minutes, and the whistle is often blown on a tardy entrant. Dogs that are counted out by the judges suffer the keenest humiliation. The most difficult maneuver in championship trials is to drive three sheep through avenues in and out of corrals open and shut and around barriers, the limits of which are fixed by rules. In the supreme tests the dogs are required to bring their sheep before the judges and await the verdict, like a jockey returning to the judges' stand with his mount.

I asked the shepherd to explain how the collie had been brought to such perfection of training. He looked at me for a painfully long time and then launched this philosophical truism:

"Mon, can ye na' do eenything wi' love? Between a shepherd and his dawg there be more than friendship."

* * *

The emblem of the Dominion of Canada contains a beaver. It would not be out of place for Scotland to make room for the collie sheep dog along with the thistle.

XXXVIII

THE GOOD SHIP THAT WAS LOST IN A CHICAGO WAREHOUSE

GLASGOW, Scotland.

DESPITE the fact that I was born in Nebraska, which is about the furthest point inland from the oceans, my mother took occasion in my early boyhood to inform me that seven of her forbears were sea captains. That simple statement sufficed to turn my thoughts to the bounding main and all matters nautical. On the twelfth anniversary of my birth I was presented with a handsome model sailing ship three feet over all, which, I regret to say, left her anchorage in a gale along the Missouri River and went down one hundred yards from shore. No insurance. In spite of that calamity my interest in maritime matters survived the wreck, though I have never since been able to stand in the presence of a model ship without weeping internally.

Here in Glasgow are specimens of handmade sailing craft that are masterpieces of construction. Brigs, barks, schooners, ketches, every rig from single-stickers to seven-masters, are all here in perfection. The whole history of ships in miniature is to be seen in the shop windows of this great seaport. Each and every one in some par-

ticular reminded me of my lost bark, the *Sunbeam*, which went to her fate in the wild waters of the Missouri. After a whole day of rambling among the Glasgow models my thoughts took me back to Columbus and his caravels; to Balboa; to Henry Hudson in the *Half Moon*; to the *Mayflower*. Ships, ships, ships, priceless relics of the sea. Had I the wit to have followed my inherited bent, to have spent my life collecting model ships, I would to-day be a millionaire. As it is I can afford only to look at them and regret the past.

Late in the afternoon I called at the Glasgow offices of the Canadian Pacific Company to arrange passage on the *Montclare*, sailing for Quebec and Montreal, over the Belle Isle route. Here I ran into the Glasgow agent, Major Michael L. Duffy, an agreeable combination of Scotch-Irish. I succeeded in getting past the outer guardians and into a spacious room the four walls of which were adorned with beautiful ships' models incased in glass. Brave craft riding on painted oceans, whalers plunging through white seas, clippers scudding past gray clouds and schooners listing into plaster-of-Paris foam, all glistening with varnish and bright colors. Here was an opportunity for me to convince Mr. Duffy that a seafaring man was present. He let me have the floor. Unless interrupted I am inclined to be *ad lib*.

"What do you think of this one?" he asked, turning to a trim brigantine model with a beautiful mahogany hull. She was a two-master with

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four yards forward and four staysails, a trysail and a spinnaker boom aft, rigged for thirteen wind grabbers with all canvas spread.

"Looks like a pleasure craft," I replied. "Something built for fair weather with no deck protection and tight as a drumhead below. No ports, no ventilation. She is not rigged for cargo. Why so much hold below decks? Never saw anything like her. What's her history?"

"That is the model of the *Jean*," said Michael Duffy, gazing affectionately at the tiny ship, which did not exceed two feet over all. "Worth more than all of the other miniature ships in Scotland. Her keel was laid in 1818 in Irvine, from which point she was launched in the spring of the following year. Tonnage, 169. Dimensions, 76 feet 8 inches by 22 feet 6 inches by 13 feet 4 inches depth of hold. A Glasgow weekly newspaper printed the last week of May, 1819, the following item: 'Notice to shippers and passengers that the brigantine *Jean*, Alexander Allan, master, will clear from Greenock for Quebec on the 1st of June and proceed to sea at the first favorable opportunity thereafter.' The actual sailing date was June 5. The *Jean* therefore was the first regular passenger ship of what was from 1819 up to the year 1916 known as the Allan Line, afterward taken over by the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and made part of its round-the-world system. She remained in the service about fifty years and ended her days as a freighter. This model was made

many years later and was on exhibition at the Toronto and Seattle expositions, after which the model suddenly disappeared. The builder came into this office many years ago and asked what had become of the *Jean*. He pointed out the spot, by one of the windows, where it had long held the place of honor before it vanished. I began a search for the lost ship and after six years of investigation discovered that it was somewhere in Chicago. We finally ran it down in a warehouse, packed away with discarded junk. How it got there no one was able to explain. I had it brought back to Glasgow and here it will remain, under glass and the guardianship of the Canadian Pacific Company.

“It may interest you to know that the *Jean* was launched at Irvine and sailed from Greenock for the reason that there was at that time insufficient water to bring her up to Glasgow. The Clyde River was then in its infancy, but to-day, dredged its full length, it is a waterway for vessels of the deepest draft. There is an old story about a Scotchman and an American discussing the Clyde and the Mississippi. ‘Who made the Mississippi?’ asked the Scot. ‘God made it,’ answered the American, and the man from Glasgow retorted: ‘Well, we made the Clyde.’ The *Jean*, more than any other craft, was responsible for that heroic transformation of a ditch into a deep-vessel waterway.

“It is a curious coincidence that in March of the same year in which the first Allan liner

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crossed the north Atlantic under sail the ship *Savannah* steamed from New York to Savannah and crossed from Savannah to Liverpool (May 22-June 20). In little more than one hundred years transatlantic liners have attained a maximum of 60,000 tons. On the deck of one of these monsters the *Jean* could be stowed among the lifeboats."

Though the provocation was great, I did not reveal to Michael Duffy that his joy in finding the *Jean* in Chicago was nothing in comparison with my misery over the loss of the *Sunbeam* in Nebraska.

CANADA

XXXIX

WAS OFFERED CHARLES DICKENS'S GOLD WATCH FOR \$15

SASKATOON, Canada.

WHILE I do not in any way regard myself as a psychic the conviction has come upon me that this city is a central battery throwing off communications intended for my ear. It was here a year ago that I picked up the tale of the farmer who offered his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his companion, Lord Claude Hamilton, \$40 apiece—grub and lodging found—to pitch hay during the month of August in the Canadian fields. When the granger learned the identity of the “hands” he quit bidding.

On this my second visit to Saskatoon I stumbled into another story that will interest both England and America. The opening chapter harks back to Vancouver, where, in a conversation with a Northwest Mounted man, I asked why the members of that arm of Canadian law insisted upon wearing the bright scarlet coat. “A constant invitation,” was my comment, “to the bullet of one who lies in wait with murderous impulses. It is always a shining mark.”

The N. M. P. gave me a satisfying answer: “It is one thing to draw a bead on a red coat, but

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another to fire a slug through it. The criminal who finds the sights of his rifle lined up on a Mounted man usually, before pulling the trigger, comes to the realization that it is not the mere wearer of the red coat but the Government of Canada that he is shooting at. Most of them just naturally hold their fire. If not that, they lose their nerve—and miss. Then we get 'em."

That's logical.

"By the way," continued the M. P., "did you know that a son of Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, was a captain of the Northwest Mounted Police at Fort Pitt, evacuated April 14, 1885, after a twelve-day siege at the hands of the Creek Indians under Big Bear, who on the date of April 2 led his braves into the Frog Lake settlement near the North Saskatchewan River and massacred nine of the male inhabitants?"

"What became of Captain Dickens?" I asked.

"Haven't the slightest idea. You may run into an old-timer who can tell you more about him. I believe he died somewhere in the States. Sorry I can't give you further particulars."

Two weeks following this conversation destiny took me in hand. I stepped off the train at Saskatoon and started for the newsstand in the Canadian National depot. Emerging from the waiting room was a thin, wistful-looking chap who caught a glimpse of me and stopped suddenly, as one who has come upon a familiar. The recognition was mutual. We first met thirty years ago in the publication offices of *Field and Stream*, New

York. He, William Blaesdell Cameron, was editor; I a penny-a-liner hawking wares at so much a thousand words.

We rushed into reminiscence. Bill had returned to Canada, where he was born. What was he doing? "Oh, reviewing the past; writing books; taking life easy. My volume, 'The War Trail of Big Bear,' a history of the Frog Lake Massacre, already out in Canada and England, is soon to be issued in the States. Twenty-one illustrations and . . ."

"How do you come to be the historian to that bloody chapter of the Canadian frontier?" I asked nervously, quite aware that something I sought was near at hand.

Cameron's reply staggered me: "I lived at Frog Lake, was present at the massacre and narrowly escaped the fate of my fellows. Yellow Bear, one of the raiders, whom I had previously befriended, got me through the zone of bloodshed into the lodge of a Wood Cree. I was held captive for a period of two months to be finally rescued by General Strange and the Alberta Field Force on the trail of Big Bear. The battle of Frenchman's Butte on the night of June 1, 1885, found me free again.

"Yes, it is true that Captain Francis J. Dickens was then in command of the Northwest Mounted at Fort Pitt. When called upon to surrender he replied that he would hold the fort 'while there was a man able to point a gun.' Eventually he got all the men, women and children to a point of

DICKENS'S GOLD WATCH

safety without losing a life. Amid the loot of the Indians was a gold watch worn by Charles Dickens during his lifetime and bequeathed to Francis upon his father's death. A few days following the evacuation and while I was still a captive of the Crees, Alfred Schmidt, a halfbreed, brought me the timepiece. I examined it carefully. On the inside of the hunting case was traced the name of Charles Dickens, and an undecipherable date. The outside of the watch showed considerable wear. A small gold locket attached to the chain contained a miniature of Mrs. Dickens and a braid of her hair. You can imagine my reflections as I held this precious relic in my hands. The 'Christmas Carol,' 'Dombey and Son,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Tiny Tim,' 'Scrooge'—the tales my mother had read to me when I was free. The watch of Charles Dickens in my hand; red men chanting death-songs by the camp fires; blood of white men on the ground. 'I give you for fifteen dollars,' said Schmidt.

"But I could not buy the timepiece of Mr. Pickwick. It was not for this prisoner-pauper to acquire that priceless jewel. Into the hands of the halfbreed I placed it tenderly and turned away sick at heart. Later I had the satisfaction of learning from Captain Dickens that on the surrender of the hostiles, he had recovered his prized memento. He died the following summer in Indianapolis, and I have every reason to believe that the watch, the miniature and the lock of hair,

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are now in the possession of one of the great Charles Dickens's grandchildren."

* * *

And that's why I say Saskatoon throws off communications intended for my ear.

XL

CANADIAN NIGHT'S TALES CONCERNING SOME HANGMEN

BY THE CAMPFIRE, Canada.

FOUR men lounging in the lambent glow of a campfire flickering among the jack pines of an Alberta forest. Through the high tree tops moans a mirthless night wind. The setting is perfect for the somber theme of hanging, for tales of the noose. A loose rope flung over a limb and swaying in the breeze awakens the memory of the first story teller.

“Reminds me,” drawled the Southerner, “of the passing of Devil George, who paid the full penalty of the law down in Kentucky, where in the old days it was obligatory to read the death warrant to the condemned. I was 18 at the time, which in a measure accounts for my morbid interest in executions and my presence at the scaffold. The Sheriff of the county had no stomach for taking human life and became deathly ill. His first deputy was occupied with the paraphernalia of that mortal coil and his other deputy had forgotten his spectacles. The condemned negro had at one time been in the employ of my father, so by common consent I was drafted to read the dread instrument. With no attempt at elocu-

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tionary grandeur, but with a beating heart, I performed this last office. Devil George received the tragic mandate as though listening to a letter from home. When its terrible import had penetrated his mind he looked steadily at me for a full minute of silence and then said slowly and with evident gratitude: 'Little Cap'n, Ah thanks you. Ah knowed that effen you could ever do me a favor that you would.' The next instant the trap opened and in the space where Devil George had stood was a taut rope stretched by a lump of clay."

The second story teller is speaking:

"The only one-man strike ever launched at a government was won by the striker. It had to do with the office of Dominion Hangman of Canada. The rate established by law was \$100 and expenses for each execution. The official notified Ottawa that owing to the infrequency with which the sentence of capital punishment was imposed he could not make a decent living and that unless a guaranty could be given he would be obliged to surrender the post. The suggestion met with opposition and the official hangman went on strike. A successor was appointed and the incident seemed to be closed. The new master of the noose, lacking experience, proved to be unsatisfactory and the striker was called back to his unpleasant occupation with a guaranty of \$6,000 per annum and traveling expenses. The Government was satisfied with the readjustment and the strike ended."

From the third story teller:

SOME HANGMEN

"I was present at a hanging in California where a miner was brought to the scaffold purely on circumstantial evidence. He was charged with the murder of his partner and the case had been fought bitterly by an attorney whose methods were, to say the least, questionable. On the day of the execution, which was public, the friends of the accused, protesting his innocence, appeared at the jail in great numbers. The lawyer for the prosecution insisted upon mounting the scaffold and addressing the crowd. He had his nerve with him, but as he was leaving the platform he slipped on the crude steps, fell a distance of eight or ten feet and broke his neck. The man he convicted saw him die, after which the delayed ceremony was completed. Both were buried the same day and in the same cemetery not fifty feet apart."

Into the symposium comes the fourth narrator:

"My story is not so depressing as those that have gone before. You will have to excuse me for trying to lift this evening into a higher plane. After all, there must be leaven to tragedy and it might as well be introduced here and now. In 1912 one summer morning I was walking along Markham Street in Toronto. Just ahead of me were two boys who had climbed over a fence from a garden. Each of them had a baby robin which was still in the short feather. The mother bird, in high dudgeon was fluttering in a neighboring tree and calling to her offspring. Down the street, approaching the vandals, hurried a stranger.

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‘Where did you get those birds?’ he asked. ‘From the nest,’ replied the kids. ‘How much do you want for the pair?’ inquired the newcomer. Fifty cents apiece was the rate agreed upon, and both fledglings were passed over to the buyer. He walked back to the garden, climbed the fence, took off his coat, placed the baby robins in a looped handkerchief which he hung around his neck and climbed the tree to the empty nest, where he placed his wards tenderly. I watched him shin down to the grass, dust his hands, climb back into his coat and hustle away. Before he was out of sight the mother robin was back with her young and the boys had disappeared down the street. I followed the Good Samaritan until he was out of the zone of his good deed and offered my felicitations. He seemed quite upset that I had witnessed his act of mercy.”

“What,” asked one of the previous story tellers, “has your tale to do with gallows birds?”

“Only this,” answered the uplifter; “the man who bought the life of the redbreasts was at that time the official hangman of the Dominion of Canada—one Radcliffe, since deceased.”

XLI

OVERSEAS CUSSING REGULATIONS IN ONE EASY LESSON

WINNIPEG, Canada.

DO you see that short, broad-shouldered man standing at the entrance of the fruit store?" asked the citizen with whom I was rambling down the main street.

"The one with the cane over his arm?"

"No, the fellow buying the grapes. He's paying for them now; gray felt hat."

"I see the man you mean. What about him?"

"He was of the Princess Pat's. Enlisted from this town. One of the first."

"Very few of them came back, I understand."

"That's right, but wait till I tell you. His name is George Herbert Lash, Acting Captain of the Forty-seventh Battalion Infantry at the taking of Valenciennes, November 1, 1918."

"Now come along with the human interest," I urged, confident that he had something up his sleeve.

"I can do that too. When the Canadians began the attack on a sixteen-mile front an order was given that the barrage being laid down was not to shell Valenciennes, which contained many non-combatant civilians. To Acting Captain Lash

was given the task of taking a bridgehead so that the Second Division could come through and enfilade the town. He soon discovered that progress was quite impossible because of the fact that a large building on the edge of the town was occupied by the enemy, operating from the tower. There was nothing to do but attack at that point despite the orders. Otherwise the bridgehead was not attainable.

“About that period in the proceedings a young man in the uniform of a British Captain suddenly appeared upon the scene with the announcement that he had lost his unit. He saluted Acting Captain Lash and asked if there was anything he could do to be of assistance. ‘Yes,’ replied Lash, ‘go and find Lieutenant McCallum, who is in support with brigade trench mortars, and tell him to blow hell out of that building from which the enemy is sniping. Tell him to knock the damned thing down, orders or no orders from elsewhere.’

“The British Captain saluted, hustled away, found McCallum, delivered the Lash order word for word and returned with a verbal report of his action. ‘Is there anything more I can do for you?’ he inquired. ‘Not at the moment,’ answered Lash, ‘but you had better stick around in case anything occurs. You are sure you gave McCallum my message just as I gave it to you?’ The Briton assured him that even to the slightest inflection he had communicated the order of the Canadian officer.

“In the meantime the tower on the communal

building was rocked to its destruction and the enemy evacuated. The ambitious runner who still considered himself under the orders of Captain Lash stayed close at hand pending further developments. At the moment when the Forty-seventh Battalion was ready to proceed there appeared upon the scene a British staff officer, who upon spotting the young Captain who had lost his unit, promptly engaged him in earnest conversation, in the midst of which both withdrew from the Lash jurisdiction and disappeared.

“During a lull in the rout that followed the capture of the bridgehead an officer from McCallum’s battery had a short conversation with Acting Captain Lash. ‘What did you mean by sending those profane orders to us?’ he inquired. ‘Your runner blew in and shot the stuff with an unctuous ring in his voice. Told us that you said to knock the damned thing down—to blow hell out of it. Was that right?’ Lash reiterated his command with frills and ratified everything.

“ ‘Well, you might be,’ said Lash’s informant, ‘surprised to know that attached to the Canadian contingent there is a certain popular young Englishman listed in the Army Register as Captain Windsor. He is also better and perhaps more popularly known, at least in civil life, as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. And that’s the person you selected as a runner between the Forty-seventh Battalion and Lieutenant McCallum.’

“ ‘Did he deliver my message?’ asked Lash.

“ ‘He certainly did—profanity and all. I call

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him a true soldier when it comes to obeying orders. You got to give it to him for that. If this ever leaks out in the army gossip—well, George, you taught the young man something. Put it there.' ”

* * *

Eight years later Captain Windsor and Acting Captain George Herbert Lash met at a public function for the Prince of Wales en route to his ranch in Calgary. There was a swift glance of recognition, an almost imperceptible royal command, which Lash, now back in civil life, caught and understood. When the visiting throng thinned out the Prince asked the citizen if they had not met before—perhaps at Valenciennes, France, November 1, 1918.

Buddies; that's all.

XLII

A SARTORIAL SCOURGE APPEARS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL.

I FOUND him parked in a corner of the little tea house that lies at the foot of the Glacier of the Angel. Everything about him suggested that he was born to the mountains; that he had scaled every peak in the range, canoed its lakes, forded its rivers and ridden cayuse through its timbers.

Accepting the offer of my tobacco pouch, he filled the pipe, forgot the chill of the towering snow-capped peak from which leaned a cold shadow and warmed up to an interchange of confidence. We covered about everything from running a trap line to tackling with a bowie knife a grizzly bear single handed. He had a collection of honorable scars, each of which was a chapter in his adventurous existence.

"Boy and man," he said, "I have had plenty of experience in the open and seen my share of durned fools projekin' around for to slay something. I have knowed people who was willin' to lay on their bellies half the night waitin' for day-break so as to get a clost shot at a bull noose with the idea of mountin' his head in a publick library. I seen many a grizzly wiped out for his pelt, and

salmon taken for to be stuffed, and elks shot for their teeth. A lot o' fellers has a passion for killin' something, not for meat but for excitement. In a manner of speakin' I'm agin it."

"You're for conservation," I remarked.

"Yes'er, in a kind of a way, that's what I'm for. Take this here Jasper Park, which has got over five thousand square miles into it. No shootin' here. Dumb critters has got a chance in this preserve, which is crawlin' with wild animals. 'Tw'n't so very long ago when hunters was shootin' hell out of the big game hereabouts. They was fixin' to destroy everything in sight till the Government says lay off and give 'em a chance for to breed. Lemme tell you about a gentleman sport I once had on my hands up in the Peace River country, where I was allers able to g'ar'ntee a full bag of bear, moose, caribou and mountain sheep. This bird I'm tellin' you about engaged me by cable from the other side. He notified me that he would blow in October 1 with a full line of shootin' irons and all the improved wearin' apparel devised in England.

"When he shows up, wit no less'n five trunks of junk, I petitions him for par-ticulars as what was in 'em. With a good laugh he pungles out a bunch of keys and says for me to give a look and tell him what was missin', if any, and when did we start. Among his weapons I located six high-powered single-shot and automatic rifles, two elephant guns and four Browning pistols, with ammunition to fit. 'What's the idear of this arsenal?'

I asks when we get 'em spread out on the bed. He tells me that them tools was for the gun bearers. I says to him that he would have to lug his own, one thirty-five-caliber repeater. I announces that him and me was hittin' the trail at daybreak with two saddle horses, two pack mules and a cook. And nothin' else to speak of. 'And what,' I inquires, 'is in these other trunks and boxes, pardner?' seein' as how he was lined up. 'Clothes,' he answered, invitin' me to go through 'em. 'Clothes for every kind of foliage, and necessary conveniences and luxuries for the use of civilized mankind roamin' the heart of nature. If anything more is needed,' he goes on, 'I will see that it is con-tributed.'

"I makes it plain to him that two pair of ridin' britches, a couple of woolen shirts, some thick socks and a change of underclothes would be a-plenty for where we was goin'; and one cake of soap. And he didn't have to shave less'en he wanted to, or take a bath 'ceptin' to please hisself. 'Would you mind, pard, sheddin' some light on this here clothin' for all kinds of foliage?' I inquires. He done that little thing by alludin' to the fact that he always dressed so as to blend in with the scenery. Brown togs for hunting in the tall timbers; gray togs for hunting on the bare mountains, olive for the willow and sage valleys, light tan for dry grass country and mixed colors when he hit a stretch of first-class autumn landscape. All the time he was explainin' the advantages of dressin' for the part he was laying

out his duds. The poor nut had a different hat and cap to go with the coat and pants. He went so far as to show me ridin', walkin', wadin' and sleepin' boots.

“ ‘Mister,’ I says in my most refined manner, ‘if what you have in yore mind comes off, you are goin’ to be damned busy changin’ yore clothes along the route where I’m fixin’ for to take you.’ I certainly knocked his outfit for fair, and wound up by leadin’ him around to a general store, where from socks to mackinaw I got him fixed up O. K. at a price of thirty-six bucks. Not only that, but I induced him to distribute his imported raiment among the idle guides of the district. Part of that wardrobe is still to be found in the Peace River country. Some of it has been shown at masquerades, and one feller who wore the olive green layout in public was shot at—twice. Being as how he didn’t look enough like the foliage of the surrounding landscape, the second shot hit him.

“The original owner of the collection was a game sport and had two whackin’ good weeks in the brush. Got his bag of big game, brought out a record moose head and, like any other gentleman consorting with nature, smelled a bit high when he came in. But them days is gone. Tain’t no hardship to go shootin’ now. Automobiles, flying machines and fast motorboats have opened up the land and waters. Wild game ain’t got a chance. And that’s why I say conservation is the answer. Look up on the mountain; I can count

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five sheep. There's a bull moose in the valley, just by that bottom, and a pair of beaver in the stream. Let 'em live. Man, this is good tobacco we're smokin'. And we're dressed right too.'"

XLIII

THE ONE ANIMAL THAT "MAKES HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

QUOTING Mr. H. F. Davis, Game Warden of Jasper Park, Alberta, Canada, I printed in *Bob Davis in Many Moods* an interview concerning the almost human intelligence of the brainy beaver, that amphibious animal who cuts the timber, makes the plaster and erects his domicile upon architectural lines. The story went the rounds of the American and foreign press and is now permanently lodged in the indices of periodicals devoted to the subject of natural history.

On this my second journey to the park I again sought out the biographer of the beaver and asked for another tale from the kingdom of the wild. Mr. Davis—no relative of mine—believing, as he does, in scientific accuracy, prefers to answer questions rather than to volunteer the information with which he is so well supplied.

"Among the small animals with which you are familiar," I asked, "what species is the most interesting?"

"The rock rabbit," he answered, after a period of reflection, "sometimes called the cony, the pika, and the little chief hare. They are indigenous to the Northwest and are found along the timber

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lines, at an elevation of from four to five thousand feet above sea level. In appearance they are peculiar, possessing the bobtail, harelip, rodent teeth and feet of the rabbit. The eyes are jet black; the ears small and round. The face is fuzzy and rusty gray in tone. The general color scheme, slightly varying with the season, is dull gray. Neither the common squirrel nor the chipmunk moves with the alacrity of the rock rabbit, which is very timid and difficult of observation. A good-sized specimen will weigh not more than half a pound. In classification they are true rabbits, and do not hibernate in winter."

"How do they survive at an altitude that is snowbound eight months of the year?" I queried.

"They make hay while the sun shines," answered the naturalist, "and store it against the cold season."

"Edible hay? Or text from the copybooks?"

"Green hay, the finest and most nourishing fodder. No other animal in the world makes and cures hay in summer for winter consumption. Beginning with June and up to July they cut the rich grass that grows in the highlands—cut it a blade at a time, cut it so that it will fall in the hot sunshine and dry out quickly. No farmer selects with more care the grass to be reaped, nor uses better judgment as to when the reaping shall begin, the curing completed and the harvest gathered. The rock rabbit needs no weather bureau to advise him concerning the wind or rain, the frost or the dews, the wet and dry hours. The

hay crop with him is never a failure. So long as grass grows the little chief hare will lay in his supplies deep down in the underground burrows and feed his family until the spring comes again."

"How complete is the process of hay making?"

"It reaches a state of perfection that has no parallel in agricultural development. Not only is the harvest made up of selected growths but it is cured without the loss of either color or nutriment. Mankind never possessed the secret of keeping his hay green. The rock rabbit never stores any other kind. It is as verdant and colorful when cured as it is when standing in the earth. He fells his crop in the hot sunshine, never in the shadow, and stores it only when it is free of moisture. He can foretell the exact meteorological conditions that will prevail for the ensuing forty-eight hours, and upon that forecast he will proceed to cut hay. When the rock rabbit mows the Indians know that for the next two days they can depend upon weather free from rain, wind or frost."

"In what manner do they store this hay? Not in bales, I hope."

"They have too much intelligence to make that mistake," replied the naturalist. "The blades are laid crisscross in the form of a mat, somewhat as hops are packed, and the pads tucked into the rock crevasses of the underground quarters, which are selected with due regard for dryness. Among the dozen or more warrens which I have inspected I found none that contained the slight-

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est moisture. A family of four or six rock rabbits will occupy a space three or four feet square and store enough hay to last the entire winter. The fodder never molds or rots and remains grass-green until eaten. The male selects the crop, assists in the cutting and leaves the packing and curing to the female and the bunnies, who undergo regular courses of instruction in the art of making hay. Another peculiarity about the rock rabbit is his unerring genius for estimating the length of the coming winter. So exact is his supply of stored food that by the time it is exhausted the spring is in full bloom and the fresh grass plentiful again.

"Among all the herbivorous animals none is more interesting than the species I have described. Many animals store food against the retiring season, but the rock rabbit is the only one who cures his fodder before placing it in the storehouse. As compared with all the other rodents, this dweller on the timber line is in a class by himself."

I suggested to Mr. Davis that if he were to write a bed-time series for adults and take his characters from the animal world he would have a million readers and advance at the same time the sum total of human knowledge. Like all great authorities who deal in truth, he is restrained by the conviction that the details of his profession are entertaining only to himself.

Thanks, nevertheless, for this light on Little Chief Hare, the Hay-Maker.

XLIV

THE BAD MAN WHO PLANTED THE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE

MALIGNE CANYON, Alberta.

MALIGNE LAKE, seventeen miles in length and the largest glacier-fed body of water in the Canadian Rockies, lies before me, the high mountains, heroic in the garb of coming autumn, reflected on its placid bosom. The winds ride over the high peaks, leaving no ripple upon the blue mirror. Timber, undisturbed by tempest, stands erect as arrows along the shore. A loon's cry echoes and reëchoes across the arc, expiring in the far reaches.

With one booted foot braced against the belly of a cayuse a horse wrangler is throwing the diamond hitch over a pack saddle. We are preparing to move on to the next splendor of the range.

"You're from New York, ain't you?" asks the frontiersman, tying the last knot in the operation.

"Yea, bo," I responded in the lingo of the mountains.

"Where they have them crime waves?"

I explained that a large percentage of the residents on Manhattan Island were law-abiding citizens.

"Well, what do you know about this here thing

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE

called indisputable evidence? Much of that there?"

"Plenty of it. What's the idea?"

"I can tell you something along them lines," he said, slapping his pony on the flank. "Something that'll make your hair stand."

I declared my interest in one word: "Shoot."

While the pack horse browsed and selected for himself a lunch of wild clover and timothy, the wrangler unfolded his tale:

"I gotta tell you at the go-off that this yarn come to me from a hombre who was pals with one of the participants, which I aims not to name 'ceptin' as Shorty. And I will 'lude to the other party as Pedro, which it ain't his right name either. If you was to ask me where all this happened I'll like as not lie to you. All you need for to do is believe what I'm tellin' you, because it's true.

"Pedro was cow punchin' in a country where the grass was short and the life hard. He does a foreman trick for a gent who has a likely homestead which was run proper. Workin' for the boss was a gal who was some good looker. She could do stunts with a cook stove that won the everlastin' love and affection of the broncho buster. One night he gets himself a shave and some clean trappin's. In the dark of the moon he leads two horses in back of the house, whistles the dame out and beats it for the township, where he marries the skirt right and proper. The honeymoon lasts six months and then Pedro gets himself a mash

on a dance hall girl and stampedes with her. The gal wife goes back to sluggin' chow for a livin'. Two years slides by.

"Pedro and the flipperty-gibbert gets to clawin', as you might say, and splits up, leaving P. on the brink of the D. T.'s. Some of his bunkies rounds him up for repairs and sends for Shorty, who, seein' that Pedro is in rotten shape, sends for the gal wife, who throws up her cookin' job, rides all night to the bedside of the big stiff and starts in for to reclaim him. She done that little thing and gets him a job ridin' herd for her old boss. It looks like things is goin' to be O. K., but Shorty says fer her to keep an eye peeled on Pedro, to which she says. 'Oh, pshaw! a good woman can hold a man with love.' Like hell she can!

"Well, it happens that Pedro's wife had rounded up some dough which she had saved from her cook job. She wants to buy a piece of pasture ground and put out some stock for the market. Believin' that Pedro was all to the good again, she sends him to town for the spondulix—four hundred dollars. He rides to the bank, eight miles away, takes out the smackers and inherits a few drinks. Whilst chasayin' round he picks out a short-card crook and the pair fixed up a swell job. After dark them birds ride out of town in different directions so as to throw a false scent. At midnight they meet at the sheep corral along the road, and the card player ties Pedro hand and foot with a hemp lariat, wrappin' the rope around

his face over a bandana handkerchief, for to gag him, and ties the end of the lariat around Pedro's neck, knottin' the hemp kind of playful.

"I orter tell you that before the hog-tyin' Pedro and his accessory friend kicks up the ground and makes a lot of indisputable evidence tending to show that one whale of a scuffle had been pulled off before Pedro was robbed, gagged and left by the roadside. It was a grand stunt them polecats rigged up, the idea bein' to meet later and split the cash fifty-fifty. Anybody could see that Pedro fought hard before he was overpowered by the highwayman. Indisputable evidence to burn."

"Who found the gentleman?" I asked.

"Shorty," answered the wrangler, after a moment of quiet, broken only by the munching of the pack horse in the wild clover. "And he found something else that Pedro and the other crook had overlooked. Something that showed up out of a clear sky—mebby: A rainstorm! Pedro was soppin' wet; so was the rope lariat. You know what water does to hemp? Yep, shrinks it. Pedro's tongue was hangin' out, his eyes bulgin'. . . . Same as any other man strangled to death."

* * *

The card shark admitted ten years later, while passing away in the grasp of tuberculosis, that he had a hand in the roping of Pedro but wasn't expecting rain.

Shorty married the widow.

XLV

FAIR FIGHTING TACTICS OF THE LORDS OF THE MOUNTAINS

CANADIAN ROCKIES.

I SEE by the papers," observed the hunter from the hills, "that Mr. Tunney is taking a walk through the Swiss Alps and other well-known sections of Europe; that Mr. Dempsey is going into the show business and that some of the other fighting boys are getting ready to settle the argument as to who will be the next champion of the world. Well, it don't make any difference to me."

"With ringside seats at forty dollars," I replied, "and million-dollar gates, a fortune for the winner and a fairly good rake-off for the loser, pugilism is bound to attract the hard hitters. Have you ever seen a first-class battle for the championship?"

"Yes, sir, right here in these mountains, and it didn't cost me a red cent. If some of these professional sluggers could sit in at a scrap between a couple of mountain sheep—rams, I mean—they would wonder why the Marquis of Queensbury rules were ever written. I never saw a regulation prize fight. Rough-and-tumble, free-for-all bar-room fracas, every man for himself—lots of

FIGHTING TACTICS

'em, in some of which I was afterward identified as among those present. Generally speaking, the best man under such conditions is the worst man. You know that. Plenty of fouling and no end of dirty work. And that's a fact, too.

"Now with the bighorn sheep, which is the lord of the mountain and the noblest animal on the face of the earth, it's different. He fights for the protection of the flock; for the scant fodder on the peaks; for the control of the pasture he has chosen for his family.

"He issues no general challenge to his fellows, no threats to lick the world. I know not a single case of a ram going out deliberately on the war-path. Only when he comes face to face with another who disputes the path does the mountain sheep prepare for battle. I'll say, however, that when that moment arrives both the challenger and the challenged show their caliber. It has always been a mystery to me why these animals, which are docile by nature, put up such a terrible fight on the most sportsmanlike lines when they come into conflict. During the last thirty years I have been an eye-witness to four engagements between rams. The rules never varied. Three of those battles were dead heats in which both contestants retired and seemed perfectly satisfied—fought fair and stuck to the rules."

"What are the rules?" I asked.

"I'll explain them by describing the fourth fight," went on the hunter. "You will then understand what I mean when I say that the sheep is

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the lord of the mountain. Five years ago I was after big game in the Athabasca range. There was plenty of sign, but I didn't see hide nor hair of a sheep for three days. On the morning of the fourth day I picked up with my glass a ram and three ewes browsing on a knoll five hundred yards upwind. To get within rifle shot by skirting some heavy brush was an easy matter. Upon reaching the point where I felt confident of a kill I found that the ram and his trio had gone over the hill-top. I decided to remain under cover for a few minutes and was rewarded by the reappearance of two of the ewes, who had browsed back into view. Presently the third ewe appeared, and behind her the old ram, less than a hundred yards away, but shielded by his lady. There was no chance for me to give him a .35 slug.

"As I lay there flat on my stomach, waiting for a shot, another ram suddenly appeared on the sloping rise below the vision of the first ram. I could have dropped him with one slug, but something deterred me. It was a certainty that something big was due to occur. Up the slope came the lone ram, arriving quite unexpectedly in full view of the first comer, who turned instantly and faced the intruder. Both animals stood stock still for at least a minute, viewing each other in critical amazement. Following this inspection, as though moved by similar motives, they went slowly forward, their necks arching until the curve of the massive horns almost touched the turf. In two leaps they covered the forty feet that sepa-

rated them and met, horn to horn, in midair. The crash of that impact sounded as though a pair of handcars had collided. Neither ram gave an inch. Two, three, four, five times these two irresistible bodies smashed full tilt, horn to horn, eye to eye, in equal combat. The timing of each retreat and return was perfect, although the distance between the combatants diminished slightly with each charge. Every lunge up to the ninth round they met head-on exactly in the same spot. When the tenth round began the family ram slipped on the turf and lost his footing. Instead of bearing down upon his disadvantaged foe the invader halted, backed away and took another start in unison with the enemy. That's what I mean by rules. With bloodshot eyes, their tongues hanging out, and froth spraying from their mouths, they hurtled like thunderbolts to the tenth reunion . . ."

"What were the ewes doing meanwhile?" I asked.

" . . . Just browsing, without concern. The two rams came together well off the turf and dropped with all four feet set. A splash of crimson showed on the old ram's tongue. A dullness appeared in his eyes. Through his withers something came trembling. His flanks shook with uncertainty. From his bleeding mouth came a thin bleat, half smothered by labored breathing. Slowly, his head hanging before his conqueror, the consort of the ewes backed away from the new lord of the mountains and staggered down the hill toward where I lay in the cover."

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“I am still concerned about the ewes.”

“Oh, they watched the old man shamble away and then began to graze casually toward the new-comer. All sheep are pretty much alike in that particular. Well, you can’t blame them. They must have a leader.”

“And the old king? . . .”

“Is out of his misery. I shot him.”

XLVI

THE FIRE THAT BURNED FOR FIFTY YEARS AND NOW MUST DIE

VANCOUVER, B. C.

IN the year 1879, twelve years after the United States had bought from Russia at the absurd figure of \$7,200,000 the entire continent of Alaska, a handful of hardy pioneers occupying a small peninsula extending into Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, set up an ambitious sawmill in what was then known as Hastings Townsite, afterward changed to Gastown—a delicate compliment to one Gassy Jack, an outspoken individual who ran the local inn. So much for the beginnings.

Through the picked timber of hemlock, fir and cedar that had for years breasted the trade winds of the Pacific the blade in the sawmill ripped and sang its way, humming a solo in concert pitch. As the forest monarchs fell the piles of smooth, long-grained, scented lumber grew around the mill. Builders from down the coast, across the plains, through the Straits, out of the East came and set up habitations. A mound of sawdust, waste lumber, ends and discards accumulated and threatened to impede the dressed lumber business. The foreman, whose name is forgotten, ignited the refuse at the edge of the sea and inaugurated a

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bonfire upon which the fag ends and green sawdust born of the restless blade have smoldered and flamed and charred for nearly half a century; a perpetual convention with but one plank in its platform, and that plank founded on ashes. But the ambitious sawmill achieved greatness and refashioned the peninsula.

Where the treetops once stood a skyline of roofs appeared. Men of vision came trekking through the passes, bateaus appeared in great numbers along the Fraser River and ships anchored in the harbor. Surveyors with tripod and transit broke out of the woods followed by construction gangs and bridge builders. In rolled the iron horse on tracks of steel. Gastown in seven years after its founding became a transcontinental terminal to the Canadian Pacific. Prophets pointed out the future of the new seaport. Capital appeared. On June 13, 1886, in the midst of what seemed to be the dawn of unlimited prosperity, a devastating forest fire swept down upon Gastown and leveled it to ashes. The settlement born in fire died in fire, but from the embers arose, phoenixlike, the city that is now Vancouver.

* * *

An autumn night in September, 1928. From the after deck of a Canadian National steamer en route to Alaskan ports I discern the lights that mark the shore line of the receding city. To the north flash the star points of North Vancouver, to the east the lamps of the hill homes. Through

THE FIRE THAT MUST DIE

Stanley Park, occupying nine hundred acres of virgin forest, leap the searchlights of motor cars. The night has a thousand eyes. Three railroads enter its gates. The stupendous grain crops grown in Canada pass to the Orient through this port. It is the highway into which China and Japan float each year a billion dollars worth of raw silk. Over 350,000 people live there.

A blast of the whistle; the quickening throb of engines; the *Prince Rupert* picks up her speed. Along the rail, out of the darkness, a man approaches. I move aside, but he does not pass. I am being addressed:

"Do you see," he asks, pointing toward a glowing red spot lying close to the water level, "that cluster of fire to the left of the green harbor light?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"The old sawmill waste-heap. It was first fired in 1879 and has never gone completely out. Winter rains or snows have no effect upon it. Several times it seemed to be extinct, the black and sodden crust giving no sign of fire. But when the wind came and the rain ceased the smoke crept upward again. In a few days the internal flame broke through, burning like some light gas, and when the night came the old sawdust and scrap heap glowed as of yore. Storms from the bay have rolled up and over, but the fire has not been quenched. The sawmill feeds it continuously."

"It is the sacred beacon of Vancouver," I replied, waxing poetic under the influence of the

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jeweled night, "and should burn forever. Many men who saw its first fires are now gone, but their children and their children's children should know that it lighted the memorable past and will illumine the future."

"That," replied the stranger, "is a very beautiful sentiment. May I ask which route you are traveling?"

"Up to Alaska, and back to Jasper Park Lodge via *Prince Rupert*," I made answer. "Thence to New York."

"In that case," said he, "you had better say your farewells to the sacred fire; because the harbor authorities of Vancouver have recently acquired for wharfing purposes the old sawmill. Next year, after fifty years of uninterrupted burning, the light will die for lack of fuel."

"In that event," I ventured, addressing the group of passengers who had gathered about us, "it is the duty of Vancouver to erect a memorial beacon over the spot where the old signal beamed through half a hundred years. That much at least would be a sentimental recognition of your first home fire."

I watched the bright spot until it faded out in the autumnal mists, deploring that all things must die—and through death win immortality.

XLVII

HERDING FIVE THOUSAND ELK WITH A FORTY-TON LOCOMOTIVE

WINNIPEG, Canada.

ABOUT seventy-five miles south of here," began Mr. Ned Sawyer, picking up his turn in the smoker, "between Manitou and Morden, in the fall of 1893, when the wild life of this empire was the marvel of the continent, I saw a spectacle that can never again be duplicated."

"Just a few months before Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution began his flying experiments on the Potomac," remarked an aviator, who also had been spinning some history into our ears. There being no further interruptions the first speaker continued:

"I was a fireman on the C. P. R. R. at that time. Between the two points mentioned there was a grade so stiff that when the overland trains came through we met them at the bottom of the hill with an extra locomotive and lent a hand. The lay of the land in that section of the Pembino Mountains was such that the whole valley through which we passed was visible from the top of the grade. The engineer, James Marshall, now a resident of Bloomfield, N. J.—who can verify this story—was at the throttle, backing the engine

down hill into Morden, or rather letting her slip along under the influence of gravity. About three miles ahead of us we made out a moving mass proceeding slowly along the right of way and extending on either side of the tracks.

"Marshall thought it to be a band of horses, although it was quite impossible at that distance to distinguish the units. He let her out a couple of notches and in a very short time we were near enough to make out the buff rumps and to identify a herd of elk numbering at least five thousand."

"What a take-off they must have made," observed the aviator, in the terminology of flight.

"Not at all, my friend; no commotion whatever," answered the fireman, "a circumstance that gives this story additional interest. Elk to the number of five thousand were not unusual throughout the Northwest in the early days, but what transpired on that particular occasion among that particular herd has no parallel on the frontier. It is the invariable habit of moving elk herds to proceed slowly and in formation—the old stags protecting the outer rim; next the yearlings, then the cows and in the center the calves. Viewed as a whole the herd was perhaps a mile in length and half a mile in width just about equally divided by the unfenced railroad track. As the engine approached the herd began to display signs of nervousness. Marshall shut off the power and moved along at quarter speed with as little noise as possible, coming at last to within twenty yards of the tailers.

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“At regular intervals the leaders communicating around the whole outside rim of the living oval would halt and look back at the engine still creeping down grade upon them. The cows and calves, huddling against each other, seemed like a great field of buff velvet in a circle of antlers, a soft tan quilt from which the glistening eyes of the wondering creatures shone like black spangles. And then the signal to proceed would be given—a signal that went whistling around the rim—the myriad heads would turn, and the spangles would vanish.

“After it became evident that the herd was not to be hastened and that there was no display of panic, we crawled up to their very haunches. When it was plain that we were going through the ranks the outer stags divided, and Marshall backed the tender of that forty-ton locomotive straight into that moving mass. At any time we could have reached from the cab windows on either side and touched the cows and the calves. Except for the signaling that was going on between the stags—and the response of the cows—there was no sound other than the rhythmic beating of twenty thousand hoofs on the soft earth and the shuffling of bodies in close contact. From the humid aggregation arose a musty odor almost stifling.

“By the time we had got well into the herd and were completely surrounded there was a signaling from all sides that must have meant ‘Oblique right!’ In any event, that is what ensued. The

whole movement was in that direction and without undue haste. It was apparent to the elk that we meant no harm. They seemed to realize that something had drifted along, caught up with them and wanted to go through. The oblique right maneuver came into perfection without a hitch, the left wing drifting across the track at a long angle and joining the right wing with geometrical precision.

“Surrounded by five thousand elk we steamed gently along for a distance of five miles, coming upon clear tracks without striking a single animal or causing the least bit of alarm. When they were entirely free from the right of way and realigned along another course we gave three farewell blasts of the whistle. The circle of stags halted, the frame of antlers was again lifted; the cows and calves froze like stuffed creatures and the black spangles flashed once more. Marshall then pulled her wide open and we lit out. The elk, being a drifter, has no particular idea of time, but the Canadian Pacific expects its engineers to stick to the schedule.

“In the early days of railroading we were frequently stopped dead short by prairie hurricanes, especially when we had a haul of box cars heading into the wind. But when the breeze was on our tail the flight was described as ‘coming home with a train load of straw hats.’ And that’s the way we left that herd of elk and came into Morden.”

“Are you still in the railroad business?” I asked.

HERDING ELK WITH A LOCOMOTIVE

“Oh, yes, in a sort of straw hat way,” he replied. “I left the locomotive cab in 1898 and am now the general manager of the Railroad Department of the International Correspondence Schools. I drift over 50,000 miles of railroads every year and take observations. I’m sixty-five years of age, but I don’t expect during the remainder of my life to see anything that can match driving five thousand elk with a forty-ton locomotive. And I believe Jim Marshall feels the same way about it.”

XLVIII

THE CHESAPEAKE RETRIEVER BRINGS IN THE GREAT GIFT

JANSEN, Saskatchewan.

THIS prairie town, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, aside from being a great wheat-growing center, is a famous rendezvous for those of the sporting gentry who crave the best duck and goose shooting on the American continent. All wild fowlers who claim to be among the élite sooner or later make a pilgrimage to Jansen and spend the balance of their lives bragging about the bag. The best guides, the best dogs and the best conditions for marsh, stubble and pass shooting prevail here.

In this haven of the hunter resides an elderly yellow-coated Chesapeake retriever who answers to the royal name of Queen. She has produced a noble line of princes and princesses; a regal procession of canine descendants. But it is with the Queen herself that this biography deals.

In the fall of the year 1926, from the Duchy of Waterbury, Connecticut, there came to Jansen one Doctor Demming, equipped with all the necessary paraphernalia for getting his limit of ducks and geese. The one thing he lacked was a retriever, without which no self-respecting sportsman goes afield.

THE CHESAPEAKE RETRIEVER

George D. Lidster, a guide, to whom I might properly refer as the consort of Queen, came to the rescue. "The old girl," said he, "is the equal of any water dog in the Dominion, but you must first be friends; win her confidence and make it plain that you appreciate the value of a good dog."

Doctor Demming, with that professional air common to medical men, established a relationship which won the esteem of the Chesapeake monarch, and Queen bestowed her favor. The capitulation was complete.

* * *

In the gray of the next morning, the east banked with heavy clouds and a wind blowing from the north—perfect conditions for Saskatchewan gunning—George Lidster with one dog and Doctor Demming with Queen swarmed into a prairie-fed auto and headed for Jansen Lake, which is crossed by the upper and the lower Jansen bridges, a mile apart. Over these two wooden viaducts the birds from daybreak to 10:00 A.M. pass in continual flight, the fanfare of guns recording the progress of the attack.

Lidster was joined by a third gunner at the upper bridge. The air was alive with flying birds. Echoes from the Doctor's stand on the lower bridge indicated that he was making the most of his opportunity. Presently the firing from that quarter ceased.

"I guess," said Lidster, "that the Doctor has

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got his limit and has quit shooting. Must have had good luck and picked 'em off fast."

A few moments later the bark of a dog, breaking through the tules, attracted his attention. "Hello, Queen. What's the matter, girl? Have you quit the Doctor?"

The Chesapeake, panting heavily, her tongue hanging out, trotted up to Lidster and began to whine. She then turned and took a few steps over the path by which she had come from the lower to the upper bridge. Lidster spoke to her again. She came back whining, pulled at his sleeve and again started away.

"Something has happened to Demming," said Queen's master. "That's what she is trying to tell me. Let's go."

* * *

Following the retriever, which had selected the shortest possible route to the lower bridge a mile away, the trio found Demming sprawled on the planking in a welter of his own blood gushing with every heart beat from a deep wound in the left wrist, a wound that exposed the arteries. He was unconscious. To one side lay his shotgun, which had exploded at the breech. A fragment of the metal had entered his arm and passed eight inches upward under the elbow. Near by was a pile of green-head mallards, canvas-backs, pintails and teal that Queen had retrieved earlier in the morning, in which following the tragedy to her new-made friend she had lost all interest.

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The thing that concerned her now was the pale and insensible man on whose mangled arm George Lidster was twisting a tourniquet, during which operation the guide, without lessening his attention to the details of first aid, heaped expressions of approval and terms of endearment upon the dumb beast who had retrieved that precious thing called life, retrieved it for a comparative stranger whose friendly hand had become suddenly inert.

* * *

After three-quarters of an hour the Doctor recovered consciousness and was allowed to bestow a feeble caress upon the shaggy head of the Chesapeake, who seemed to know that her trip across the marsh had not been in vain. In the speech of dogs she whined a tremulous farewell as the wounded man, hurried thirty-nine miles across country by automobile, caught the Canadian Pacific flyer and was taken to a hospital in Saskatoon, where, when the fragment of gun metal had been removed from his arm, he recovered after three weeks of medical attention.

* * *

Six incomparable mornings on the lower bridge are stored among my recollections, but the crown jewel of the Jansen Duck Durbar is the Chesapeake retriever—Queen.

XLIX

THE SNOWBOUND SEA-DOG IN THE CASTLE OF BEN-MA-CREE

UNDER THE NORTH STAR.

THOSE of my readers who are specially displeased with the weather conditions now prevailing throughout the United States are invited to come with me on a little journey to the West Arm of Lake Taku, which lies just across the Alaskan border in the northwest corner of British Columbia. It is reached by the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, which unites Skagway with White Horse.

It is but fair, however, for me to say in advance that not until June 6, 1929, can the excursion be made. Just at present the entire landscape is under many feet of snow and has been so since the first week in September, 1928. I was one of the last travelers in the present year to leave that now completely isolated corner of the Far North and return to America with all the attendant comforts in rail and steamship travel. That is to say, I came out in a physical sense. My thoughts, however, are still snowbound in the log cabin which Captain G. F. Partridge, 78 years of age, born in the Isle of Man, and his wife, 77, choose to call "Ben-ma-Cree" (My Loving Home). There

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with them are two others: Swanson, who is known as the "Faithful Swede," and Miss Ridgeway, who in the dark months of the Arctic winter teaches school at Carcross, fourteen miles distant.

The story of how Ben-ma-Cree was builded at the base of a towering mountain, on the west arm of a lake more beautiful in summer than the lakes of Killarney, Italy or Switzerland, is an epic in fortitude; a tale the discontented living in balmy climes can well afford to read in reverence and with admiration.

In the year 1897, when the news that gold had been found came echoing out of the Yukon, Partridge, then a skipper of an English ship, put the helm hard down and went into harbor for keeps. Both he and his wife, then in the prime of life, decided to go adventuring hand in hand over the land routes. They came into the new country by the White Horse Trail, buffeted by weather more distressing than anything the Captain had ever encountered at sea, compared to which the hardships of the fore-castle and the quarter-deck were nothing. Carried along in the current of humanity, which ebbed and flowed contrary to nautical regulations, the sailor and his bride arrived at the West Taku Arm in 1911. Here the sailor-miner found the precious thing he sought. On the mountain side, above the lake shore, he uncovered a vein of gold ore. He put up his notices as claimant, built Ben-ma-Cree, set out a garden, fashioned a domestic landscape and developed his mine. Into the property he returned

his profits. Every indication pointed to an ultimate bonanza.

Then the Gods of the Mountain, resenting the invader, sent down an avalanche of glacial ice, wrecking for the time his hopes. His personal fortune, amounting to \$150,000, was swallowed up in the calamity. He went to England, secured more funds, organized a company and returned to begin anew, bringing with him a complete mining equipment—cables, conveyor belts, hoisting engines, ore buckets and machinery of the most improved type. On the shore of the lake he built bunkhouses and adjoining Ben-ma-Cree an assay office and a bullion room in which were delicate scales to weigh the pure gold and silver. Sixty-five men were employed on the property and the earth was again made to give up its treasure. The garden blossomed, the lawn spread. The mine paid. The man of the sea was at the helm of an industry of earth. The business barometer recorded fair weather. Again the glacier yawned, the mountain shook and the mariner's mine was pitched by a second avalanche into the valley; swept away as a ship is wrecked at sea. Undaunted, Captain Partridge surveyed the devastation and set about to uncover his buried property. Along came the Government mining engineers and held a consultation. By imperial edict the mine was closed four years ago. The gods of the mountain were pacified.

Of the sixty-five miners only Swanson remains. Hence "the Faithful Swede." Piles of unused

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machinery are rusting on the dock that extends into the West Arm in front of Ben-ma-Cree, though the flower garden attended by Mrs. Partridge is for three months of the year a blazing diadem amid snow-capped mountains. The bullion room is empty; the scales hang on dead center; the bunkhouses are without tenants. An unsightly gash in the face of the mountain is all that remains of the claim, into which \$300,000 has been tossed, never to return.

Twice a week from June to September a steamboat bearing tourists comes to Ben-ma-Cree. Captain Partridge and his wife, both snow white, and nearing the octogenarian border, receive the travelers in stately dignity. White damask, cut glass and sterling silver are spread; beautiful flowers decorate the table and the living room; game, home-made wine, delicate pastries, salads and trout from the Taku are served. A toast to the King and the guests; a banquet fit for both.

When the feast is over Mrs. Partridge, who on visitors' day wears a black silk dress and a rare lace collar, takes her seat at a three-octave cottage melodeon. The Captain, garbed in a black frock coat, makes a speech of welcome and asks for song. If the guests be American he calls for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," if English, "God Save the King." Always one hears the quavering, soft, musical voice of the woman at the instrument, blending with the still sonorous tones from the Captain. We sang "Annie Laurie," "When You and I Were Young," and "Mother Machree."

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The reception room of Ben-ma-Cree is rich with paintings, old furniture, ornamentation and five thousand volumes of the best literature. Whoever crosses the threshold comes as a guest. There is no charge for anything. Mr. and Mrs. Partridge are delighted to receive their friends. That, and nothing more.

They believe still that the mine will some day reopen and are content in the interval. God and the North Star look down on them during the long night. June 5, 1929, visitors from the outside world will come again.

Home is where the heart is.

L

THE GOOD SAMARITAN WHO COLLECTED ON THE SPOT

MOOSE JAW, C. P. R. R.

TAKING full advantage of the twenty-minute halt of the Mountaineer Limited, I stepped off and fired Miller Huggins a telegram congratulating the Yankees on winning the pennant. Beside me at the telegram window stood a traveler who wore in his lapel a fraternal society emblem. Into the rim of his hat was tucked a traveler's badge that identified him with a benevolent business organization. He proved to be a handshaker and a joiner of noble proportions and turned the observation car into a clubroom. He was everybody's friend.

"I have never belonged to a lodge or secret society of any sort," remarked a passenger occupying the chair next to mine, "but if I ever do the Masonic order will be my selection."

"For what particular reason?" I asked.

"Because of a dramatic incident that occurred to my uncle during the Civil War. He enlisted from Kentucky and rose to the rank of major of artillery in the Confederate Army. During an action in which the Unionists were in retreat it became necessary to divide the Confederate forces

and cut the Yankees on the left flank, a maneuver designed to take prisoners.

"My uncle, accompanied by an orderly, made a short cut through adjacent fields and timber tracts. Dead and wounded were everywhere. Along the course of the rout his attention was called to a Union officer propped up against a tree. The wounded man wore the uniform of a captain and was evidently in a bad way. To my uncle he made the Masonic sign of distress, which the Confederate major, himself a Mason, understood. Dismounting from his horse he offered to send his orderly back for medical aid and such relief as could be mustered during the action of the retreat.

" 'There is no time for that,' said the Union man. 'I will not be alive when help arrives. My wound is mortal. I cannot ask more than that you take my name, my home address and my last will and testament. I have a wife and two baby boys. There is not much to leave them, but such as it is I want to convey in proper form.'

" 'Fortunately my uncle in civil life was a lawyer and so informed the man. In the briefest possible form he drew up a will, itemized the bequests and sent his orderly to secure a second witness. A wounded soldier forgetting his own wounds answered the summons. The crude but properly drawn document, occupying but one side of a fragment of paper, was properly signed by the testator, the two witnesses and turned over to my uncle for recording—if the Lord so willed. With

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that responsibility off his mind the Northerner roused himself from the lethargy that was stealing over him.

“ ‘There is one favor more,’ said he as his life ebbed. ‘The sword I wear was the gift of my townsmen, presented to me the day I left for the front. My dear wife buckled it around my body. Take it and when opportunity offers send it back to her in Indiana. When my sons grow to manhood they will understand what it meant to me. You as a soldier must know the gratitude I feel. Between us, as Masons, there is nothing more to be said. Lift me up, brother—a little higher. Thank you. . . .’

“Reciting such of the Masonic burial service as he could recall, my uncle, kneeling, conducted the soul of the Union man across the border and laid the clay tenderly down upon the Southern soil where he had found the living man. With this last rite performed, and the tide of battle calling him onward, he fastened about his own waist the sword of the dead man and stood erect. The next instant, just as he was about to mount his horse, he was paralyzed by a terrific blow in the pit of the stomach. The shock of the impact dropped him where he stood. As his nerveless hand slipped from the pommel of his saddle the thought came over him that he, too, would soon lie among the slain; that the message from the Union man would never be delivered to the Indiana widow. He tried to speak to his orderly, but was voiceless. After a few minutes of terrible pain and numb-

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ness he began to recover and finally got to his feet.

“Upon investigation he found that a one-ounce Minié ball fired by a retreating Yankee had struck him. By all rights it should have passed through his body. The miracle was that it had lodged in the heavy gold buckle of the sword belt that but a short time before had encircled the dead captain, the sword belt fastened a few months before by a wife and mother on the father of her children.”

The nephew of the Southern major paused. . . .

“My uncle,” he went on presently, “lived to transmit both the will and the weapon to the woman in Indiana. Up to the day of his death he corresponded with the mother and the sons of the Federal captain. Somewhere in the Hoosier State, hanging perhaps upon the wall, is a Union captain’s sword, in the buckle of which is a piece of lead that failed to accomplish its mission of death. I am not prepared to say that Providence interfered, but I am free to admit that if I ever join a secret order you will find me among the Masons.”

LI

THE GOOD JOKE, THE WATER HOLE AND THE VANISHED BUFFALO

ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY,
C. P. R. R., SASKATCHEWAN.

FOUR of us were seated in Superintendent J. M. McKay's inspection car, which clicked at fifty miles an hour over the Canadian prairies. Wheat fields on either side of the track stretched away to the horizon. Numerous tales were told as the landscape, a vast golden panorama of riches, glided past and melted into the perspective.

"Have you ever," asked one of the quartet, "heard the story of the Swede who was selecting a winter coat?"

"Among gentlemen," said another, "all stories are heard for the first time. You have the floor."

"The youth asked to be shown something in fur. The salesman expostulated at great length on wearing the hair inside, the hide outside. He argued that it had been scientifically demonstrated that insulation against cold was thus assured. 'Nobody nowadays will use a coat made any other way,' said the clerk. 'What you want is a garment with the fur next to your person. Here is a beautiful model. Price \$37.50. Slip it on.' The Swede began to laugh. The clerk got huffy. 'I

hope you are not finding amusement in my statement.' The Swede started for the door. 'No, mester,' he said, 'A 'ust bane tank what a dam-phool is der buffalo.' "

The word "buffalo" awakened something in the backwash of McKay's memory. "That reminds me of something that might interest you gentlemen. As a boy I lived up in northwest Manitoba province, where water for our stock was the great problem. Every day I drove our horses and cattle three and a half miles to a prairie pool and back again. Not much of a trip in summer but tough in winter. Alkali water was plentiful but unfit for drinking.

"One day I came upon a buffalo wallow which but for a small space in the center was practically dry. My mother had told me that in days gone by the bison used to come there and paw the mud over themselves as a protection from the flies, and that at a shallow depth fresh water fit to drink percolated into the ruts. Well, I announced my intention of digging in the old wallow for fresh water with the hope of shortening the daily seven-mile trip. My father expressed the belief that I was crazy. Nevertheless I went to work with pick and shovel, removing an incrustation of eighteen-inch peat, under which I found a deposit of beautiful white sand through which seeped a steady flow of cool, crystal clear water. After enlarging the space to twelve or fifteen feet in circumference it filled with sweet water which supplied the wants of our herd. I developed several wallows with sim-

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ilar results, and opened up great possibilities on our acreage. You are not to believe that I was the first to develop the buffalo wallow as a water supply, but the fact remains that since then many of the old drinking holes of the bison are serving civilization on the Canadian prairies. Up in Douglass, 120 miles north of Winnipeg, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, the water for our engines is drawn from a reclaimed buffalo wallow. Wherever the beasts located one of those oases, even to this day can the fresh supply be tapped close to the surface. It is always clear, sweet and free of alkaline salts."

"The buffalo of the continent got a rotten deal," interposed a listener. "Millions of them were wiped out and the species all but exterminated. The herd of seven or eight thousand now at Wainwright Park, Alberta, with a few privately owned animals protected on ranches, about represents the living remnant. Conservation at the right time would have enabled this noble animal to thrive and multiply through the United States and this Dominion. There was no excuse for the destruction."

"My dear sir," said McKay, who has spent all of his life in the bison country, "the coming of settlers, the opening up of the farming country, the advent of the railroad spelled the doom of the buffalo. There was no way on earth to save him. By nature he was a drifter, roaming unrestrained over three thousand miles of territory; in British North America from the Rocky Mountains to the

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wooded high lands 600 miles west of Hudson's Bay. Its range in the United States at one time was as far west as Oregon and further south to the Great Salt Lake Basin, even to the Sierra Nevadas. East of the Rocky Mountains the range extended southward of the Rio Grande, and eastward, including the great valley drained by the Ohio River and its tributaries; northward east of the Mississippi to the Great Lakes.

"There were detached herds south of the Tennessee River and east of the Alleghanies in the upper districts of North and South Carolina. Stop a moment and reflect on man's opposition to such meandering over a whole continent. The buffalo was driven by regional changes and sought his fodder in two zones, moving north and south with the sun. With the coming of the white man there came also the market for hides; 2,000,000 a year between 1865 and 1875 reached the Eastern market. The range of the buffalo was partitioned by civilization. Up went the barbed wire fences. The bison, corralled by the barriers of mankind, gave up the ghost."

McKay, evidently at the end of his discourse, turned to me. "What do you know about the buffalo? New York has the floor."

"Little or nothing," I admitted with my accustomed modesty, "beyond the fact that upon the day of my birth in Brownsville, Neb., on the banks of the Missouri River, I was wrapped in a buffalo robe and inserted at intervals into a luke-warm brick oven as a protection against the ides. When

THE VANISHED BUFFALO

I was 5 years of age—and that was fifty-four years ago—three hundred thousand buffalo, consuming three days and nights, thundered past our humble prairie home and raised a dust that was visible for twenty miles. The Indians told my father that some day the paleface would perish from this continent and that the buffalo would return and graze again upon the land which the Great Father intended for the Red Men. Beyond that your deponent knoweth not.”

LII

TRAGIC FATE OF THOSE WHO SOUGHT THE LOST LEMON MINE

OLD MAN RIVER,
CANADIAN ROCKIES.

YES, I'm a prospector," confessed the man who came along the trail leading a burro, "and I hope some day to strike it rich. Quartz or placer; it makes no difference to me. But I am not looking for the lost Lemon mine."

"How come, stranger?" I asked.

"Because it is cursed. You know the story?"

"I have heard of the lost Pegleg, the Breyfogle, the Blue Bucket and the Ash Canyon, but the Lemon is a new one," I confessed. "Give me the tale."

"Goes back sixty-five years or thereabouts. Two miners from Montana, prospecting between Old Man River and the Highwood, were told by some Blackfoot Indians that the nuggets worn among their ornaments had come from the neighboring canyons. That was enough to send them hot foot into the hills. The two partners, working separately, covered considerable territory. One day Lemon struck a rich placer, from which he took a poke bag full of nuggets. Returning to camp, he displayed the stuff to his friend, whose

THE LOST LEMON MINE

name I cannot recall, pointed out the canyon in which the find was made, but refused to fix the exact location. 'I'm your partner, and a half owner,' said the other fellow. 'I found the float gold, and it's up to you to find the quartz lead,' urged Lemon. 'When you locate that we're millionaires. The true vein is somewhere above the placer.'

"Operating separately, both men went back in search of the fountain head. Lemon's partner stumbled on the real thing, and returning to the camp with rich specimens told Lemon emphatically that the thing to do was to carry out as much gold as they could gather from the placer, buy tools, lay in a stock of food, come back in the spring and open up the mine of high-grade quartz. They quarreled over that proposition and quit speaking to each other. One night while his partner was asleep in the tent Lemon killed him with an ax, took all the nuggets and rich quartz that had been collected and made his way back to Montana, where in the open market he sold \$27,000 worth of raw gold.

"News of the strike spread rapidly. Lemon organized a small party to visit the property. Within two days' journey of the Golconda he went raving crazy, revealing in his madness the details of the murder. All efforts to restore his mental balance failed. He died, leaving no hint of the exact whereabouts of the bonanza beyond the fact that it was in Alberta somewhere between Old Man River and the Highwood. Nobody knows

how many miners have since gone in search of it. There is a belief among prospectors that bad luck comes to the man who hunts for the Lemon mine."

"Is that belief justified?" I inquired.

"I'll say it is! Look at the case of old man French, one of the best mining men in Canada. He knew the country and was familiar with all the facts and rumors bearing on the subject. The idea that bad luck and disaster followed in the wake of those who tried to solve the mystery seemed bunk to him. In 1917 one of his friends grubstaked him to go into the mountains and make a serious attempt to locate the lost mine. He was gone all summer and late in the fall returned with the announcement that he had found both the placer and the quartz lead. To his backer he wrote a letter arranging an appointment, upon which occasion he intended to reveal the secret. That night the curse, or the jinx, or whatever you wish to call it, got in its work at the very bedside of the returned prospector. The sparks from his pipe ignited the bed clothing, which burst into flames. The cabin was destroyed, and French fled into a night that registered 30 degrees below zero.

"Clad only in an undershirt, he walked three and a half miles to the old Brown-Beddingfield ranch homestead, which is now the Canadian home of the Prince of Wales, and crawled into the haymow. He was found unconscious the next day and taken to the hospital at High River, where, after lingering a few days, he died of pneumonia. His friend and patron, fearing that any question

THE LOST LEMON MINE

concerning the whereabouts of the lost mine would result seriously, declined to cross-examine the holder of the great secret. You can see how it worked out. I don't want any of that El Dorado. French passed away, leaving nothing to guide those to come after."

"Has the searching ceased?"

"Not entirely. A few miners still talk about the mine and several have actually gone, let us say, halfway along the beaten route, but they always get lost at the other end. Three Indians who undertook to follow the trail of the white man met mysterious deaths. None can be found to-day who will have anything to do with a miner who is looking for the lost Lemon mine."

"And you honestly believe that its discovery would be accompanied with disaster?" I asked.

"Worse than that," replied the prospector. "I believe the hoodoo to be so deadly that the minute a man starts out to find the infernal thing he is finished."

"Then you are superstitious?"

"Of all blood money," he answered, slapping the burro on the hip, "and the Lemon gold is red with it."

At that I hope he strikes something half as good.

LIII

SPOTTED WOLF READS THE HAND- WRITING IN THE SNOW

BUFFALO HEAD RANCH,
EDEN VALLEY, Canada.

BEAR'S ROBE, high in the councils of the Stonies, refugee Sioux who came into Canada after the Custer massacre, adopted me in my nineteenth year. To his deathbed in 1907 he summoned his son, Spotted Wolf, and in my presence said to him: 'This white boy, renamed by me Mountain Child, is henceforth your blood brother. He will share all your possessions and be kin to all our flesh. If you are called upon to die for each other, die as I would die—gladly.' It was thus that the son of Bear's Robe more than twenty years ago became my brother. Amid these mountains and plains we have been brought close together. The bond is indissoluble."

Thus spoke George Pocoterra, a native of Venezia, Italy. At the beginning of the present century, lured by the romance of frontier life, he left his native land and came to Canada. Here among the cowmen, the Indians and the ranchers he settled down, acquiring lands and herds and finally an estate of 3,000-odd acres through which runs the Highwood River. Twelve miles away is

HANDWRITING IN THE SNOW

the ranch of the heir-apparent to the British throne. Pocoterra, still in possession of an elusive Tuscan accent, has been absorbed body and spirit into the new empire. At his fireside I heard a tale of hand-to-hand conflict between a red man and a grizzly, the record of which was written on a carpet of snow through which the blood of man and beast had splashed a red pattern.

* * *

Pocoterra again speaks:

“With Spotted Wolf, exploring rivers and canyons, I roamed over this section of Canada for twenty years. One summer we made a trip to the headwaters of Upper Kananaskis Lake in the Rockies. On the crown of a small mound under the shadow of high peaks we came upon a crude corral, built around a clump of stones. ‘Here,’ said my blood brother, ‘is the grave of the great bear killer; the grave of the red man who fought and won—and lost. There, below the mound, is the field of battle. No man saw the fight, yet it was written for those who came afterward to read.’

“ ‘If no man saw,’ I asked Spotted Wolf, ‘and the red man lost, who wrote the tale for other eyes?’ My blood brother, always a mystic when he talked of his own people, pointed to the open space below and beckoned me to follow him. ‘Come to the spot, Mountain Child, and I will show you where the story was written on the white snow. I will fight the grizzly again for your eyes

and you will see where and how the end came to the slayer and the slain.' He led me to a vantage point where we had an excellent view of the open glade upon which the tragedy—which every Stony Indian knows—was enacted in the early half of the 1890's. 'Think, my brother,' said he, 'that the earth is covered with snow to the depth of a man's ankle; think that you were here when the fight began. It will help you to see what others saw when they found the hunter and the hunted, and death had come.' I was somewhat skeptical about his ability to make me see just what had once occurred on that piece of grassy earth.

"Be not surprised at the poetic speech and the imagery of the Indian. For twenty years I have spoken the language of the Sioux tribes and I assure you that nothing could be more exhilarating to the ear than the flow of speech from a red man wrapped in his subject. Spotted Wolf was no exception. Moreover, I could comprehend him. 'It was at this place where we now stand,' Spotted Wolf went on, 'that the first shot was fired. The grizzly came out by the pine tree grove across the open, and was standing up. The bullet found his shoulder. See the drops of blood on the snow . . . the beginning of the red trail. . . . His enemy ran to the east a short space and pumped in another shell. . . . You can see the first one lying there where it was thrown out. Look, Mountain Child, the bear returns to the shelter of the trees . . . the hunter follows . . .

HANDWRITING IN THE SNOW

into the open. The bear returns and stands bleeding. See the pool? . . . At the length of ten strides the red man fires again. Come, I will show you another empty shell. . . . Here it is. . . . The grizzly is coming—upright. . . . Blood is flowing fast, an endless river between his footprints. . . . There! The Indian has turned and is running to the north . . . the grizzly is crossing to meet him . . . the hunter circles, the bear after him. Round and round they run, trampling the snow. See what happened here: the grizzly turned and met the Indian. Footprints of mocasin . . . paw prints . . . fight, hand to hand. Black blood, red blood . . . man and bear blood. Open your eyes, Mountain Child. What do you see? Both dead; the man underneath.

“The story is written in the snow. Look at the Indian’s gun. A shell has jammed in the chamber . . . a shell unfired. Look at the bear’s heart. It is mutilated and torn apart. With a death wound he came onward to victory. The first shot in the shoulder, the second shot in the heart . . . the jammed shell . . . the pursuit . . . silence. Those who came afterward found the story in the snow. Do you not see, Mountain Child, the footprints, the empty shells, the blood, the dead grizzly and the dead bear killer, who won—and lost?”

George Pocoterra, standing before the fireplace, his splayed hands extending over an imaginary horror, had made me see what Spotted Wolf had visualized on the battlefield in the Rockies. Into

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the sitting room of his log cabin he had brought a scene of carnage, a drama in which both man and beast had met in mortal combat, matched courage to the uttermost end and died breast to breast.

That night I dreamed of red snow drifting across the Rocky Mountains, over the prairies, into space.

LIV

THE PRODIGAL MOOSE RETURNS TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD

CRANBERRY PORTAGE.

AND when the spring came and the snows softened on the bare hillside and the ice went out from the lakes and rivers, Little Raymond, bravely clad in his father's made-over mackinaw, went forth into the brush seeking adventure. Being the son of a hardy habitant he would fain go alone. What was the wilderness to him? Nothing! Armed only with a stout stick the boy penetrated far into the whispering forest, coming at last to a stream that flowed gently—as becomes a new-born rivulet escaping the arms of winter—from a mossy bank, and onward into the valleys that would flower anon. To the boundless amazement of Little Raymond, who paused to slake his thirst, a baby moose unsteady upon new and shambling legs came to share the crystal benediction. Little Raymond, acting upon a boyish impulse, seized the fawnlike creature in his strong arms and returned with the captive to Cranberry Portage. The foundling, which proved to be a girl, was named Jacqueline, and for three years was the pet of the humble habitant's family and the constant companion of Little Raymond.'

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A mere biographical note, but sufficient.

* * *

In the spring of 1928 Jacqueline, having reached adult proportions, had become the principal nuisance in and about the settlement of Cranberry Portage, where she consumed all the gardens, flower beds and short season lawns prized by the people. During the winter of 1927 she cleaned out all the root houses, unguarded baled hay and whatever vegetable truck was displayed by the local dealer. Her raid on the hardy flora of the public park and the hedges in front of the town hall brought to a climax the advisability of giving Jacqueline twenty-four hours in which to leave town. The Merchants Association made a public announcement that they would not be responsible for reprisals and that the moose lady was in jeopardy. Jacqueline, being familiar with the moods of human beings, solved the problem by answering the call of the wild and disappeared into the tall timber, consuming—so it is testified by reliable parties—three pea-green suits of combination underclothing hanging on the family wash line of Pierre Lablanche.

None save Raymond mourned the departure of the ungrateful Jacqueline. Her going was celebrated with the burning of bonfires and singing in the public streets. "Be not joyful," said Raymond, sulking in his father's log cabin, "she will return." Whereat Pierre Lablanche muttered something in his beard. The dwellers in Cran-

THE PRODIGAL MOOSE

berry Portage took up the whisper and passed it from lip to lip. Prophecy was abroad.

* * *

Autumn's art exhibition at Cranberry Portage was drawing to a close; the gay colors were fading. October winds plucked the master-pieces apart and a drab tone fell upon the landscape. November was pressing to come in from the north. Pierre, behind his windows, was looking down the three-mile arm of Lake Athapapuskow. A moving object, breaking the mirror of the water, caught his eye. Slowly it swung in a graceful curve and headed for the water front of the townsite. The people went down to the shore and waited; Pierre among them.

Public interest rose to concert pitch when a full-grown cow moose found the shallows with her broad feet and came plunging, blowing and dripping into the city limits.

"Jacqueline!" from every throat. The prodigal had returned to Cranberry Portage. Little Raymond's pet, true to prophecy, had come back to the old homestead. There she stood once again among her fellow-townsmen. But something seemed to be lacking. There was a chill about the reception. One by one the citizens' committee disappeared, leaving Jacqueline to proceed up-town alone. Oh, very well. She ambled along the main street, looked at a green felt hat in the window of a millinery store, crossed over to the fruit shop and wondered why the door was closed.

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"Surely some one," thought Jacqueline, "will be glad . . ."

A volley of rifle shots, fired from several open windows and doorways of Cranberry Portage, echoed in the autumn air. The prodigal lady moose was home for keeps, her fat and well-conditioned person reduced to mere meat.

Immediately following the act of wholesale revenge the people of the Portage executed the swiftest exhibition of steak snatching in the history of Manitoba province. Within five minutes after Jacqueline paid the supreme penalty every icebox in the settlement was richer by one or two slabs of cow moose meat. When two Northwest Mounted men came galloping down the street and demanded to know who had slain the sacred cow moose not a man, woman or child knew what they were talking about. The empty hide of the late Lady Jacqueline lay steaming where it fell. There was not even a tidbit left to tickle the palate of the worthy police.

The only rational verdict, based upon the actual evidence, was suicide.

LV

WHEN THE ICE IN THE YUKON RIVER STARTS FOR THE SEA

DAWSON, Far North.

AT a certain minute, of a certain hour, of a certain date, approximately somewhere between the first and third weeks of the month of May in the year 1929, pandemonium will break loose on the river bank of Dawson and the sum of \$75,000 will pass into the hands of one or more lucky guessers who called the exact turn on the day, the hour and the minute the winter's ice started down the Yukon on its spring lunge to the Pacific Ocean.

In the year 1928 the great event, accompanied by deafening thunders, was celebrated May 10, at exactly 8:12 P.M., and the sum of \$60,000 was split into three pieces among a trio of fortunate gents, each of whom called the turn. It is estimated that the prize money for the great ice derby in '29 will be around \$75,000.

Already the dope sheets are in preparation. The dream books, rabbit feet, weather signs, polar bear, carabou, fox and beaver tips are undergoing careful scrutiny. Palm readers and fortune tellers have been drafted from Vancouver up to the edge of the Arctic Circle. Mathematicians

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and parties gifted with second sight are burning midnight whale oil for the coming sweepstake.

I came last week upon a sourdough seated at a deal table in the back wash of the Yukon high waters, figuring on the future. Fifty yards from his humble cabin was a small placer claim, rich enough in yellow dust to keep the wolf from the door, but he preferred to crack the ice jam for the big dough and lead the life of Riley Grannan.

"I am working out the next event in cold figures, pardner," said he, taking another chew at his lead pencil, "putting down in black and white just what time she broke in the past years and went away from here. I got all the dope from 1910 right up to date."

"On what do you base your conclusion?" I asked, drawing up a stool and scanning the litter of mathematical muck spread out before the Euclid of the North.

"The law of averages. You can see for yourself," he went on, placing his digest before me. "Here's the record for the last nineteen years. Between May 3 and May 18 the bust came. There's the exact time, A.M. and P.M. Once, 1919, at midnight. Look 'em over:

1910		May 11,	4:06 P.M.
1911		May 7,	12:27 P.M.
1912		May 9,	10:03 P.M.
1913		May 14,	5:11 P.M.
1914		May 10,	9:11 A.M.
1915		May 3,	5:55 P.M.
1916		May 3,	10:03 A.M.

ICE IN THE YUKON

1917		May 15,	2:00 A.M.
1918		May 11,	9:45 A.M.
1919		May 10-11,	midnight
1920		May 18,	7:45 P.M.
1921		May 12,	12:45 P.M.
1922		May 14,	11:29 A.M.
1923		May 10,	9:20 A.M.
1924		May 8,	12:47 P.M.
1925		May 9,	8:15 A.M.
1926		May 3,	10:48 A.M.
1927		May 13,	11:23 P.M.
1928		May 10,	8:12 P.M.

“You will see that the ice moved ten times in the afternoon and eight times in the morning, over a period of sixteen days, always in the month of May. Now, taking these figures, which are exact, I have struck an average and have reduced this whole thing to a dead certain result. And I can name the—exact—hour—when—the—ice—will—go—out—at—Dawson—in—1929.” He leaned across the kitchen table and fixed me with his gleaming eyes.

I quailed and fell into silence. How could this stranger trust me with a secret worth 75,000 smackers? Little did I expect when setting sail for this far country that a fortune awaited me. Dare I ask him for the precious figures? No, I reflected. But he, generous like all strong men of the far-flung frontiers, decided otherwise, reaching the priceless announcement by a circuitous route, not unmixed with dramatic fervor.

“When the spring begins to show along the Yukon,” he continued in a calmer voice, “the

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timing apparatus will be set on the banks of the river at Dawson. A peg will be driven into the solid ice. To this peg will be fixed one end of a rope with thirty feet of slack. The other end will be fixed to a clock on the shore. When the ice shows signs of moving the judges of the great guessing contest will gather at the timepiece. As many of the ticket holders as can afford it will be among those present. Without warning the whole surface of the frozen stream will begin to crack and rumble, increasing in its reverberations until it sounds like artillery. The whole valley of the Yukon will sound with volleys of cannon fire. The ice will begin to move . . . the rope to uncoil . . . the frozen mass breaking into long fissures . . . the water will come through and run riot . . . all eyes on the clock . . . the rope will tighten . . . the clock will stop. Down the Yukon will thunder the freed ice barrier, backing up in the gorges, piling into the canyons, tearing, grinding and forcing its way to the sea. Nothing like it in all the sporting events of the whole world. Get yourself a ticket and make a fortune. One dollar a chance. Buy as many as you can carry and make your own guess. If you lose don't blame me. I have tipped you off and the money is within your grasp. Here is a sample coupon.

"When you come to filling in the day, month, hour, minute, A.M. or P.M. you will win a fortune if you write: 1929. . . . MAY TENTH; 3:10 P.M."

ICE IN THE YUKON

“Which will mean,” I suggested, “that you and I will divide \$75,000 cash.”

No. 7604.

DAWSON ICE GUESSING CONTEST

Closes at Noon, April 15, 1929.

Purely a Guessing Contest.

The Ice in Yukon River Will Move Sufficiently to Stop
Clock:

Month	Day	Hour	Min.	A.M.	P.M.

(Mark X in space for A.M. or P.M.)

Name

Address

.....
(Print name and address plainly)

All guesses MUST be in the hands of Committee on or
before April 15, 1929.

“Me!” exclaimed the sourdough. “Consider me out of it. I am a mathematician, not a gambler. Tell your friends if you choose.”

I’ll tell the world.

LVI

WHEN LO, THE POOR RED MAN, PLAYED FOR HIGH STAKES

FREDERICK SOUND, Alaska.

CAPTAIN DONALD SKIPPER of the S.S. *Prince Rupert*, steaming past Cape Francis at fourteen knots, took a few pulls at his pipe stem and tapped the early days:

“For nearly thirty years I have sailed these waters and watched the development from Seattle on the south up along the coast of British Columbia and through the circle that swings westward by southwest, the whole length of the Alaska coast clear to the tip of the peninsula. It is my opinion—and I have been in every important port of the Seven Seas—that there is no finer or richer lands washed by the oceans. The wealth has not even been scratched. Here lies the golden hoard that for the next century will be gathered by brave and young men. In the beginning it was the land of chance, where men staked everything on the turn of a card, on desperate luck, on a wager to win or lose all. The very Indians were gamblers. It is now the empire of efficient development, scientific research, systematic business and commercial permanency, with a guaranteed return for every dollar invested.”

THE POOR RED MAN

The Captain, who hails from Greenock, Scotland, and still retains a musical bur in his speech, went back to puffing his brier. After what seemed to be an unnecessarily long spell of silence—which is a Scotch characteristic—he returned to the beginnings.

“In the 90’s I ran along this coast trading for furs. The Indians, then living under the most primitive conditions, held fast to their legends and customs. A first-class sealskin could be bought for \$5 in cash or \$8 in goods, and other valuable furs in proportion. Totem poles, signs, portents and animal monstrosities served as gods and weather indicators. The medicine man was in his prime. Prophets were held in high esteem. An old Indian once told me that whenever a certain animal was seen running along the shore it was an indication of approaching storm; an infallible signal of bad weather which no sane red man could ignore with safety. When I asked for a description of this pilot of disaster my informant became quite incoherent, but I gathered that the animal was something on the order of a composite dragon. Years later a trapper told me that he knew an Indian chief who on several occasions has seen the beast. ‘Get him to draw me a rough picture,’ I said; ‘an outline in the Indian manner.’ He agreed to make the attempt. Nearly two years afterward I received a package from Graham Island. The contents proved to be a reproduction of the mythical monster carved in black slate stone, reduced to the proportions of

about six inches in length. The head was decidedly wolfish and contained a large set of fang teeth. The ears were the ears of a bear; two tails, one containing a tuft, the other flat like a seal's. The legs were moose in structure and the feet cloven. Down the back was a dorsal fin as long as that of the grayling. I have the carving still in my possession. None other exists to my knowledge. It shows that the Pacific Indians were not without imagination. In that one image the sculptor had exhausted all the animals with which he was familiar. Natives to whom I have shown the carving seem to know what it means.

"I spoke of the gambling instincts of these aboriginals. Whenever our ship arrived at a fur center it was the custom to drop anchor in deep water, usually within fifty feet of the shore, there to wait the pleasure of the Indians, who invariably staged a gambling orgy visible from our anchorage. With a blanket between two lines of players, seven on each side, the layout would be arranged by piling up articles of equal value. A knife against a powder horn; a moccasin against a glove; a pistol against a spear; and so on. Behind the backs of one of the lines of seven men a short stick would be passed to and fro, coming finally into a definite hand. At a signal one Indian in the opposite row would be called upon to locate the stick across the blanket. They kept this up, to an accompaniment of crude song, hour after hour until the whole company was exhausted or one buck had cleaned the bunch. They gambled every

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earthly possession and not infrequently their dogs, huts and wearing apparel. One Indian wagered his wife, but the winner was glad to sell her back for \$50.

“With the advent of playing cards poker came into its own among the coast Indians. They went to the pasteboards with an energy that staggered the white men. Down in Hazelton, B. C., a mixed company of red men and pale faces put on a high-stake game and started to clean each other up. In one corner of the room, where the chips were passing from hand to hand, lay the klouch (wife) of the leading Indian plunger, a chief of the tribe. Over her consumptive form was spread a rare hand-woven blanket, a treasure handed down from a long line of ancestors. A thick pall of tobacco smoke hovered over the players. The atmosphere was stifling. Four sharks, the chief among them, were backing hands for big stakes. They had piled up all their cash and were wagering goods and chattels on the side. Ruin stared three of that quartet in the face. It was the chief’s turn to make his last stand. The jackals were waiting. With his five cards held against his breast the red monarch got out of his chair, walked over to his sick woman, lifted her head from the squalid pillow and held the poker hand close to her sick eyes. The klouch strained, her emaciated body shook with a racking cough; a cryptic smile played around her pale lips. She nodded and closed her eyes. From her thin form the chief lifted the blanket and crossing to the poker table ‘saw’ the

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ante with his last chips and raised the bet to the full value of the ancestral robe. That play, together with the nod of the dying squaw, had done the trick. Three players threw down their hands and quit. The chief swept the winnings into his arms. The woman in the bunk coughed again and then lay still."

"What," I asked, "did the chief hold?"

"A bobtail flush," answered Capt. Donald, puffing at a pipe that had gone out.

LVII

A BOOM-TOWN CEMETERY AND THREE NEW TOMBSTONES

IN YONDER CANYON.

WHAT brought me to where I am now," said the old miner, shifting from the cracker box to the counter, where the prunes were in reach, "was my belief that all men, in the natural course of e-vents, must die. That, and a passion for bein' prepared to meet what is known as popular demand. I don't suppose you ever seen a man who had such a steady run of bad luck as what I've had."

"How long has the jinx been on your trail?"

"About twenty years, ever since I fell heir to that cemetery up in Alaska. Inheritin' a buryin' ground was sure bad business for me."

"How many guests would it accommodate?"

"Considerable more than showed up. And that's what busted me. The place where this disgrace befell yours truly was one of the most promisin' camps I have ever seen. Five hundred people rushed in there, put up a main street, assay office, elected officials to run the town and got set right. A certain public-spirited gent from Vancouver clears himself half an acre and sows it with grass seed. Along the front, which was supposed to be

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facin' the city, he puts up a three-foot stone wall with an entrance consistin' of two stone pillars six feet high and capped with rustic flower boxes. Says he was out to build a permanent home. Did considerable big talkin' and was goin' along good. Sent away for some archytexts' plans for a stone shack. One night he gets stewed in a barroom and starts a rough house. All I can say is that he was shot up good and plenty; which the same made him sore on the town, so he fades out. But before goin' he calls me to the place where he was con-valessin' and says to me: 'You have fallen heir to my homesite. It is yours—stone wall, pillars and green grass. I am through with this town for keeps. Here's a deed to the half acre.' Them was his very words. 'What'll I do with it?' I asks, takin' his hand like in gratitude. 'Turn it into a cemetery,' says he, 'and I hope 60 per cent. of the population dies and is buried there.' That's what he said."

"A generous act," I remarked.

"Say, mister, you ain't heard my story yet. Wait'll I get through. Somethin' is comin' to you. A few days afterward he was able to leave on a pack mule. I never got wind of that misguided lunatic again.

The ancient apostle of ill fortune selected a dusty morsel from the nearby prune box and stowed it in his face. "Believin' that I was acquirin' a real property I gets myself a hand-painted sign and slaps it up across the two stone pillars, readin' as follows:

A BOOM-TOWN CEMETERY

TRAIL'S END CEMETERY.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

which I thought was sayin' it all. I sent down to Wrangel for three tombstones; a plain flat one, three by six; a column six inches square, five feet high, mounted with a broken base, and one carved angel with her wings spread in the act of flyin'. Marble! She was a beaut. I sent out notices that any one who was prepared to die could get the best accommodations at my buryin' ground and sleep under green grass that would be guaranteed six months a year. Just to give the people an idea of what was in store for 'em I transplanted some select wild flowers and I fixed up a model grave. It sure was the kind of a place where a God-fearin' man would like to be laid to rest. The outlook was beautiful. Mountains, lakes and rivers spread out in every direction."

The old mortician swallowed his prune—pit included—and selected another.

"How many silent processions," I asked, "passed through those stone portals?"

"None whatever," he replied, after a spell of painful quiet. "I waited around in that camp for three years hopin' that somebody would pass out. The tombstone, which was on exhibition at the entrance of the cemetery, got yellow and began to scale; the model grave grew into weeds, poison

ivy climbed all over the stone wall and the rustic flower boxes on the pillars fell to pieces. Have you ever seen a buryin' ground that has gone stale? Death from sickness was unknown in them parts. One day I heard that a miner had lost his life. I went on his trail. He was dead all right. A blast had done for him. Wasn't enough left of the remains to inter. Another citizen was drowned in the river, but the body was never recovered. Lost that case, too. I heard about a woman who had died thirty miles over the mountains. She had a relative in our town. I asked him for the privilege of openin' my cemetery by plantin' his aunt free of charge. He said he wouldn't live in a town where that woman was even buried. You can see how it was. It took the heart out of me.

"To make matters worse the camp petered out and the population drifted away. I sold the flat tombstone and the marble column to a gambler who went to the next camp and built a gamin' hell. He turned the column into a hitching post in front of his place, set the flat stone down for a door sill and called his dump the 'Marble Palace.' "

"What became of the angel?" I asked, solicitous for the welfare of the flying symbol.

"Oh, her? Five dollars bought that marble female. She finally wound up as a water witch at a salmon cannery on the Skeena River. The owner bored a hole the full length of the figure, from the feet to the lips and leaned her forward over a waterin' trough. The stream from her

A BOOM-TOWN CEMETERY

mouth kept the basin full. I saw her ten years afterward spoutin' for fair."

"How did she look?"

"Oh, she looked the way I felt; kind of seasick."

LVIII

A CORNER ON THE BATHING PRIVILEGE NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

SKAGWAY, Alaska.

SO far as the White Pass and Yukon trail is concerned the traveler at this point leaves the salty sea and comes into the zone of fresh water. And that goes in every sense of the word. All the histories that deal with this front gateway to the Yukon devote a flaming chapter to Soapy Smith, who, in the interests of law and order, was shot up in 1898 and now lies safely installed a mile and a half outside the city limits of the town he made famous through his infamies. Mine is a far soapier stanza than any other written into the epic of the Klondike bonanza. Mr. Smith won the name of "Soapy" because of his ability as a soap salesman with a circus side show. "Ladies and Gents," his spiel ran, "show me a stain I cannot remove and I'll wrap up in a ten dollar bill a piece of my famous cleanser which is yours free of charge. You can then throw the soap away and keep the ten-spot." From this humble beginning "Soapy" became a desperado and died unwashed with his boots on.

But the passing of Mr. Smith in no way interfered with the development of another and more

A CORNER ON BATHING

significant soap era that Mrs. G. R. Dedman, still a resident, inaugurated at Skagway in 1898. From her own lips I received the story of the great adventure. Mrs. Dedman speaking. Stand by:

“My husband and I came here from Portland the latter part of 1897, when the rush to the Yukon was just beginning.

“The panic of 1893 and the Seattle fire had brought about depression on the Coast. Like a great many other people who were lured into the North by hope of wealth, we arrived here without funds. Living conditions were pretty bad, especially to those of us who were accustomed to decent surroundings. One does not pick and choose under such circumstances. Mr. Dedman took a position as runner for the Pacific Hotel, which was operated by two young men from our home town. I became the housekeeper. The thousands of fortune seekers, adventurers and camp followers on the way north were obliged to go through Skagway, which soon attained a population of about 5,000, resident and transient. Facilities for housing, feeding and cleansing these people were wholly inadequate. Not one out of a hundred was properly equipped to go into the new country. The Pacific Hotel was packed to unsanitary suffocation. Thousands of young fellows from the States upon reaching Skagway were obliged to discard their fine silk and woolen underclothes. I myself burned over three thousand suits of undergarments. A dozen different breeds of cooties—only they didn't call them cooties in those

days—appeared on this frontier. Nobody was clean.”

“Was bathing a crime?” I asked.

“Bless you,” exclaimed Mrs. Dedman, “there was not a single public bathtub in Skagway until I took the matter in hand and built up and popularized bathing. When I made the suggestion to the proprietors of the Pacific they were of the opinion that it could not be done successfully; that no one had time to bathe. I insisted that if the novelty were introduced it would make a big hit. They told me to go ahead and sink an artesian well and put in a bathtub and a heating plant, with the understanding that I was to run the feature for 50 per cent. of the revenue.

“We put down a pipe through twelve feet of gravel and sand and ten feet of glacial ice, tapping a beautiful flow of clear, fresh, soft water which geysered like a fountain. The day that well came in I commissioned Miller the tinsmith to make a full length zinc bathtub, which was coupled up to the heating plant. News of the innovation spread through Skagway like a fire alarm. The best people called at the hotel and put in an application for a bath. Of course our own guests were entitled to first choice. I laid in a gross of Turkish bath towels, which cost a fortune, and plenty of soap. The proprietors of the hotel caused an announcement to be made in the saloons, restaurants and gambling houses. When the doors were opened the corridor leading to the bathroom was crowded. I dealt out two towels and a cake of

A CORNER ON BATHING

soap to each patron. The towels served as a record upon which I collected my share. What would be your guess as to my first month's profits in the hotel at fifty cents a bath?"

"I'm afraid to fool with water stock."

"I sold 748 baths the first month, from which I received \$187. Now I don't want you to think that was easy money. I had the whole care of the bath-room, its cleanliness, the distribution of the soap and the towels and the washing of the latter. That was a terrific job. I was obliged to rinse them out in cold water, with the thermometer way below zero. When they came through the wringer they were stiff as shingles and hard as slate. To keep my hands from freezing it was necessary for me to encase them in a heavy coating of lard. The laundry end of the bath house business nearly put an end to me. However, I had the satisfaction of proving my point. The decent people of Skagway became clean and I acquired fame as the woman who introduced the bath north of Fifty-three."

LIX

A CERTAIN MILD-MANNERED CANADIAN WHO NEEDS WATCHING

WRANGELL, Alaska.

OUR purchase of Alaska from Russia was a simple matter of dollars and cents. It was offered elsewhere at the same price but we, thanks to Secretary Seward, on March 30, 1867, acquired at \$7,200,000 its 590,884 square miles. The Panhandle of Alaska runs southeast 600 miles along the Pacific to Dixon Inlet and includes all the islands, the boundary with Canada along the mountain crests being fixed by arbitration in 1903. America claimed sovereignty over the land for "ten statute miles inland from the ocean," a demand that Canada protested. The matter was left to a referee. In the interests of good sportsmanship an English judge was selected to be that referee. He decided in favor of the American Government. Everybody was satisfied and the international survey was completed in 1913. Nothing could be fairer.

Not so very long ago a tall blond gentleman was making a tour around the headwaters of Glacier Bay, which runs northwesterly between the Brady and the Muir glaciers. Thirty-eight years of official intercourse with the land and water of the Pacific and Alaskan coast had sharpened his

powers of observation. Among other unusual manifestations common to glacial country he observed that the bay had crept inland and that the ice had receded, a transformation that gave him no inconsiderable pleasure. He made a hasty survey and found that through the process of recession Glacier Bay had romped for more than three thousand feet into British Columbia and that the province had fallen heir to a first-class seaport, the tides of the sea having crossed the boundary defining the Alaska Panhandle. What do you know about that? More argument between Washington and Ottawa.

* * *

While touring through our Alaskan Territory I found myself in one of those curious institutions known as curio shops. So inordinately curious were some of the curiosities that I asked a stranger—who was also rummaging—for further information. Never have I met a person better informed concerning that land of gold and romance. I pumped him to the limit and found him inexhaustible. We finally got around to the subject of the Hudson's Bay Company and the old Mackenzie Trail. He knew all about that, too:

“Mackenzie was the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and perhaps the greatest explorer of his time. I was once glancing through his diary, which is still in existence, and came upon the record of his arrival at Bella Coola River, which reached the sea not far from the harbor

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known as Ocean Falls, where a paper plant now stands. That marked the end of the Mackenzie Trail from Montreal to the Pacific. Concerning Bella Coola the diary had much to offer concerning both the country and the inhabitants. It was here that he came upon a tribe of Indians who were extremely hostile. They made several raids upon his camps and declined friendly intercourse. He refers to this Indian settlement as 'The Robber Village.'

"The absence of the sun, due to continuous bad weather, made it difficult for him to take an observation as to his exact position. One night the sky cleared and the explorer was able to reckon his longitude and latitude by the light of Jupiter. Furthermore, he described carefully a huge rock where he made his encampment and upon which, facing the southeast, he painted with a rope end dipped in grease and red ocher the following record:

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

From Canada

by Land,

July 22, 1793.

"This notation in his diary interested me exceedingly. The exact position fixed by Mackenzie, in my opinion, should be established as an important point in Canadian history. Our Historic Sites and Monument Board took the matter up and I volunteered with Mr. H. Bishop of the Government Land Survey to locate Mackenzie's camp on

A MILD-MANNERED CANADIAN

the Bella Coola. We found it, beyond all peradventure of doubt, in 1924. The old explorer had been so exact and painstaking in compiling his notes that there was no difficulty about identifying the stone—big as a house—that once had borne the grease and ocher legend, of which, after a lapse of 131 years, no trace remained.

“With a rope end, and reproducing as nearly as possible the exact lettering found in Mackenzie’s diary, I rewrote the record on the southeast face of the rock, where all men could see. A stonemason then chiseled the letters half an inch deep. With a mixture of cement and red oxide I filled the crevices. At a distance of twenty yards the inscription, occupying a space of three by five feet, looks exactly as though it was painted with a rope end. On top of the rock pile we erected a monument nineteen feet in height upon which is recorded the fact that Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to cross the continent and view the Pacific, reached this point. We included the detail that the Lewis and Clark expedition via Oregon reached the Pacific in 1805, twelve years after Mackenzie saw the ocean from Bella Coola. Our monument was completed in 1927. Not more than ten travelers a year come into its presence. Mackenzie, knighted by the British Government, died ‘Sir Alexander.’ ”

* * *

I asked the cement and ocher sign man for his card: “J. P. Forde, District Engineer of the De-

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partment of Public Works, Dominion of Canada, Victoria, B. C." We saw much of each other. He proved to be the man who also discovered that Glacier Bay had broken away from the U. S. and had annexed herself to Canada.

Forde is not the best golf player I ever met; nor can he break any world records at deck tennis or shuffleboard, but in the game of taking all the joy out of an American's life he is an absolute and unqualified wiz.

AT SEA

LX

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF "THE SEA DEVIL"

S. S. "CONTE ROSSO"

MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

OUT of the wide Atlantic and into the waters that lap Europe and Africa the *Conte Rosso*, steaming at twenty knots, makes across the restless Bay of Lyons for Naples. At Gibraltar we had said our farewells to the sixty-five disembarking passengers headed for Spain and were beginning to get acquainted with the ten new travelers who had come aboard. Among them was a blue-eyed man whose whole demeanor suggested familiarity with the sea. Along the promenade deck, his every movement coördinated with the motion of the ship, he made his constitutional. He seemed always to be poised upon the balls of his feet, never for an instant departing from the perpendicular. I could not escape the feeling that he was designed in a shipyard.

The second day out from Gibraltar I located a comfortable chair on the sun deck and lost myself in the pages of "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," who, without sacrificing a single life, sank fourteen of the allied ships during the World War. The story related how that Gargantuan

buccaneer turned an old American schooner into a raiding vessel, came out of German waters, broke through the blockade disguised as a Norwegian lumber carrier and with a wanton hand took his toll in tonnage. The quality that made Luckner more or less admirable was his evident humanity.

Before sinking an allied vessel he brought the passengers and crew aboard his own ship, the *Seeadler*, where they were received as distinguished guests, and from which at his convenience they were set safely upon shore. His raiding, which began with the sinking of the English steamer *Gladys Reyle* near the Azores January 9, 1917, came to an abrupt conclusion when the *Seeadler*, hurled by a tidal wave, was wrecked on an obscure island in the South Pacific on August 2, 1917. There were some stirring adventures after that, but the raider had come to the end of his rope. Altogether it was a thrilling tale.

While I sat there on the sun deck the blue-eyed stranger came swinging along. The book's outer jacket, printed in red and blue and containing a picture of a full-rigged ship plowing the seas, lay beside me. His glance fell upon it. I was sure that he read the title, but he passed on without the slightest display of interest. What could he possibly care about sea devils anyhow?

Long ago I came to the conclusion that all things are correlated; that there is a thread which binds men and events together, a thread that is

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as long as time and winds a skein that touches—somewhere, some time—each and all of us. Into its warp and woof we are enmeshed. The judgment day will be its unwinding.

Later in the day Commander Olivari of the *Conte Rosso*, swaying in harmony with the blue-eyed man, appeared on the promenade deck. Both men of the sea, walking like trained athletes, graduates before the mast.

“Permit me,” said the Italian officer, “to present Captain Phillips of the English battleship *Queen Elizabeth*, now lying at Gibraltar with the Mediterranean fleet.”

Salutations were exchanged with due deference to England, Italy and America. In this age of diplomacy and small talk nothing especially significant eventuates under such circumstances. But one may always talk of books.

“Have you read the Luckner yarn?” I asked the Briton, who was eying the volume which I carried under my arm.

“No. But I should like to. What has he to say about the flight around Cape Horn during April and May?” There was a twinkle in the Englishman’s eye. I handed him the book—jacket and all.

“That occurred after the battle of Falkland Islands,” volunteered Olivari, who had already absorbed the work. “I think you will find the Cape Horn incident along about the twenty-first chapter.”

“The *Seeadler* made a desperate dash for it,” I said, “and got through by the luck of the devil.

With six British ships on Luckner's list England was entitled to the next shot. That was a bold stroke, the run for the Pacific."

"Which is a tremendous body of water," concluded Captain Phillips, turning the pages of the book, halting at each illustration. Anyhow, the story was worth reading, at least the Captain of the *Queen Elizabeth* found it so.

We met again after dinner. "What do you think of the Sea Devil?" I asked. "Is it romance or truth?"

"Quite accurate, I should say, and in accordance with the records. I found but one mistake in it, and that trivial. Luckner says that after rounding Cape Horn, and while on the way north into Chilean waters, he picked up many messages from the cruiser *Kent*, which, he admits, was too close for his comfort." Captain Phillips smiled enigmatically: "Those messages came from the cruiser *Lancaster* and not from the *Kent*, which at that time was not in that part of the world. The other two ships engaged in looking for the *Seeadler* were the *Otranto* and the *Orbita*. Count Luckner is to be congratulated upon getting his ship through without being seen. You may be sure that every effort was made to intercept him." The twinkle in the eye of Captain Phillips inspired me to take one of those long chances predicated upon a direct question.

"In which one of those three British ships patrolling the waters of Cape Horn," I asked, "when the *Seeadler* broke through under the

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cover of storm were you serving? Is it a fair question?”

“Perfectly,” replied the Englishman, an uncontrolled smile breaking out for the first time on his firm mouth. “I was commander of the cruiser *Lancaster*. The raider must have passed within 200 miles of us on the inside waters as we lay off the west coast of Chile, in the Pacific Ocean. If you don’t mind I should like to keep the book a little longer—say until to-morrow.”

“Indefinitely. With my compliments, Captain Phillips.”

And that is how, after more than ten years, the commander of the *Lancaster* caught up at last with the Sea Devil.

LXI

"MAN OVERBOARD," TWO BARS FOR BRAVERY—AND THE SEQUEL

S. S. "BIANCAMANO"

THE GULF STREAM.

OCCASIONALLY my wife, who has a high regard for the milder forms of publicity, foists one of my books of travel upon a fellow passenger. A sure way to get circulation. The last victim returned good for evil by telling me a yarn that was surcharged with thrills and drama.

* * *

"Several years ago, out of Liverpool," began the eyewitness, "I sailed with an Englishman who was charged with the responsibility of serving as an escort for the mother of an acquaintance. Shortly before the gangplank was lifted the son turned over to my friend a fat envelope containing currency, a passport, a letter of credit and other valuable papers. 'It will be a great service,' said he, 'if you will take care of these details and use for the comfort of your ward whatever money is required. My brother will meet you at the New York dock and take mother off your hands. Many thanks.' Slipping the bulky envelope into his inside coat pocket my friend escorted the lady to a

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steamer chair and arranged her comfortably between us. The ship under quarter speed dropped down the tide. Fine weather, band playing and all hands in high spirits. The dear old lady, delighted with the arrangements for her comfort, laughingly called attention to the fact that all her worldly affairs were in the keeping of her chancellor of the exchequer. In a short time the tugboats began to swing away, hawsers were cast off and the throb of the engines quickened. The Londoner left his steamer chair, walked to the rail and looked overboard. He couldn't have been there more than a minute before he placed both hands on the runner, elevated himself to the balls of his feet and plunged head first downward into the sea. 'Man overboard! . . . Suicide! . . . Help!' came from a score of spectators. In the confusion that ensued life preservers were thrown overboard, tug whistles screamed, passengers crowded to the ship's rail and pandemonium reigned. Because of the congestion I was unable to see what had occurred, nor did I dare to leave the hysterical woman who was now in my charge. A voice from near by volunteered the information that 'the bounder was tired of life.' That was enough. My lady began to clamor concerning the disappearance of the passport, letter of credit, funds, etc., which the 'man overboard' had taken with him, and swooned away.

“Still ignorant of what had actually happened, I hastened to the lower promenade, where I found some of the crew hauling a lifeline from the

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unseen end of which something of considerable weight was suspended. None of my questions was answered nor was I permitted to approach the rail. Presently a right arm appeared and then a dripping figure—whom I identified as my friend. His left arm, thrust through a life preserver, was encircling the waist of an insensible half-drowned youth wearing the uniform of a deck hand. Both men were hurried to the doctor's quarters while the passengers outside clamored for particulars. In short, we had a hero on board. From his position on the upper deck he had seen the sailor, who was painting some iron work on the ship's side, fall into the sea. He struck on the flat of his stomach and the breath was knocked out of him. Before the body had time to sink my shipmate took a header overboard, dived under the sailor and came up alongside. He was a strong swimmer and kept the insensible man afloat until a life preserver attached to a line was thrown within reach.

"The hero, none the worse for his performance, went to his stateroom, where I reported the rumor of his supposed suicide, further informing him that his ward had swooned away at the apparent loss of her funds and papers. 'There is nothing to worry about,' he said, 'I have the envelope in my outside coat pocket.' "

"You said," I remarked, "at the beginning of your story that he placed the envelope in his inside coat pocket."

"So he did. And that fact alone contributes

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further interest. This is what happened: When he left the rail he arched downward at an angle that took him ten feet or more beneath the surface and entered the water head first. The skirt of his coat became entangled about his arms. He succeeded in disengaging himself, and clawed his way upward and broke water like a seal. Blowing the brine from his nostrils and shaking the spray from his eyes, he looked about him in search of the deck hand. Not three feet from his face floated the thick manila envelope, held shut by a rubber band. He at once recaptured the package and shoved it into his outside coat pocket, which was deep and protected by a flap. He then buttoned the coat across his waist and struck out for the insensible man, who was still floating face downward ten feet away. His first anxiety was for the sailor, but the manila envelope was also on his mind. But the wet coat impeded the freedom of his arms and he twice contemplated discarding it, but the smack of the newly arrived life preserver, roped and ready for action, made the rejection of the coat unnecessary. When the pair were being hauled aloft the chancellor of the exchequer wondered all the way up whether or no the package of papers would remain in his coat pocket. Everything came through O. K. All of the documents were stained with sea water, but upon being dried out they were accepted for their face value.

“The hero, by the way, wears as a reward for his bravery two decorations: one for simple life saving at sea and another—the much-coveted

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Albert Medal—for the most signal act of courage within the year.”

“The gentleman’s name—?”

“Ah, my friend. Like most heroes he is modest. You may print the story, without names. It is true.”

Fair enough.

LXII

A FLASH OF FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE FOR FATHER

ENGLISH CHANNEL.

THE letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son deserve to be read. The Rollo correspondence should be examined at least once. The epistles that passed between père and fils Dumas are worth anybody's time and attention. They all occupy a high place among the classics and as such are entitled to reverence.

On the other hand, there is no particular reason why one should ignore the living epistleographers, among whom we find rare evidence of power. In the lounge of a Channel steamer I was privileged to hear some extracts from a bundle of missives received by a fond American parent from his fourteen-year-old daughter.

"This young one," said he, "insists upon addressing me in the modern manner. Her effusions bear no resemblance whatever to the sort that passed, when I was a boy, between parents and their offspring. Have you any kids?"

"None, I regret to say."

"Well, listen to this." Tenderly he withdrew from its envelope a sheet of pigeon-egg blue and began to read: "'Dear Father: Mother says you haven't received my letters, although I've been

writing you simply stacks. But I don't mind writing you, especially since you have such a romantic address as Rue des Italiens. Nice of me. We have received our school reports back for April. I got a 97 in Latin. You know that much-discussed average of mine in March, when you said it should have been 92 instead of 91? Well, on my last report the average had gone up to 93. Hot dog!' Extraordinary, to say the least. Observe the next statement: 'I am going to a dance Saturday which I have no desire to attend. Let me tell you something funny—at least I think it's funny, but mother didn't crack a smile when I told her. You know Ilene—the girl who always gets coy when with the boys? Well, she said to Bud: "I just about eat the wool off your coat when I dance with you." So Mary Ann said: "Ilene thinks she is a butterfly, but the poor girl is only a moth."'

"What is your opinion about this correspondence?" asked father, running his eye over the next page. "I don't want to curb the child into silence. That's the way she has of expressing herself, and I'm not inclined to interfere with her."

"She has a snappy style," I replied, "and a sense of humor. Read on."

"Further particulars about the Moth: 'Ilene thinks Shylock is a detective. When the teacher asked her what the two dots over an i meant the dear child said "A misprint," which is clever but dumb. We are reading now in the history class about Attila the Scourge. I think he's precious, and I just love Scourges. They intrigue me.

FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE

What I mean to say is I crave them. This letter sounds like the kids in school talk. How is Paris and Rome? And Vienna? That city attracts me. I firmly intend to have an atelier there. All my love. Beaney.' "

Beaney's bewildered sire carefully folded the blue sheet and placed it tenderly within the envelope. "That is a pet name we have for her B-e-a-n-e-y." He uttered the word with a lingering tenderness. "I don't know what I would do without this kid's letters. I'm convinced that the relationship between parents and their offspring is undergoing a complete change. Listen to this bulletin, which is divided into separate items:

" 'Dear Father: Thank the Lord, the painters have gone! My room is all done over and keen looking. . . . Bill has a camellian. You know, one of those slimy creatures that are some kin to the dinosaurs. He is vulgar looking. . . . We are having David Copperfield to read in English—1,000 pages!!! I am up to page 163. That lizard is precariously near me. I am going to emit a yell. . . . I have a crush on another of Betty's young gentlemen friends. I prefer not to disclose his name. He may not last. . . . Mother doesn't know it, but I am going to make my room look like the cell of a monk. I think it will be unique—and above criticism. Please echo my sentiments, but silently. . . . Betty thought one of the painters doing the house was a Russian, so she went to the piano and played all the Russian pieces she knew, just to remind him of his fatherland.

Alas, he turned out to be an Austrian! . . . Roy says George is in love with Louise Something or Other, but as Louise is George's cousin I think Boy is the one who is in love. He has been sighing like a furnace all day. . . .

“ ‘I am much interested in a glamour whose name is Michael. Also I am now an ardent supporter of the Irish Free State. I have become most uncommonly devout. Do you think I am irrelevant? I just looked at irrelevant, and it seems that I have the wrong word. Irreverent's what I mean. When are you coming home to your loving Beaney?’ ”

None can plumb the depths of the juvenile intelligence. Nevertheless the parent of the brilliant Beaney made several attempts to involve me in an analysis of his daughter's entertaining whimsicalities. I confessed that I had long since ceased grappling with the problem of what occupies the feminine mind—and why.

What I could and did do, however, was to help him figure out how to make steamship connections at Southampton and within six days be in the arms of Beaney and the rest of the family.

We came out on deck and looked toward the chalk cliffs of Dover, from which point a crisp wind romped across the Channel. “I could wish for nothing better,” said he, inhaling the sea-air, “unless it was to be entering New York harbor . . . warping into the pier . . . grabbing a taxi for the West Side . . . ringing for the elevator . . . up to the eighth floor. O—h, Bean—ey ”

LXIII

HOW WISE NATURE REVERSED THE VERDICT OF A JURY

S. S. "CONTE GRANDE"

ATLANTIC OCEAN.

WHOEVER sits in the adjoining steamer chair has a story to tell. Those who travel abroad by sea are held by an invisible link to the land that lies behind them. As home recedes the quickened memories summon us back to the things that were.

* * *

On the second day out, while we were still in the thermal atmosphere of the Gulf Stream, he fired his preliminary shot, the signal gun that he was about to reveal himself to me.

"It is curious that I should be sitting here on the way to Italy," he began. "Six months ago I had no idea of crossing the Atlantic. You wouldn't believe that what happened to me could occur in real life."

He opened a portfolio that lay in the folds of his steamer rug and fished out a seven by ten X-ray photograph, which he passed over for inspection.

“Does that mean anything to you?” he asked, leaning toward me.

“Nothing more,” I said, “than that it appears to be a picture of the left arm in the region of the wrist.”

“Does it look normal to you?”

“I am not a doctor, but the radius seems to have been fractured and reunited out of alignment. A bad job of surgery. What about it?”

“That broken arm was the direct cause of this trip abroad. I call it the first chapter in my travelogue. I’ll explain. Four years ago I was practicing medicine and surgery in a New Jersey town along the automobile highway that begins at Fort Lee ferry and runs westward in the thickly populated suburbs and onward into Pennsylvania. Ten thousand cars a day passed within two blocks of my office, which was also my residence. One night about 11 o’clock I was called from my bed by a chauffeur who had run his car into a tree and broken several small bones in the body of his passenger. The driver, badly cut up but not in immediate danger, helped me to carry the unconscious man into my office, where I patched him up as best I could, reset the broken arm in a hastily constructed plaster cast and restored him to consciousness. His other injuries were painful but minor. Bad weather came on and I thought it advisable to keep him at my house for three days, at the end of which time he was removed to his own home in New York. I remained in charge of the case until the time came for the removal of

the plaster cast. He seemed to be getting along admirably and but for the arm itself was practically well. When the cast was taken off it was disclosed that the bones at the point of the fracture were considerably out of alignment and had grown together in that position. The patient made an embarrassing scene and dismissed me with a flood of abusive language.

“He would not take into consideration the difficulties under which I was forced to set the arm or the scarcity of assistants. I assured him that the bones would in time establish a proper alignment and that his violent protests were unwarranted. I put in a formal bill, which was returned to me with an insulting note. There was nothing left me but the courts. I sued. He replied with a charge of malpractice. He came into court with an X-ray photograph of the fracture, proving that he was a distorted man for life; that the blame was mine. The jury gave him the verdict and the court fixed the costs on me. The picture you hold in your hand was the material evidence upon which my patient won his case. My New Jersey practice suffered. I went to New York.”

“Saving this X-ray photograph from the wreck?” I inquired.

“Fortunately,” retorted the doctor. “We now come to the second chapter in the travelogue. Six months ago during a big public demonstration a line of seats in an uptown reviewing stand broke from the foundations and several people were badly injured. I was among three surgeons who

were called in by the police. Two of the injured men were placed under my care and hurried to a Harlem hospital. One of them, suffering from a broken patella, or kneecap, which I set after taking several X-ray pictures, required an anæsthetic before he could be induced to submit to the ordeal. After the operation, which was a delicate one, I had occasion to further examine the patient, whose faced seemed to be familiar. It was the man who had sued me for malpractice. I made a hasty inspection of his fractured arm. The broken terminals had, through the gentle but persistent performances of nature, come back into perfect alignment. Time had completely corrected my bungling surgery. While the patient was still in coma I secured an X-ray of the reconstructed arm, showing the beautifully aligned union. It was providential that I should again come in contact professionally with the person through whose injustice I had previously suffered. I will now show you 'Exhibit B' in the X-ray collection." He reached into his portfolio and produced the second photograph. I could see at a glance that it disclosed a straight juncture. "And did you live happily forever after?" I asked in the language of Hans Christian Andersen.

"It amounted to that," said the doctor. "When my patient identified me, which he did finally, I confronted him with the X-ray picture, called attention to his straight arm and asked him flatly what he was going to do about it. He said he meant to make amends, which he did by handing

NATURE REVERSED JURY

me a check for \$5,000 and a round trip ticket to Europe, with the understanding that I should visit ten of the leading hospitals in foreign countries and not return to America before June 1. You can see from the testimony submitted that my first operation was not such a bad job of surgery after all."

"How did you get along with his patella?"

"Beautiful job. But he told me the day the steamer sailed that if I came back before June he would limp into court and start another suit for malpractice."

LXIV

SOMETHING THAT CAME UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE SEA

NORTH ATLANTIC.

EARLY in the World War, before Uncle Sam decided to take off his lounging jacket and step into the open, my brother Bill, who has ever been regarded in the family circle as a sort of Colonel Sellers, informed me that he was shortly taking steps to become a millionaire and would supply full particulars later. With Bill the word "later" meant pronto. True to form, he came through on schedule with a tube-shaped device about four inches long, less than an inch in diameter, hermetically sealed and fashioned of glass. From each end protruded two strands of soft wire. The fearsome thing was carefully packed in cotton. A letter was inclosed, from which I quote:

This is an amplifying tube. It will extend the radius of wireless telegraphy from 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Give it to some good wireless operator and have it tested. If communication is ever established with Mars this invention will be at one end of the achievement. I am standing on the ground floor. There's millions in it.

BILL.

A fortnight later, feeling confident that the family revenues were about to expand, I engaged

UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE SEA

passage on the *Florizel* for a trip to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, taking the wife along so as to school that domestic economist in the ways of wanton extravagance. Carefully stowed in the community grip was Bill's amplifying sample. Before the ship got out of the East River into New England waters I established an acquaintance with the wireless man. By the time we reached the Bay of Fundy the entente cordiale was thoroughly set and I felt that the time had arrived for me to place the world's greatest invention in his hand. I dramatized the presentation to make it impressive, asking only the privilege of sitting in his presence when the great test was being made.

"There are several of these amplifiers' on the market," he said after examining the device, "and I'm frank to say that they do not work any better than the ones now in use. All the same, I will couple it up and tune in this afternoon for long range stations and ships on the high seas. If it shows any class you can sit in to-night at 10 o'clock and hear what happens."

* * *

At the appointed hour, off Cape Sable, I felt my way along the upper deck of the *Florizel* to the wireless room. A heavy wet mist was scudding through the rigging. I was glad to get into the brightly illuminated Marconi headquarters, where I found the operator enmeshed in the receiving apparatus, the phones at his ears. He motioned me to a seat and occupied himself with tuning in

and the manipulation of electrical paraphernalia.

His face indicated that he was much interested. "This is a remarkable amplifier. Increased range several hundred miles. Conditions perfect tonight for eastern Atlantic connections." He went on with his delicate tuning. "Here comes something." Picking up a pencil he began to write a message which he suddenly concealed from me by interposing his left hand over the moving pencil. Glancing at his face I saw that his mind was projected into space. It seemed to me that the color left his cheeks, but that might have been my imagination stimulated by the strange surroundings. At all events I felt embarrassed in his presence and somewhat perplexed. The air was surcharged with portent.

"I will have to ask you to leave the room," he said earnestly after a short period of tense receiving. There was no alternative. My exit was immediate. By the time I found my way back to the lower decks and into the lounge there was much activity among the officers, who one at a time began to disappear. There was no commotion, no explanation. One could tell from the revolutions of the screw that the ship had reduced her speed. I went to my stateroom. Toward morning the foghorn was sounding and answering calls could be heard at intervals. The *Florizel* came to anchor and at 8 o'clock the gray blanket of mist lifted, disclosing a cruiser to starboard and in the immediate neighborhood three torpedo-boat destroyers, all flying the English flag. Some-

UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE SEA

thing was in the wind, but I failed to elicit any definite information. The wireless operator, so far as I was concerned, had vanished from sight.

* * *

Two weeks later the German submarine U-53, reeking with seaweed and slimy with the accumulations of a long voyage, came to the surface off the coast of Maine and signaled the *Stephano*, sister ship to the *Florizel*, to remove the passengers, 158 in all, and get away while the unwelcome enemy launched a torpedo and sent her to the bottom of the sea. The U boat then sank three English, one Dutch and one Norwegian freighter in plain view of one another. In conclusion the U-53 submerged and went on her ruinous way. It was a shock to the shipping off this coast and to all Americans as well.

* * *

About six months later my friend the wireless operator of the *Florizel* called at my office and apologized for asking me to leave his presence on the night he made the test of Bill's sample amplifier.

"It was then," he explained, "that I got the first message that a German submarine had left the French coast after numerous depredations and was headed for American waters. There was some doubt as to the exact date of her departure, but it was thought wise to send out the warning. We sent a wireless to every available British

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craft on a war footing to stand by and convoy the *Florizel* into Halifax. Shortly afterward, October 8, the U-53 reached American waters and sank the *Stephano*, off the Maine coast, with five other ships. I am now out of the passenger boat service and in the navy, but I saved this; thought perhaps you might like to see it again."

From a cocoon of tissue paper, unrolled tenderly, he brought to light Bill's bright glass amplifier. "This is the baby that picked up from somewhere off the English coast the news that the U-53 was on her way."

* * *

An infringement suit did for Bill's associates and he is still working for wages out where the West begins. But, like his prototype, the late Colonel Sellers, he still has abundant and resilient hopes to burn.

LXV

HOW THE TRAVELING PARROT RETURNED TO MYSTERIOUS INDIA

S. S. "MONTCLARE"

OFF QUEBEC.

CANADA loomed through the haze; a thin strip of land rising from the gossamer morning. A French Canadian leaning over the rail turned to the woman on his arm and stroked her hand. Nothing was said, except "Home again," and that with the eyes only. The Lord knows why they ever went to Scotland. However . . .

A retired English army officer, observing the tender glances of the returning habitants, touched me on the sleeve with the bowl of his pipe. "I say," he said, "this business of getting back to one's native land is jolly well stimulating. Those people——." Something must have clicked in his memory. He paused a moment and then drifted off to India. "Birds and beasts are similarly affected. Years ago I knew a family residing in India. They owned a parrot that had been given them by a native retainer. Beastly wise bird, too. Talked in Hindustani and English. Ultimately the family returned to Surrey, England, and brought the bird with them, remaining away from India for a period of thirteen years. During that

interval the parrot apparently forgot its native tongue and spoke English exclusively."

"Ornithologists claim," I interposed, with an apology, "that no matter how many words a parrot learns, the bird has no understanding whatever of their meaning. Speech with a parrot is mimicry with no interpretation of word value. 'Polly wants a cracker,' is merely an announcement that Polly is hungry and the tender of a banana is a satisfactory answer. 'Hullo' has its equivalent in the bark of a dog. And so on. Imitation, not communication, is at the bottom of parrot talk."

"That is probably true," responded the Briton, "but when I get on with my story you will observe there is something else to be considered, something far beyond the conclusion of the scientific authorities. You can draw your own conclusions. The parrot of which I speak was slow in acclimation to the northern climate. Gradually, however, its plumage thickened and in time became ample protection against the colder weather. That period which we may classify as the bird's youth was to all intents and purposes forgotten. In the course of time came instruction from the Colonial Office for the owner of the parrot to return to India. Bag and baggage, with his family, the parrot included, the official set out for his former post, traveling by steamer via the Mediterranean. All the way down from England to Gibraltar the bird behaved in an extremely sullen manner. But his demeanor changed when the ship entered the

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straits. There the bird, overdressed in winter plumage, betrayed distress. His usually voracious appetite failed to function. Consternation ensued. What was to be done with the pet of the family? The day the ship left the southern entrance of the canal and entered the Indian Ocean that parrot suddenly began to revive and to talk in Hindustani."

"Ceasing to speak English?" I asked.

"Entirely. Dropped Anglais as though it had never existed. The bird's heavy plumage began to drop out and his appetite returned. When the ship reached Rangoon the rascal was himself again. He addressed in Hindustani every native on the docks and became completely rejuvenated. Arriving finally at Bombay the family reopened the old residence and the parrot was installed in his former quarters by an east window. The India bill of fare was restored and peace reigned. The day following his return the bird took up a position on the window-sill, observing critically every passer-by. On the third day a gray-bearded, ancient Hindu, leaning on a staff, paused at the hedge, made certain cabalistic signs and entered the garden as one approaching an altar, the parrot chattering in the native tongue. At the entrance of the residence the bowed Hindu, his beard brushing the threshold, was received by his former master, past whom the highly excited parrot fluttered and lighted upon the shoulder of the kneeling native. Assisted by bill and talons the bird made an excursion over the entire person of

the recumbent man, nipping, pecking and bestowing every evidence of affection and delight. He tugged at the gray hair, billed the bare ears, rubbed with his wings the tired, sunken eyes, crooned and whispered innumerable welcomes. All in Hindustani. That was the reunion of the old servant who had brought the fledgling parrot to the English family more than thirteen years before. What?"

The Britisher looked at me quizzingly and then fired another shot.

"That may seem to you to be the end of the story," he continued, "but it isn't. The official returning to India had made no announcement whatever concerning his intention. That, however, makes no difference to those mysterious people who reside there. The old retainer knew a month in advance that his former master was returning with the parrot. Don't ask me to explain the amazing enigma of how news is transmitted to India from distant countries or why the natives turn up at the right time to greet an old friend. Once win a Hindu's devotion and all this side of the grave he is linked with your existence. And there is yet another point I wish to make: The parrot knew he was coming back to India; knew that he was again to see his old master. The moment that bird reached the Suez Canal he dragged forth from the recesses of the past all the Hindustani at his command. During the remainder of life all his conversation was in the native tongue. Never another syllable of Eng-

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lish. Died in his twenty-second year, from a disease that caused the plumage to fall from his body. All the heat in India could not keep him warm. I can readily understand that the story of his career seems difficult of belief. But there are stranger things that you do believe."

So far as I am concerned the tale has the earmarks of absolute reality and I accept it all as truth.

* * *

The French-Canadian couple began to hum the refrain of "Alouette." Home again!

THE TROPICS

LXVI

A FEW TIPS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO TIP IN THE TROPICS

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

IN the mathematical works of Euclid there is a woful lack of information on the subject of tipping. Since his retirement to the shades the problem has developed numerous complexities. The hand of the servitor is extended in all lands, and it has come to pass that no man knoweth what to do in the presence of the importunate gangsters making levy upon wayfarers who go about among the peoples of the earth.

In those countries where the currency has reached low tide the tipping attains its flood. All fractional money, when it begins to flow from the pocket of the plutocrat into the palm of the petitioner, breaks all bounds and behaves in the manner of a deluge that has passed beyond control. The smaller the subsidiary coin, the larger the fees. The arrival of a tourist is the signal for a swarm of ravenous locusts to sweep down and devastate the green newcomer. In order to appreciate the system one must pass through the ordeal of fire and get singed.

In 1925 I braved the equatorial regions that lie beyond the Pacific and extend into the Indian

TO TIP IN THE TROPICS

Ocean, meeting assessment after assessment with true Anglo-Saxon resignation. Everywhere the sloe-eyed, brown-skinned people met me at the gate and took me over the jumps. Every forward pass brought me nearer to insolvency. Operating with the precision of automatons they gathered the sheaves in the midst of genuflections and low salaams. New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo, Java, Sumatra and the neighboring isles received and passed me along. One is welcomed by a score and sped by a legion. The hand becomes calloused in assorting kale for distribution among the pursuing hosts.

With one pith helmet and a wardrobe of chalk-white duck apparel I ran the equator spilling small change into a thousand open hands. Despite a continuous output of largess I received negative attention. Parboiled and supine, I shipped from Batavia for Singapore and the Straits Settlements. The people were glad to see me. I sloshed along to Penang and bought my way into the leading hotel. The main dining room crawled with Malay boys in white costumes. Every meal was served by a different waiter, who disappeared immediately upon receiving his tip.

* * *

On the morning of the third day a Scotchman sauntered into the dining room and sat down opposite me. Four nimble waiters sprinted up to him. He addressed the bunch in Malay; short and snappy. They broke and split in four directions.

One returned with a sedate Chinaman garbed in loose-fitting Chinese trousers and a dark purple pongee collarless coat buttoned to the chin.

The Scotchman quite indifferently passed out an English pound note. The Chinaman—who had been Christianized and was without a queue—received the note with truly Oriental reserve. With the passing of the *pourboire* every waiter in the dining room seemed automatically to direct his spatulated nose in our direction. The Emperor in the pongee coat made a sign and straightway disappeared. Instantly there began a display of service the like of which I have never before witnessed in any country.

I made bold to address the Scotchman in English and ask for an explanation. "It is a guid idea to fee the number one boy," said he, "immediately upon entering the porridge room. He is the chief scoundrel and the laddies under him are the imps who do his bidding. Not a farthing for those brats. When you find yourself in purgatory always deal with the devil direct. Aye, mon, and lose no time."

Catching Satan's eye I beckoned him hither. To him from me—coldly—an English pound note. He bowed and made the cabalistic sign to his minions. Another relay of flunkies dashed forward. Presto! I was the center of activities. Linen, tableware, hot plates, service, homage—all were mine. It was the most complete demonstration of the power of pelf I had experienced since leaving the old sod of Manhattan. Odd that

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it should have remained for a thrifty Scot to teach me the trick of buying luxury and attention along the whole of the tropical frontier.

“The head boy—and he is called a boy up to the tottering end of his existence—is the only one with whom to deal in this part of the world,” said my benefactor. “Never lay a penny in the palm of the low caste. Whenever you bestow do so with an air of indifference. Don’t ever so much as look at the recipient. If he bows turn your back on him. When you take a rickshaw never ask the tariff. The terms are so much an hour. Pay on your own timepiece. If you display the slightest uncertainty you are lost. Should you stop to ask the price the answer is always double the sum due. If you smile it is trebled. In a crisis of this sort the best way is to throw the money in the dust and walk off. That ends the argument, and by the time the pirate has gathered up his earnings you have won his admiration and respect. When you enter a place of amusement, a hotel or a restaurant ask for the number one boy. Hand him a fair fee and proceed to enjoy yourself. He will see to it that you are properly attended. If you start right you will be served. If you deal with the underlings one at a time you will be plundered. Pay for your room service when you receive it, and not a penny when you depart, except to the last man who hands your luggage into the auto.”

The tactics of the Scot were put into successful operation all the way up the peninsula, into

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Rangoon, Calcutta, Ceylon, Bombay and Egypt. At Cairo I found upon departing from my hotel that the last of the Egyptians numbered not less than thirty hungry gents in blue, red and maroon breeches, all of whom had their hands out. I walked over to the one who wore the loudest pants, handed him a one-pound note with a wave of my hand indicating that he was to split it and passed on. The brotherhood came down upon the cashier like wolves on the fold. What I should have done was to turn in a police call, but I took the elevator all the way down, grabbed a taxi with a flat tire and hit the molten highway for the depot. I was informed afterward that not one of the army of tip hunters escaped from the mêlée on the fifth floor with a whole pair of trousers.

I should worry.

LXVII

THE ART OF PRECIPITATING A STRIKE AT THE EQUATOR

KUALA LUMPUR.

I ARRIVED at Kuala Lumpur, on the Malay Peninsula, in the hot month of December. That is the period of the year in which the sun visits the Equator for a blooming holiday. The hotels were crowded with go-getters, who were occupied with manipulating the tin market and gobbling up the rubber plantations which were much sought after by foreign capital. An Armenian tourist agent, marking my distress, took pity on me.

"You will find it better living," said he, making the gestures that go with a dry hand wash, "to take a bungalow and be apart from the hotel life."

"I'll get the tenant if you get the bungalow," I answered, mopping my face with the left and fanning myself with the right hand.

"It is done. Come with me." In fifteen minutes I was installed bag and baggage within the walls of a four-roomed structure in a grove of tropical trees, not fifty feet from the jungle. My Armenian friend issued in Malay some elaborate orders to the servants, assured me that I was understood to be a type of foreign Sultan, and

that everything for my comfort would be found for the ensuing week.

"How do I communicate with these people?" I inquired apprehensively.

"It has been my privilege, sir," spoke up the cook, "to be educated in the English public schools. To me you will convey your desires and by me they will be gratified. If you please."

The Armenian realtor and purveyor of creature comforts to exhausted Caucasian travelers washed his hands again and backed out with a triumphant expression on his face. He certainly had the goods.

Three days of matchless service, splendid cooking and ample slumber under mosquito-proof canopies. The graduate of the public schools was a perfect gentleman under all circumstances and made me feel at home. I was at the point of canceling a proposed trip into India that I might remain another month in Kuala Lumpur. However, on the following day about tiffin time the bubble busted. I was reclining for the moment in the direct current of a high-powered electric fan anticipating the arrival of afternoon tea, without which life in those parts is intolerable. Once, twice, three times I clapped my hands as a signal that the "foreign Sultan" was ready to slosh into the Oolong. There was no response to the imperial commands; not even the use of rare American imprecations produced results. Wrapping the drapery of my Oriental robe about me I repaired to the kitchen and addressed the English scholar

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in refined terms that roughly and coarsely translated meant, "What the h—l?"

With complacency he viewed me until I had exhausted a good supply of protestations. Said he in response:

"I am deeply pained that an unfortunate quiet has come in the household of your Excellency. That one so accustomed to comfort should be temporarily without it is indeed a severe blow to your miserable servant."

"Where is the waiter?"

"He has ceased to be of service by virtue of a personal conviction that has completely beset him. I see by your face that the fact is astounding. It is quite so."

"The chore boy?"

"Alas, Excellency, a lull has come also upon him." The cook bowed with dignified grace.

"Don't call me 'Excellency.' What, by the way, is the matter with you?"

His reserve baffled me. "I am the unhappy victim of a personal belief that greatly interferes with my freedom of action."

"Has it anything to do with me? Are you dissatisfied?" I asked, with the full intention of adjusting any difficulties that might have arisen.

"Excell—," he caught himself. "On the contrary you are a merciful and generous master, to serve whom it is a continuous delight."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"You suffer from association with my employer, for whom I have acquired a great dislike,

which the waiter and chore boy share equally with me."

"I pay him the price he asks."

"You, sir, have uttered a significant phrase which enables me to respond as follows: You pay him the price *he* asks, but he declines to pay us the price *we* ask. Is it not curious that we should come to the same point along the same highway, and halt there?"

There is nothing new under the sun. And that goes for the tropics double. I was up against a strike.

"And halt there?" I exclaimed with a lift of the imperial eyebrows. "Would you impede the progress of the world, bring calamity upon your friend, achieve the destitution of your brothers by interrupting their employment, abandon this opportunity to save a hoard for evil weather?"

"What is one to do against an overpowering belief which is the parent of unrest?" He was cold storage all right.

"You will fail in your assault upon your unsatisfactory employer, lose your positions, and end your miserable days in hunger. You will starve; and what then?" That, I thought, would hold him.

"Gracious and generous Excellency," he replied, ignoring my disregard for titles, "when that unhappy anniversary arrives, when we cease to serve and cease to eat thou also shall be hungry. Is it not so?"

I slipped that over-educated Malay bird \$10

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silver to distribute among the strikers, went back to my couch and speeded up the electric fan. Service for the foreign Sultan was at once resumed.

* * *

“You have enjoyed your visit,” remarked the Armenian purveyor as I was leaving. “And you think well of my good boys.”

“They are *very* good,” I answered cryptically. “You have trained them beautifully.”

LXVIII

HOT WEATHER IN JAVA AND HOW TO DRESS FOR THE INFERNO

SOURABAYA.

WHENEVER I see the slightest reference to summer clothing and hot weather my mind harks back to Java and my blood begins to boil. Accident and sick policies are of no avail. What I need is fire insurance.

In 1925 during the month of November I spent three weeks in Java; just one month removed from the month associated in my own country with the much sung about "brown October ale," when the cool autumnal days are stimulating and the frosts o' nights are falling upon the pumpkin.

I sneaked up on Java around the eastern coast of Australia, through the Torres Strait, across the Arafura Sea and landed at Sourabaya. Along the entire route I threw handsome specimens of our American "form fit" clothing overboard as a sacrifice to the gods of the rising temperature. Fifteen days on a sea of molten brass, and in the ship's wake floated most of my wearing apparel, from patch pocket golf duds to the sheerest combinations. Every high noon I threw a colored necktie out of the porthole just for the pleasure of hearing it hiss as it struck the water. Par-

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boiled to the consistency of an edible pig's-foot, I repaired to the Oranje Hotel, took a front seat under a shower and sat there until nightfall. After refreshing myself with a light supper of sixteen glasses of lemon squash and a large portion of cracked ice I sent for a native tailor.

"Eleven guilder," said he, bowing, "for the one suit of magnificence, Master. White, cool and pleasant."

In hard cash the rate meant \$4.40 each. I Javaed him down to \$40 for ten suits of thin white drill; trousers and coat. The entire allotment arrived the next morning, the top suit being complete in every particular and beautifully starched. At last I was to be properly garbed for the tropics.

Java, here I come! Out among the people I sauntered in immaculate white garb topped by an alabaster cork helmet. An Armenian gentleman who owned an automobile contracted to take me through the island, a distance of 1,200 miles, for just a little less than the French war debt. We compromised at 20 per cent. off for cash. I told him to be at the hotel at 11:00 A.M., ready to hit the trail.

"Listen is obey," he responded, which is entirely out of key with the Armenian habit. Fatigued by the preliminary harangue, I went back to the hotel dripping wet and got into a fresh suit. It didn't fit as well as the first. However, I threw the collection into the car, along with some remnants not previously discarded, and rolled into the jungle. At sixty miles an hour

over the perfect roads of Java one is comparatively comfortable. But any fat man who dawdles along the highway or gets out to examine the flora and the fauna of the country is due to be fried if in the sun and boiled if in the shade. The gorgeous beauty of that strip of land, through the avenues of which thirty-nine million little brown people trudge morning, noon and night with their burdens, compensates in part for the intolerable heat. Dante would have found Java a good place to train for his trip to the infernal regions.

We passed through numerous villages, cities and estates of the Sultans. At each stop I peeled off another suit of starched drill from the main stack. The further I went the worser became the raiment. No two sleeves were the same length and the trousers appeared to be built for a man who was born with his legs crossed. Starting at the fifth pair the buttons began to disappear and on the ninth and tenth suits there were no buttons at all. I let that deficiency go with just a passing word, because every time one of them touched my flesh it burned me. Anyhow, I could use a lot of ventilation at that time. The specifications called for eight pockets. The tailor short-changed me down to three and four. It takes six pockets at least to keep the currency of the tropics separated.

The rate of 10 cents a garment for laundry work merits continued cleanliness on the part of the tourist, but with each starching the raiment assumes different proportions, the trend of which no man may prophesy. A coat that begins its career

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as a comfort and a delight suddenly begins to behave like a bundle of shingles, and trousers that once were a benediction end by completely reshaping themselves or tripping the owner up as he is coming out of the post office.

In due course I arrived at Batavia, where I found an invitation to attend a ceremonial of proportions, to be held at the hotel where I was registered. The only preparation I made was to have all my suits rebuttoned by a chore boy and then laundered. During the supper, which lasted from 8 to 11 o'clock, I made nine visits to my room, sliding most of the time in my own perspiration, reappearing after each course in fresh, starched radiance. None of the new buttons attached by the chore boy jibed with the buttonholes, which made it difficult for mine host to know whether during the meal his guest was coming or going. But I *was* clean.

Between the starched and the soggy clothes one looks either like an elephant's wrinkled neck or a curdled milk shake.

Before sailing out of Penang on the Malay Peninsula for the northern and colder climes I offered my entire tropical wardrobe to a Chinese hotel porter for \$1 a suit.

"Ketchum buttons?"

"Yes; all buttons."

"Ketchum pockets?"

"Plenty pockets."

"All li. One plound." He held up his index finger.

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

Mister Davis speaking: "S-O-L-D."

* * *

I hope the bird who fell heir to that assortment of coats and pants had the bad luck to be choked to death by one or all of them and that he is buried in Java, which is one hundred and fifty yards from the equator.

LXIX

CURIOSITIES ENCOUNTERED IN GIRDLING THE GLOBE

HERE AND THERE.

BY divers and sundry routes over land and sea it has been my lot during the last fourteen months to cover a total of forty-five thousand miles. Much of the distance was along the beaten tracks, but no opportunity to make excursions into untrodden quarters and remote corners was ever neglected. Matters of casual interest turn up everywhere and all countries have customs that are more or less entertaining. Here and there, however, one encounters a situation, a legend, a circumstance, a detail of life that is little short of a curiosity. It is of these that this chapter is composed.

On the outskirts of Sydney, Australia, not far from the spot where Captain Cook landed and took over the vast island in the name of England, I saw a snake doctor perform his remarkable cures after having been bitten repeatedly by an Australian blacksnake of the deadly type. The demonstrator carried his serpents in a flour sack, and when the spectators gathered in sufficient numbers to justify trade he hauled out the snakes one at a time and tantalized them into action. His

bare arm was struck and lacerated repeatedly. Blood was drawn invariably. He then made a short address on the merits of his remedy, which he applied to the wounds from a small bottle, steered the snakes back into the sack and picked off a few customers at one shilling and six a bottle. Other poisonous snakes bit the demonstrator, but he spent the day defying death and promoting commerce. The wounds appeared to heal rapidly, leaving no inflammation. There was no doubt about the genuineness of the exhibition. Nevertheless, so I was informed by an Australian whom I have no reason to doubt, when one of those pet snakes fanged his boss in private the gentleman, in spite of his miraculous remedies, curled up and died—publicly immune, but in the seclusion of his home defenseless against the deadly albumen of the black and the tiger snake.

* * *

In the mountains near Brastegi, Sumatra, is a tribe of Bataks, the male members of which excel at chess. Aside from eking out a bare existence from the rich jungle they have no occupation other than playing the ancient game. The hovels or compounds in which they live are squalid in the extreme, and a repellent atmosphere pervades the premises. Yet under every thatched roof sits a master at the chess board. No visiting Caucasian has ever been known to win a game of chess in Brastegi. The Batak boys in their teens are able to play as many as sixteen games in unison, keep-

ing the position of the men in their minds during the progress of the play. To one ancient I submitted a dozen chess problems which I gathered from English periodicals. He worked the twelve out in less than an hour and laughed at them. It is nothing unusual for Bataks to sit down without boards or men and play an imaginary game, calling the moves one to the other and visualizing the positions. When the checkmate occurs there is never an argument. A team of the world's champion chess players would have its hands full bucking the Bataks. Chess is the only game they know.

* * *

The mangosteen, Java's most delicious fruit, is constructed like an orange. On the spot immediately opposite the stem are five, six or seven triangular formations converging in a circle. These triangles indicate the number of segments contained in the thick, purplish, pithlike shell. In most mangosteens the segments contain a black bean-shaped nut which is not edible. Occasionally a mangosteen is found that is wholly free of the nut and is in consequence regarded as a great delicacy. There are natives in Java who can examine the triangles and with infallible accuracy pick out the fruit that contains no nuts. I witnessed this remarkable performance many times, but in no single instance did I find a native who could explain how he reached his decision or what visible signs revealed the absence of the seed.

Nor was it possible to distinguish the slightest difference between the mangosteen with or without. A Dutch overseer at Weltevreden told me that he had sought the explanation for twenty years without success.

* * *

A few miles outside the village of Sangarotte, Java, is situated a Buddhist temple at the gate of which the most ingenious mendicant in the Orient has taken up his permanent abode. Upon arriving at the shrine the visitor is greeted by a bright-eyed, dancing and hilarious youth who flaunts his robe in welcome, opens the automobile, helps out the women and children and makes himself highly useful. Upon leaving the temple one finds at the gate a miserable, maimed wretch clothed in rags and held together by some invisible power. He trembles with a palsy and in a scarcely audible prayer petitions alms. Who could spurn such terrible destitution? One goes the limit in largess. Your native chauffeur averts his face to keep from choking with laughter. The glad hand that gave you welcome and the palsied palm into which you poured the coinage of your own kind heart are one and the same.

* * *

In touring through several countries one unwittingly gathers a mixed currency of silver, copper, nickel and white metal small change. It sifts into the pockets and is ever present, mingling

CURIOSITIES IN GIRDLING THE GLOBE

with alien associates on a basis of equality. It was such a collection of chicken feed that I tossed before a money changer in Colombo, thinking to confuse him.

“How much?” I asked.

He touched the pile with a long brown finger, shifted a coin or two and replied almost instantly: “Eighteen shillings and nine pence.”

In the twinkling of an eye he had computed into English value the money of five foreign nations. His deductions were correct to a fraction.

In reply to my question as to what he would give in cash for one white poker chip, which I happened to have in my possession after escaping from an American liner, he wanted to know first what it was.

“Legal tender in the United States,” I informed him. “And you needn’t ask concerning its face value. There are times in my country when a poker chip—one white poker chip—is worth anywhere from a smooth dime to ten thou——”

He slammed down and locked the lid of his cash box.

LXX

A CLOSEUP OF KILAUEA, THE WORLD'S MOST ACTIVE VOLCANO

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

THE earth's most ambitious vent hole, situated on the Island of Hawaii in the Hawaiian group in the remote Pacific, appears to be staging another upheaval.

In 1925, while on a look-see expedition westward around the world, I arrived at Honolulu and asked for an introduction to the volcano, which at that time—September—was whispering its intent to make a fuss. I had the idea that Kilauea was better than Vesuvius. I was entirely wrong and not a little disappointed to learn that the last show put on under the auspices of Kilauea began and came to an abrupt curtain in 1924. The whole affair terminated with one act and fell back into the infernal regions before the audience had become comfortably seated. The performance practically wrecked the theater. Boulders weighing twenty tons were tossed out of the crater and deposited all around the rim. Enough gravel to build a Lincoln Highway a mile wide and three times across the continent was spewed up by way of a prologue.

Just to make talk and get the show mentioned

A CLOSEUP OF KILAUEA

in the papers the rim moved back several hundred feet and the whole line of front seats, that had long been regarded as permanent, fell into the pit. Fire and brimstone arose to majestic heights, illuminated a few of the tropical nights and went out. After the dust settled and the maw of Kilauea was resurveyed it was found that the old girl had changed her expression completely.

Professor T. A. Jaggar, the Government volcanologist, who had been perched since 1911 on a high cliff overlooking the Halemaumau pit, waiting for a symptom of Kilauea's stomach troubles, happened to be absent when the 1924 belch took place. Thirteen years at the bedside of an inconsiderate patient! Since 1924 a pronounced coma has been evident. And that was the way things stood when I came along. Would I like to see her asleep; to feel her pulse? "Yes."

Although the volcano is 4,400 feet above sea level, the mountain upon which it slumbers is so vast and the slope so gradual that several hours in a fast auto are consumed before the point is gained. To the eye of the traveler the route seems almost level. The whole course is through a landscape garnished with sugar cane, luscious fruits, pineapples and papaya melons. At this moment I would surrender my right index finger up to the second knuckle for one slice of pineapple cut the long way and a side dish of papaya. The latter fruit when fully ripened looks like a gilded derby hat shot with jade. Pardon this digression.

After passing above the fruit line one comes to

clusters of tropical forest, dense jungles of encroaching verdure, avenues of giant ferns full of shadowy mystery, glinting multi-colored birds, weird exotic flowers, shimmering lacy leaves fluttering in the perfumed zephyrs of the humid atmosphere. Out of this welter of greenery that attacks all the senses one comes rather suddenly to the formal gardens that surround the Volcano House. Here is civilization at its best, with every luxury, all the comforts of home and a golf course that overlooks the birthplace of earthquakes and the world's once hottest hearth.

Through a nursery that distills odors into vapor which at night falls like dew, it is but a few steps to the shrub-fringed lip of the Halemaumau pit. Here mankind stands aghast in the presence of a desolation so complete that it stifles articulation. One feels mute in its monstrous presence. The tone is gray, ashen, deathly; a film of dirty pallor over a field of writhing lava, twisted and coiled like the locks of Medusa. Through this tangle of deadly suggestion runs a network of cracks that to one recalls a gargantuan mosaic, to another the meshes of a veil cast by Pelee, the Fire Goddess, over a pit of pythons. To the eye fixed upon a definite spot this blanket becomes mobile and heaves apace. At irregular intervals where the bed of the plain has risen from the pressure beneath, and while still in a fluid state, it is broken into crests that appear to be half plastic, half solid. Under a sweeping glance the whole landscape suggests a slimy sea tossed into disorder

A CLOSEUP OF KILAUEA

and suddenly petrified. Six inches below the surface the heat is unbearable to the touch.

Across the valley for a distance of two miles winds a narrow path defined by lumps of lava, over which the visitor may reach the rim of the volcano. Students of Spencerian chirography have written their names along this heated highway. The lava contains countless cognomens that will be blasted in the next wave of fire. Here are entwined hearts and initials, verses from the Scriptures, lines from the poets. They, too, shall pass away. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

We reach the edge of the dread abyss. The drab color of the surrounding landscape is forgotten. The walls of Kilauea's throat are luminous with rich tints. There is in spots an inflammation that suggests a sore throat. One feels that she is about to cough. Dr. Jaggar, seated beside his seismograph on yonder hill, hopes she will. When she does the tourist germs will get off her chest and remain off until her temperature lowers.

At the soft drink stand which thrives at the brink one may find an ancient Hawaiian who has set himself up as a prophet. He called the turn on the 1924 fireworks and assures all comers that the next show will come off in 1930, as advertised—by himself.

He claims to have seen Pelee, the Fire Goddess, on three separate occasions. Many Hawaiians are sincere in the belief that prior to eruptions

BOB DAVIS ABROAD!

she appears to dwellers on the mountain, or is seen in the smoldering fires invoking the flames to action and commanding the lava to flow. Who-soever turns her away from a threshold suffers obliteration in the molten stream.

There is no competition between the moods of Pelee and the science of Dr. Jaggar. When the time comes for Kilauea to take a curtain call the red serpents will glide from the mountain into the valleys and go their unwanted way.

(1)

THE END

